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PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

CONTAINING

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.
TWELFTH-NIGHT.

THE

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TWELFTH-NIGHT.

LONDON:

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MERRY WIVES

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* MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.] A few of the incidents in this comedy might have been taken from an old tranſlation of *Il Pecorone* by Giovanni Fiorentino. I have lately met with the ſame ſtory in a very contemptible performance, intitled, *The fortunate, the deceived, and the unfortunate Lovers.* Of this book, as I am told, there are ſeveral impreſſions; but that in which I read it was publiſhed in 1632, quarto. A ſomewhat ſimilar ſtory occurs in *Piacevoli Notti di Straparola*, Nott. 4a. Fav. 4a.

This comedy was firſt entered at Stationers' Hall, Jan. 18, 1601, by John Buſby. STEEVENS.

This play ſhould be read between *K. Henry IV.* and *K. Henry V.* JOHNSON.

A paſſage in the firſt ſketch of *The Merry Wives of Windſor* ſhews, I think, that it ought rather to be read between *The Firſt* and *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* in the latter of which young Henry becomes king. In the laſt act, Falſtaff ſays:

" Herne the hunter, quoth you? am I a ghoſt?
" 'Sblood, the fairies hath made a ghoſt of me.
" What, hunting at this time of night!
" I'le lay my life the mad *prince of Wales*
" Is ſtealing his father's deare."

and in this play, as it now appears, Mr. Page diſcountenances the addreſſes of Fenton to his daughter, becauſe " he keeps company with the wild *prince*, and with Poins."

The Fiſhwife's Tale of Brainford in WESTWARD FOR SMELTS, a book which Shakſpeare appears to have read, (having borrowed from it a part of the fable of *Cymbeline*,) probably led him to lay the ſcene of Falſtaff's love adventures at *Windſor*. It begins thus: " In *Windſor* not long agoe dwelt a ſumpterman, who had to wife a very faire but wanton creature, over whom, not without cauſe, he was ſomething *jealous*; yet had he never any proof of her inconſtancy."

The reader who is curious in ſuch matters may find the ſtory of *The Lovers of Piſa*, mentioned by Dr. Farmer in the following note, at the end of this play. MALONE.

The adventures of *Falſtaff* in this play ſeem to have been taken from the ſtory of *The Lovers of Piſa*, in an old piece, called *Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie.* Mr. Capell pretended to much knowledge of this ſort; and I am ſorry that it proved to be only pretenſion.

Mr. *Warton* obſerves, in a note to the laſt *Oxford* edition, that the play was probably not written, as we now have it, before 1607, at the earlieſt. I agree with my very ingenious

friend in this ſuppoſition, but yet the argument here produced for it may not be concluſive. *Slender* obſerves to maſter *Page*, that his *greyhound was out-run on Cotſale* [*Cotſwold-Hills* in *Glouceſterſhire*]; and Mr. *Warton* thinks, that the *games*, eſtabliſhed there by Captain *Dover* in the beginning of *K. James's* reign, are alluded to. But, perhaps, though the Captain be celebrated in the *Annalia Dubrenſia* as the *founder* of them, he might be the *reviver* only, or ſome way contribute to make them more famous; for in *The Second Part of Henry IV.* 1600, Juſtice *Shallow* reckons among the *Swinge-bucklers*, "*Will Squeele*, a *Cotſole man*."

In the firſt edition of the imperfect play, *Sir Hugh Evans* is called on the title page, the *Welch Knight*; and yet there are ſome perſons who ſtill affect to believe, that all our author's plays were originally publiſhed by *himſelf*. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's opinion is well ſupported by "An Eclogue on the noble Aſſemblies *revived* on Cotſwold Hills, by Mr. Robert Dover." See Randolph's Poems, printed at Oxford, 4to. 1638, p. 114. The hills of *Cotſwold*, in *Glouceſterſhire*, are mentioned in *K. Richard II.* Act II. ſc. iii. and by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, ſong 14. STEEVENS.

Queen Elizabeth was ſo well pleaſed with the admirable character of Falſtaff in *The Two Parts of Henry IV.* that, as Mr. Rowe informs us, ſhe commanded Shakſpeare to contiune it for one play more, and to ſhew him in love. To this command we owe *The Merry Wives of Windſor*; which, Mr. Gildon ſays, [*Remarks* on Shakſpeare's Plays, 8vo. 1710,] he was very well aſſured our author finiſhed in a fortnight. But this muſt be meant only of the firſt imperfect ſketch of this comedy. An old quarto edition which I have ſeen, printed in 1602, ſays, in the title-page,—*As it hath been divers times acted before her majeſty, and elſewhere.* This, which we have here, was altered and improved by the author almoſt in every ſpeech. POPE. THEOBALD.

Mr. Gildon has likewiſe told us, "that our author's houſe at Stratford bordered on the Church-yard, and that he wrote the ſcene of the Ghoſt in *Hamlet* there." But neither for this, or the aſſertion that the play before us was written in a fortnight, does he quote any authority. The latter circumſtance was firſt mentioned by Mr. Dennis. "This comedy," ſays he, in his Epiſtle Dedicatory to *The Comical Gallant*, (an alteration of the preſent play,) 1702, "was written at her [Queen Elizabeth's] command, and by her direction, and ſhe was ſo eager to ſee it acted, that ſhe commanded it to be finiſhed in *fourteen days*; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleaſed at

the repreſentation." The information, it is probable, came originally from Dryden, who from his intimacy with Sir William Davenant had an opportunity of learning many particulars concerning our author.

At what period Shakſpeare new-modelled *The Merry Wives of Windſor* is unknown. I believe it was enlarged in 1603. See ſome conjectures on the ſubject in the *Attempt to aſcertain the Order of his Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

It is not generally known, that the firſt edition of *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, in its preſent ſtate, is in the valuable folio, printed 1623, from whence the quarto of the ſame play, dated 1630, was evidently copied. The two earlier quartos, 1602 and 1619, only exhibit this comedy as it was originally written, and are ſo far curious, as they contain Shakſpeare's firſt conceptions in forming a drama, which is the moſt complete ſpecimen of his comick powers. T. WARTON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Sir John Falſtaff.
Fenton.
Shallow, *a country Juſtice.*
Slender, *couſin to* Shallow.
Mr. Ford, } *two gentlemen dwelling at* Windſor.
Mr. Page, }
William Page, *a boy, ſon to* Mr. Page.
Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch parſon.*
Dr. Caius, *a French phyſician.*
Hoſt of the Garter Inn.
Bardolph, }
Piſtol, } *followers of* Falſtaff.
Nym, }
Robin, *page to* Falſtaff.
Simple, *ſervant to* Slender.
Rugby, *ſervant to* Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Page.
Mrs. Anne Page, *her daughter, in love with* Fenton.
Mrs. Quickly, *ſervant to* Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, *&c.*

SCENE, Windſor; *and the parts adjacent.*

MERRY WIVES

OF

WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Windſor. *Before* Page's *Houſe.*

Enter Juſtice SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

SHAL. Sir Hugh,[1] perſuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it:[2] if he were twenty ſir

[1] *Sir Hugh,*] This is the firſt, of ſundry inſtances in our poet, where a *parſon* is called *Sir.* Upon which it may be obſerved, that anciently it was the common deſignation both of one in holy orders and a knight. Fuller, ſomewhere in his Church Hiſtory ſays, that anciently there were in England more *ſirs* than *knights*; and ſo lately as temp. W. & Mar. in a depoſition in the Exchequer in a caſe of tythes, the witneſs ſpeaking of the curate, whom he remembered, ſtyles him, *Sir Giles.* Vide Gibſon's View of the State of the Churches of Door, Home-Lacy, &c. p. 36. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Sir is the deſignation of a Bachelor of Arts in the Univerſities of Cambridge and Dublin; but is there always annexed to the ſurname;—Sir Evans, &c. In conſequence, however, of this, all the inferior Clergy in England were diſtinguiſhed by this title affixed to their chriſtian names for many centuries. Hence our author's *Sir* Hugh in the preſent play,—*Sir* Topas in *Twelfth Night, Sir* Oliver in *As you like it,* &c. MALONE.

John Falſtaff's, he ſhall not abuſe Robert Shallow, eſquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloſter, juſtice of peace, and *coram*.

Shal. Ay, couſin Slender, and *Cuſt-alorum*.[3]

Sir ſeems to have been a title formerly appropriated to ſuch of the inferior clergy as were only *Readers* of the ſervice, and not admitted to be preachers, and therefore were held in the loweſt eſtimation; as appears from a remarkable paſſage in Machell's MS. *Collections for the Hiſtory of Weſtmoreland and Cumberland*, in ſix volumes, folio, preſerved in the Dean and Chapter's library at Carliſle. The reverend Thomas Machell, author of the Collections, lived temp. Car. II. Speaking of the little chapel of Martindale in the mountains of Weſtmoreland and Cumberland, the writer ſays, "There is little remarkable in or about it, but a neat chapel-yard, which by the peculiar care of the old Reader, *Sir Richard*,* is kept clean, and as neat as a bowling-green."

"Within the limits of myne own memory all *Readers* in chapels were called *Sirs*,† and of old have been writ ſo; whence, I ſuppoſe, ſuch of the laity as received the noble order of knighthood being called *Sirs* too, for diſtinction ſake had *Knight* writ after them; which had been ſuperfluous, if the title *Sir* had been peculiar to them. But now this *Sir Richard* is the only *Knight Templar* (if I may ſo call him) that retains the old ſtyle, which in other places is much laid aſide, and grown out of uſe." Percy.

* Richard Berket, Reader, Æt. 74. MS. note.

See Mr. Douce's obſervations on the title "Sir," (as given to Eccleſiaſticks,) at the end of Act V. The length of this curious memoir obliges me to disjoin it from the page to which it naturally belongs. Steevens.

[2] —— *a* Star-chamber *matter of it*:] Ben Jonſon intimates, that the *Star-chamber* had a right to take cognizance of ſuch matters. See the *Magnetic Lady*, Act III. ſc. iv:

"There is a court above, of the *Star-chamber*,
"To puniſh *routs* and *riots*." Steevens.

[3] —— *Cuſt-alorum*.] This is, I ſuppoſe, intended for a corruption of *Cuſtos Rotulorum*. The miſtake was hardly deſigned by

† In the margin is a MS. note ſeemingly in the hand-writing of Bp. Nicholſon, who gave theſe volumes to the library:

"Since I can remember there was not a *reader* in any chapel but was called *Sir*."

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, maſter parſon; who writes himſelf *armigero*;[4] in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that we do;[5] and have done[6] any time theſe three hundred years.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors, gone before him, have done't; and all his anceſtors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

the author, who, though he gives Shallow folly enough, makes him rather pedantic than illiterate. If we read:

"Shal. *Ay, couſin Slender, and* Cuſtos Rotulorum."

It follows naturally:

"Slen. *Ay, and* Ratolorum *too.*" Johnson.

I think with Dr. *Johnſon,* that this blunder could ſcarcely be intended. *Shallow,* we know, had been bred to the law at *Clement's Inn.* But I would rather read *cuſtos* only; then *Slender* adds naturally, "Ay, and *rotulorum* too." He had heard the words *cuſtos rotulorum,* and ſuppoſes them to mean different offices. Farmer.

Perhaps Shakſpeare might have intended to ridicule the abbreviations ſometimes uſed in writs and other legal inſtruments, with which his Juſtice might have been acquainted. In the old copy the word is printed *Cuſt-alorum,* as it is now exhibited in the text. If, however, this was intended, it ſhould be *Cuſt-ulorum*; and, it muſt be owned, abbreviation by cutting off the beginning of a word is not authorized by any precedent, except what we may ſuppoſe to have exiſted in Shallow's imagination. Malone.

[4] —— *who writes himſelf* armigero;] Slender had ſeen the Juſtice's atteſtations, ſigned "—jurat' coram me, Roberto Shallow, *Armigero*;" and therefore takes the ablative for the nominative caſe of *Armiger.* Steevens.

[5] *Ay, that* we *do*;] The old copy reads—"that *I do.*" The preſent emendation was ſuggeſted to me by Dr. Farmer. Steevens.

[6] —— *and* have done —] i. e. all the Shallows *have done.* Shakſpeare has many expreſſions equally licentious. Malone.

Eva. The dozen white louſes do become an old coat well;[7] it agrees well, paſſant: it is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies—love.

Shal. The luce is the freſh fiſh; the ſalt fiſh is an old coat.[8]

[7] *The dozen white* louſes *do become an* old coat *well*; &c.] So, in *The Pennileſs Parliament of thread-bare Poets*, 1608: "But amongſt all other decrees and ſtatutes by us here ſet downe, wee ordaine and commaund, that three thinges (if they be not parted) ever to continue in perpetuall amitie, that is, a *Louſe in an olde doublet*, a painted cloth in a painter's ſhop, and a foole and his bable." Steevens.

[8] *The luce is the* freſh fiſh; *the* ſalt fiſh *is an old coat.*] That is, the *freſh fiſh* is the coat of an ancient family, and the *ſalt fiſh* is the coat of a merchant grown rich by trading over the ſea. Johnson.

I am not ſatisfied with any thing that has been offered on this difficult paſſage. All that Mr. *Smith* told us was a mere *gratis dictum*. [His note, being worthleſs, is here omitted.] I cannot find that *ſalt fiſh* were ever really borne in heraldry. I fancy the latter part of the ſpeech ſhould be given to Sir *Hugh*, who is at croſs purpoſes with the *Juſtice*. *Shallow* had ſaid juſt before, the coat is an old one; and now, that it is the luce, the freſh fiſh. No, replies the parſon, it cannot be *old* and freſh too—"the *ſalt fiſh* is an *old coat*." I give this with rather the more confidence, as a ſimilar miſtake has happened a little lower in the ſcene,—"*Slice*, I ſay!" cries out Corporal *Nym*, "*Pauca, pauca: Slice!* that's my humour." There can be no doubt, but *pauca, pauca*, ſhould be ſpoken by *Evans*.

Again, a little before this, the copies give us:

"*Slender*. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

"*Shallow*. That he will not—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'tis a good dog."

Surely it ſhould be thus:

"*Shallow*. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

"*Slender*. That he will not.

"*Shallow*. 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault," &c. Farmer.

This fugitive ſcrap of Latin, *pauca*, &c. is uſed in ſeveral old pieces, by characters who have no more of literature about them than *Nym*. So, *Skinke*, in *Look about you*, 1600:

"But *pauca verba, Skinke*."

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour*, where it is called the *benchers' phraſe*. Steevens.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?
Shal. You may, by marrying.

Shakſpeare ſeems to frolick here in his heraldry, with a deſign not to be eaſily underſtood. In Leland's Collectanea, Vol. I. P. II. p. 615, the arms of *Geffrey de Lucy* are "de goules *poudre* a croiſil dor a treis luz dor." Can the poet mean to quibble upon the word *poudré*, that is, *powdred*, which ſignifies *ſalted*; or ſtrewed and ſprinkled with any thing? In *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Lucio ſays—"Ever your freſh whore and your *powder'd* bawd." Tollet.

The *luce* is a *pike* or *jack*: So, in Chaucer's *Prol. of the Cant. Tales*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. pp. 351, 352:

"Full many a fair partrich hadde he in mewe,
"And many a breme, and many a *luce* in ſtewe."

In Ferne's *Blazon of Gentry*, 1586, quarto, the arms of the Lucy family are repreſented as an inſtance, that "ſigns of the coat ſhould ſomething agree with the name. It is the coat of Geffray Lord Lucy. He did bear gules, three *lucies* hariant, argent."

Mr. William Oldys, (Norroy King at Arms, and well known from the ſhare he had in compiling the *Biographia Britannica*, among the collections which he left for a *Life of Shakſpeare*,) obſerves that—"there was a very aged gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Stratford, (where he died fifty years ſince,) who had not only heard, from ſeveral old people in that town, of Shakſpeare's tranſgreſſion, but could remember the firſt ſtanza of the bitter ballad, which, repeating to one of his acquaintance, he preſerved it in writing; and here it is, neither better nor worſe, but faithfully tranſcribed from the copy which his relation very courteouſly communicated to me."

"A parliement member, a juſtice of peace,
"At home a poor ſcare-crowe, at London an aſſe,
"If lowſie is Lucy, as ſome volke miſcalle it,
"Then Lucy is lowſie whatever befall it:
"He thinks himſelf greate,
"Yet an aſſe in his ſtate,
"We allow by his ears but with aſſes to mate.
"If Lucy is lowſie, as ſome volke miſcalle it,
"Sing lowſie Lucy, whatever befall it."

"Contemptible as this performance muſt now appear, at the time when it was written it might have had ſufficient power to irritate a vain, weak, and vindictive magiſtrate; eſpecially as it was affixed to ſeveral of his park-gates, and conſequently pub-

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.
Shal. Not a whit.
Eva. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three ſkirts for yourſelf, in my ſimple conjectures: but this is all one: If ſir John Falſtaff have committed diſparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my be-

liſhed among his neighbours. It may be remarked likewiſe, that the jingle on which it turns, occurs in the firſt ſcene of *The Merry Wives of Windſor.*"

I may add, that the veracity of the late Mr. Oldys has never yet been impeached; and it is not very probable that a ballad ſhould be forged, from which an undiſcovered wag could derive no triumph over antiquarian credulity. Steevens.

The luce is the freſh fiſh; *the* ſalt fiſh *is an old coat.*] Our author here alludes to the arms of Sir Thomas Lucy, who is ſaid to have proſecuted him in the younger part of his life for a miſdemeſnor, and who is ſuppoſed to be pointed at under the character of Juſtice Shallow. The text, however, by ſome careleſſneſs of the printer or tranſcriber, has been ſo corrupted, that the paſſage, as it ſtands at preſent, ſeems inexplicable. Dr. Farmer's regulation appears to me highly probable; and in further ſupport of it, it may be obſerved, that ſome other ſpeeches, beſide thoſe he has mentioned, are miſplaced in a ſubſequent part of this ſcene, as exhibited in the firſt folio. Malone.

Perhaps we have not yet conceived the humour of Maſter *Shallow*. *Slender* has obſerved, that the family might give a dozen *white* Luces in their coat; to which the Juſtice adds, "It is an *old one.*" This produces the *Parſon's* blunder, and *Shallow's* correction. "The *Luce* is not the *Louſe* but the *Pike*, the *freſh fiſh* of that name. Indeed our *Coat* is *old*, as I ſaid, and the fiſh cannot be *freſh*; and therefore we bear the *white*, i. e. the *pickled* or *ſalt fiſh.*"

In the Northumberland Houſehold Book, we meet with "nine barrels of *white* herringe for a hole yere, 4. 10. 0:" and Mr. *Pennant* in the additions to his *London* ſays, "By the very high price of the *Pike*, it is probable that this fiſh had not yet been introduced into our ponds, but was imported as a luxury, *pickled.*"

It will be ſtill clearer if we read—"*tho'* ſalt fiſh *in* an old coat." Farmer.

nevolence, to make atonements and compromiſes between you.

Shal. The Council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.[9]

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.[1]

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the ſword ſhould end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot diſcretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to maſter George Page,[2] which is pretty virginity.

[9] The Council *ſhall hear it; it is a riot.*] By *the Council* is only meant the court of Star-chamber, compoſed chiefly of the king's council ſitting *in Camerâ ſtellatâ,* which took cognizance of atrocious riots. In the old quarto, "the council ſhall know it," follows immediately after "I'll make a Star-chamber matter of it." Blackstone.

So, in Sir John Harrington's *Epigrams,* 1618:

"No marvel, men of ſuch a ſumptuous dyet
"Were brought into the *Star-chamber* for a *ryot.*"

Malone.

See Stat. 13. Henry IV. c. 7. Grey.

[1] —— *your* vizaments *in that.*] *Adviſement* is now an obſolete word. I meet with it in the ancient morality of *Every Man:*

"That I may amend me with good *advyſement.*"

Again:

"I ſhall ſmite without any *advyſement.*"

Again:

"To do with good *advyſement* and delyberacyon."

It is often uſed by Spenſer in his *Faery Queen.* So, B. II. c. 9:

"Perhaps my ſuccour and *advizement* meete." Steevens.

[2] —— *which is daughter to maſter* George Page.] The old copy reads—*Thomas* Page. Steevens.

The whole ſet of editions have negligently blundered one after another in Page's Chriſtian name in this place; though Mrs. Page calls him George afterwards in at leaſt ſix ſeveral paſſages.

Theobald.

Slen. Miſtreſs Anne Page? She has brown hair, and ſpeaks ſmall like a woman.[3]

Eva. It is that fery verſon for all the 'orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and ſilver, is her grandfire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful reſurrections!) give, when ſhe is able to overtake

[3] ——*ſpeaks* ſmall *like a woman.*] This is from the folio of 1623, and is the true reading. He admires her for the ſweetneſs of her voice. But the expreſſion is highly humorous, as making her *ſpeaking* ſmall *like a woman* one of her marks of diſtinction; and the ambiguity of *ſmall*, which ſignifies *little* as well as *low*, makes the expreſſion ſtill more pleaſant. Warburton.

Thus, *Lear*, ſpeaking of *Cordelia*:

" —— Her voice was ever ſoft,
" *Gentle* and *low*:—an excellent thing in woman."

Steevens.

Dr. Warburton has found more pleaſantry here than I believe was intended. *Small* was, I think, not uſed, as he ſuppoſes, in an ambiguous ſenſe, for "*little*, as well as *low*," but ſimply for *weak*, *ſlender*, *feminine*; and the only pleaſantry of the paſſage ſeems to be, that poor Slender ſhould characteriſe his miſtreſs by a general quality belonging to her whole ſex. In *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, Quince tells Flute, who objects to playing a woman's part, "You ſhall play it in a maſk, and you may ſpeak as *ſmall* as you will." Malone.

A *ſmall* voice is a *ſoft* and *melodious* voice. Chaucer uſes the word in that ſenſe, in *The Flower and the Leaf*, Speght's edit. p. 611:

" The company anſwered all,
" With voicè ſweet entuned, and ſo *ſmall*,
" That me thought it the ſweeteſt melody."

Again, in Fairfax's *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, l. 15, ſt. 62:

" She warbled forth a treble *ſmall*,
" And with ſweet lookes, her ſweet ſongs enterlaced."

When female characters were filled by boys, to *ſpeak ſmall like a woman* muſt have been a valuable qualification. So, in Marſton's *What you will*: "I was ſolicited to graunt him leave to play the lady in comedies preſented by children; but I knew his voice was too *ſmall*, and his ſtature too low. Sing a treble, Holofernes;—a very *ſmall* ſweet voice I'le aſſure you."

Holt White.

ſeventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage between maſter Abraham, and miſtreſs Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandfire leave her ſeven hundred pound?[4]

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; ſhe has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and poſſibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us ſee honeſt maſter Page: Is Falſtaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do deſpiſe a liar, as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe; or, as I deſpiſe one

[4] Shal. *Did her grandfire leave her ſeven hundred pound?—I know the young gentlewoman*; &c.] Theſe two ſpeeches are by miſtake given to Slender in the firſt folio, the only authentick copy of this play. From the foregoing words it appears that *Shallow* is the perſon here addreſſed; and on a marriage being propoſed for his kinſman, he very naturally enquires concerning the lady's fortune. Slender ſhould ſeem not to know what they are talking about; (except that he juſt hears the name of Anne Page, and breaks out into a fooliſh elogium on her;) for afterwards Shallow ſays to him,—"Coz, there is, as it were, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here; do you underſtand me?" to which Slender replies—"*if* it be ſo," &c. The tender, therefore, we ſee, had been made to Shallow, and not to Slender, the former of which names ſhould be prefixed to the two ſpeeches before us.

In this play, as exhibited in the firſt folio, many of the ſpeeches are given to characters to whom they do not belong. Printers, to ſave trouble, keep the names of the ſpeakers in each ſcene ready compoſed, and are very liable to miſtakes, when two names begin (as in the preſent inſtance) with the ſame letter, and are nearly of the ſame length.—The preſent regulation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Capell. Malone.

that is not true. The knight, ſir John, is there; and, I beſeech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for maſter Page. What, hoa! Got pleſs your houſe here!

Enter PAGE.

PAGE. Who's there?

EVA. Here is Got's pleſſing, and your friend, and juſtice Shallow: and here young maſter Slender; that, peradventures, ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

PAGE. I am glad to ſee your worſhips well: I thank you for my veniſon, maſter Shallow.

SHAL. Maſter Page, I am glad to ſee you; Much good do it your good heart! I wiſhed your veniſon better; it was ill kill'd:—How doth good miſtreſs Page?—and I love you [5] always with my heart, la; with my heart.

PAGE. Sir, I thank you.

SHAL. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

PAGE. I am glad to ſee you, good maſter Slender.

SLEN. How does your fallow greyhound, ſir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on Cotſale.[6]

[5] —— *I* love *you*—] Thus the 4to. 1619. The folio—"I *thank* you—." Dr. Farmer prefers the firſt of theſe readings, which I have therefore placed in the text. STEEVENS.

[6] *How does your fallow greyhound, ſir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on* Cotſale.] He means *Cotſwold*, in *Glouceſterſhire*. In the beginning of the reign of James the Firſt, by permiſſion of the king, one Dover, a public-ſpirited attorney of Barton on the Heath, in Warwickſhire, inſtituted on the hills of *Cotſwold* an annual celebration of games, conſiſting of rural ſports and exerciſes. Theſe he conſtantly conducted in perſon, well mounted, and accoutred in a ſuit of his majeſty's old clothes; and they were frequented above forty years by the nobility and

Page. It could not be judg'd, ſir.

Slen. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:[8]—'Tis a good dog.

gentry for ſixty miles round, till the grand rebellion aboliſhed every liberal eſtabliſhment. I have ſeen a very ſcarce book, entitled, "*Annalia Dubrenſia. Upon the yearly celebration of Mr. Robert Dover's Olympick games upon Cotſwold hills,*" &c. *London,* 1636, 4to. There are recommendatory verſes prefixed, written by Drayton, Jonſon, Randolph, and many others, the moſt eminent wits of the times. The games, as appears from a curious frontiſpiece, were, chiefly, wreſtling, leaping, pitching the bar, handling the pike, dancing of women, various kinds of hunting, and particularly courſing the hare with greyhounds. Hence alſo we ſee the meaning of another paſſage, where Falſtaff, or Shallow, calls a ſtout fellow a *Cotſwold-man.* But, from what is here ſaid, an inference of another kind may be drawn, reſpecting the age of the play. A meager and imperfect ſketch of this comedy was printed in 1602. Afterwards Shakſpeare new-wrote it entirely. This alluſion therefore to the *Cotſwold* games, not founded till the reign of James the Firſt, aſcertains a period of time beyond which our author muſt have made the additions to his original rough draft, or, in other words, compoſed the preſent comedy. James the Firſt came to the crown in the year 1603. And we will ſuppoſe that two or three more years at leaſt muſt have paſſed before theſe games could have been effectually eſtabliſhed. I would therefore, at the earlieſt, date this play about the year 1607. T. Warton.

The *Annalia Dubrenſia* conſiſts *entirely* of recommendatory verſes. Douce.

The Cotſwold hills in Glouceſterſhire are a large tract of downs, famous for their fine turf, and therefore excellent for courſing. I believe there is no village of that name. Blackstone.

[8] ——*'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:*] Of theſe words, which are addreſſed to Page, the ſenſe is not very clear. Perhaps Shallow means to ſay, that it is a known failing of Page's not to confeſs that his dog has been out-run. Or, the meaning may be, *'tis your* misfortune *that he was out-run on Cotſwold; he is, however, a good dog.* So perhaps the word is uſed afterwards by Ford, ſpeaking of his jealouſy:

"'Tis my *fault,* maſter Page; I ſuffer for it." Malone.

Page. A cur, ſir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more ſaid? he is good, and fair.—Is ſir John Falſtaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is ſpoke as a chriſtians ought to ſpeak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, maſter Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſs it.

Shal. If it be confeſs'd, it is not redreſs'd; is not that ſo, maſter Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, Eſquire, ſaith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes ſir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, *and* Pistol.

Fal. Now, maſter Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.[9]

Fal. But not kiſs'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtraight;—I have done all this:—That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Council ſhall know this.

Perhaps Shallow addreſſes theſe words to *Slender*, and means to tell *him*, "it was *his* fault to undervalue a dog whoſe inferiority in the chaſe was not aſcertained." Steevens.

[9] ——*and broke open my lodge.*] This probably alludes to ſome real incident, at that time well known. Johnson.

So probably Falſtaff's anſwer. Farmer.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counſel:[1] you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba,* ſir John, good worts.

[1] *'Twere better for you, if it were known in* counſel:] The old copies read—*'Twere better for you, if 'twere known in* council. Perhaps it is an abrupt ſpeech, and muſt be read thus:—*'Twere better for you—if 'twere known in council, you'll be laugh'd at. 'Twere better for you,* is, I believe, a menace. Johnson.

Some of the modern editors arbitrarily read—if 'twere *not* known in council:—but I believe Falſtaff quibbles between *council* and *counſel.* The latter ſignifies *ſecrecy.* So, in *Hamlet:*

"The players cannot keep *counſel,* they'll tell all."

Falſtaff's meaning ſeems to be—'twere better for you if it were known only in *ſecrecy,* i. e. among your friends. A more publick complaint would ſubject you to ridicule.

Thus, in Chaucer's *Prologue to the Squires Tale,* v. 10,305, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

"But wete ye what? *in conſeil* be it ſeyde,
"Me reweth ſore I am unto hire teyde."

Again, in the ancient MS. Romance of the *Sowdon of Babyloyne,* p. 39:

"And ſaide, ſir, for alle loves
"Lete me thy priſoneres ſeen,
"I wole thee gife both goolde and gloves,
"And *counſail* ſhall it been."

Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle,* laſt edit. p. 29:

"But firſt for you *in council,* I have a word or twaine."

Steevens.

Mr. Ritſon ſuppoſes the preſent reading to be juſt, and quite in Falſtaff's inſolent ſneering manner. "It would be much better, indeed, to have it known in the council, where you would only be laughed at." Reed.

The ſpelling of the old quarto, (*counſel,*) as well as the general purport of the paſſage, fully confirms Mr. Steevens's interpretation.—"*Shal.* Well, the *Council* ſhall know it. *Fal.* 'Twere better for you 'twere known in *counſell.* You'll be laugh't at."

In an office-book of Sir Heneage Finch, Treaſurer of the Chambers to Queen Elizabeth, (a MS. in the Britiſh Muſeum,) I obſerve that whenever the Privy *Council* is mentioned, the word is always ſpelt *Counſel;* ſo that the equivoque was leſs ſtrained then than it appears now.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage.[2]—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you againſt me?

Slen. Marry, ſir, I have matter in my head againſt you; and againſt your coney-catching raſcals,[3] Bardolph, Nym, and Piſtol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.[4]

Bard. You Banbury cheeſe![5]

"Mum is *Counſell*, viz. *ſilence*," is among Howel's Proverbial Sentences. See his Dict. folio, 1660. Malone.

[2] *Good* worts! *good cabbage.*] *Worts* was the ancient name of all the cabbage kind. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*:

"Planting of *worts* and onions, any thing."

Again, in Tho. Lupton's *Seventh Booke of Notable Thinges*, 4to. bl. l. "——then anoint the burned place therwith, and lay a *woort* leafe upon it," &c. Steevens.

[3] ——*coney-catching raſcals,*] A *coney-catcher* was, in the time of Elizabeth, a common name for a cheat or ſharper. Green, one of the firſt among us who made a trade of writing pamphlets, publiſhed *A Detection of the Frauds and Tricks of Coney-catchers and Couzeners.* Johnson.

So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*:

"Thou ſhalt not *coney-catch* me for five pounds."

Steevens.

[4] *They carried me,* &c.] Theſe words, which are neceſſary to introduce what Falſtaff ſays afterwards, ["Piſtol, did you pick maſter Slender's purſe?"] I have reſtored from the early quarto. Of this circumſtance, as the play is exhibited in the folio, Sir John could have no knowledge. Malone.

We might ſuppoſe that Falſtaff was already acquainted with this robbery, and had received his ſhare of it, as in the caſe of the handle of miſtreſs Bridget's fan, Act II. ſc. ii. His queſtion, therefore, may be ſaid to ariſe at once from conſcious guilt and pretended ignorance. I have, however, adopted Mr. Malone's reſtoration. Steevens.

[5] *You* Banbury *cheeſe!*] This is ſaid in alluſion to the thin carcaſe of Slender. The ſame thought occurs in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601: "Put off your cloathes, and you are

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephoſtophilus?[6]

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay! *pauca, pauca*;[7] ſlice! that's my humour.[8]

like a Banbury cheeſe,—nothing but paring." So Heywood, in his collection of epigrams:

" I never ſaw *Banbury cheeſe thick enough,*
" But I have oft ſeen Eſſex cheeſe quick enough."

STEEVENS.

[6] *How now,* Mephoſtophilus?] This is the name of a ſpirit or familiar, in the old ſtory book of *Sir John Fauſtus,* or *John Fauſt*: to whom our author afterwards alludes, Act II. ſc. ii. That it was a cant phraſe of abuſe, appears from the old comedy cited above, called *A pleaſant Comedy of the Gentle Craft,* Signat. H 3. " Away you *Iſlington* whitepot; hence you hopper-arſe, you barley-pudding full of maggots, you broiled carbonado: avaunt, avaunt, *Mephoſtophilus.*" In the ſame vein, Bardolph here alſo calls Slender, " You *Banbury* cheeſe."

T. WARTON.

Piſtol means to calls Slender a very ugly fellow. So, in *Noſce te,* (*Humors*) by Richard Turner, 1607:

" O face, no face hath our Theophilus,
" But the right forme of *Mephoſtophilus.*
" I know 'twould ſerve, and yet I am no wizard,
" To play the Devil i'the vault without a vizard."

Again, in *The Muſes Looking Glaſs,* 1638: " We want not you to play *Mephoſtophilus.* A pretty natural vizard!"

STEEVENS.

[7] *Slice, I ſay!* pauca, pauca;] Dr. Farmer (ſee a former note, p. 10, n. 8,) would transfer the Latin words to Evans. But the old copy, I think, is right. Piſtol, in *K. Henry V.* uſes the ſame language:

" —— I will hold the *quondam* Quickly
" For the only ſhe; and *pauca,* there's enough."

In the ſame ſcene Nym twice uſes the word *ſolus.* MALONE.

[8] —— *that's my humour.*] So, in an ancient MS. play, entitled *The Second Maiden's Tragedy:*

" —— I love not to diſquiet ghoſts, ſir,
" Of any people living; *that's my humour,* ſir."

See a following note, Act II. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, couſin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us underſtand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I underſtand: that is—maſter Page, *fidelicet*, maſter Page; and there is myſelf, *fidelicet*, myſelf; and the three party is, laſtly and finally, mine hoſt of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtol,—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phraſe is this,[9] *He hears with ear?* Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtol, did you pick maſter Slender's purſe?

Slen. Ay, by theſe gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again elſe,) of ſeven groats in mill-ſixpences,[1] and two Edward ſhovel-boards,[2] that coſt me two ſhil-

[9] —— *what phraſe is this*, &c.] Sir Hugh is juſtified in his cenſure of this paſſage by *Peacham*, who in his *Garden of Eloquence*, 1577, places this very mode of expreſſion under the article *Pleonaſmus*. Henderson.

[1] —— *mill*-ſixpences,] It appears from a paſſage in Sir William Davenant's *Newes from Plimouth*, that theſe *mill ſixpences* were uſed by way of counters to caſt up money:

" —— A few *mill'd ſixpences*, with which
" My purſer caſts accompt." Steevens.

[2] —— *Edward* ſhovel-boards,] One of theſe pieces of metal is mentioned in Middleton's comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

" —— away ſlid I my man, like a *ſhovel-board ſhilling*," &c.
Steevens.

ling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by theſe gloves.

" *Edward ſhovel-boards*," were the broad ſhillings of *Edw. VI.* —Taylor, the water-poet, in his *Trauel of Twelve-pence*, makes him complain:

" ——— the unthrift every day
" With my face downwards do at *ſhoave-board* play;
" That had I had a beard, you may ſuppoſe,
" They had worne it off, as they have done my noſe."

And in a note he tells us: " Edw. ſhillings for the moſt part are uſed at *ſhoave-board*." FARMER.

In the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* Falſtaff ſays, " Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a *ſhove-groat ſhilling*." This confirms Farmer's opinion, that pieces of coin were uſed for that purpoſe.
M. MASON.

The following extract, for the notice of which I am indebted to Dr. Farmer, will aſcertain the ſpecies of coin mentioned in the text. " I muſt here take notice before I entirely quit the ſubject of theſe laſt-mentioned ſhillings, that I have alſo ſeen ſome other pieces of good ſilver, greatly reſembling the ſame, and of the ſame date 1547, that have been ſo much thicker as to weigh about *half an ounce*, together with ſome others that have weighed an ounce." *Folkes's Table of Engliſh Silver Coins*, p. 32. The former of theſe were probably what coſt Maſter Slender two ſhillings and two-pence a-piece. REED.

It appears, that the game of *ſhovel-board* was played with the ſhillings of *Edward VI.* in Shadwell's time; for in his *Miſer*, Act III. ſc. i. Cheatly ſays, " She perſuaded him to play with hazard at backgammon, and he has already loſt his *Edward ſhillings* that he kept for *Shovel-board*, and was pulling out broad pieces (that have not ſeen the ſun theſe many years) when I came away."

In Shadwell's *Lancaſhire Witches*, Vol. III. p. 232, the game is called *Shuffle-board*. It is ſtill played; and I lately heard a man aſk another to go into an alehouſe in the Broad Sanctuary, Weſtminſter, to play at it. DOUCE.

That Slender means the broad *ſhilling* of one of our kings, appears from comparing theſe words with the correſponding paſſage in the old quarto: " Ay by this handkerchief did he;—two faire ſhovel-board *ſhillings*, beſides ſeven groats in mill ſixpences."

How twenty *eight* pence could be loſt in mill-*ſixpences*, Slender, however, has not explained to us. MALONE.

Fal. Is this true, Piſtol?
Eva. No; it is falſe, if it is a pick-purſe.
Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and maſter mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:[3]
Word of denial in thy labras here;[4]
Word of denial: froth and ſcum, thou lieſt.

[3] *I combat challenge of this* latten *bilbo:*] Piſtol, ſeeing Slender ſuch a ſlim, puny wight, would intimate, that he is as thin as a plate of that compound metal, which is called *latten*: and which was, as we are told, the old *orichalc*. Theobald.

Latten is a mixed metal, made of copper and calamine. Malone.

The ſarcaſm intended is, that Slender had neither courage nor ſtrength, as a latten ſword has neither edge nor ſubſtance. Heath.

Latten may ſignify no more than *as thin as a lath*. The word in ſome counties is ſtill pronounced as if there was no *h* in it: and Ray, in his Dictionary of North Country Words, affirms it to be ſpelt *lat* in the North of England.

Falſtaff threatens, in another play, to drive prince Henry out of his kingdom with *a dagger of lath*. A *latten bilboe* means therefore, I believe, no more than *a blade as thin as a lath—a vice's dagger*.

Theobald, however, is right in his aſſertion that *latten* was a metal. So Turbervile, in his book of Falconry, 1575: "——you muſt ſet her a *latten* baſon, or a veſſel of ſtone or earth." Again, in *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: "Whether it were lead or *latten* that haſp'd down thoſe winking caſements, I know not." Again, in the old metrical Romance of *Syr Bevis of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

"Windowes of *latin* were ſet with glaſſe."

Latten is ſtill a common word for *tin* in the North. Steevens.

I believe Theobald has given the true ſenſe of *latten*, though he is wrong in ſuppoſing, that the alluſion is to Slender's *thinneſs*. It is rather to his *ſoftneſs* or *weakneſs*. Tyrwhitt.

[4] *Word of denial in* thy *labras* here;] I ſuppoſe it ſhould rather be read:

"*Word of denial in* my *labras* hear;"

That is, *hear* the word of denial in my *lips*. *Thou ly'ſt*. Johnson.

Slen. By theſe gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be adviſed, ſir, and paſs good humours: I will ſay, *marry trap*,[5] with you, if you run the nuthook's humour[6] on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an aſs.

Fal. What ſay you, Scarlet and John?[7]

Bard. Why, ſir, for my part, I ſay, the gentleman had drunk himſelf out of his five ſentences.

Eva. It is his five ſenſes: fie, what the ignorance is!

We often talk of giving the lie in a man's *teeth*, or in his *throat*. Piſtol chooſes to throw the word of denial in the *lips* of his adverſary, and is ſuppoſed to point to them as he ſpeaks. Steevens.

There are few words in the old copies more frequently miſprinted than the word *hear*. "*Thy* lips," however, is certainly right, as appears from the old quarto: "I do retort the lie even in *thy* gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge." Malone.

[5] ——*marry trap*,] When a man was caught in his own ſtratagem, I ſuppoſe the exclamation of inſult was—*marry, trap!* Johnson.

[6] —— nuthook's *humour*—] *Nuthook* is the reading of the folio. The quarto reads, *baſe* humour.

If you run the nuthook's humour on me, is, in plain Engliſh, *if you ſay I am a thief*. Enough is ſaid on the ſubject of *hooking moveables out at windows*, in a note on *K. Henry IV.* Steevens.

[7] —— *Scarlet and John?*] The names of two of Robin Hood's companions; but the humour conſiſts in the alluſion to Bardolph's *red face*; concerning which, ſee *The Second Part of Henry IV.* Warburton.

Bard. And being fap,[8] ſir, was, as they ſay, caſhier'd; and ſo concluſions paſs'd the careires.[9]

Slen. Ay, you ſpake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilſt I live again,

[8] *And being* fap,] I know not the exact meaning of this cant word, neither have I met with it in any of our old dramatic pieces, which have often proved the beſt comments on Shakſpeare's vulgariſms.

Dr. Farmer, indeed, obſerves, that *to fib* is to *beat*; ſo that *being fap* may mean *being beaten*; and *caſhiered, turned out of company*. Steevens.

The word fap, is probably made from *vappa*, a drunken fellow, or a good-for-nothing fellow, whoſe virtues are all exhaled. Slender, in his anſwer, ſeems to underſtand that Bardolph had made uſe of a Latin word: "Ay, you ſpake in Latin then too;" as Piſtol had juſt before. S. W.

It is not probable that any cant term is from the Latin; nor that the word in queſtion was ſo derived, becauſe *Slender* miſtook it for Latin. The miſtake, indeed, is an argument to the contrary, as it ſhows his ignorance in that language. *Fap*, however, certainly means *drunk*, as appears from the gloſſaries. Douce.

[9] —— *careires.*] I believe this ſtrange word is nothing but the French *cariere*; and the expreſſion means, that *the common bounds of good behaviour are overpaſſed*. Johnson.

To paſs the cariere was a military phraſe, or rather perhaps a term of the *manege*. I find it in one of Sir John Smythe's Diſcourſes, 1589, where, ſpeaking of horſes wounded, he ſays—"they, after the firſt ſhrink at the entering of the bullet, doo *paſs their carriere*, as though they had verie little hurt." Again, in Harrington's tranſlation of Arioſto, b. xxxviii. ſtanza 35:

"To ſtop, to ſtart, to *paſs carier*, to bound."

Steevens.

Bardolph means to ſay, "and ſo in the *end* he reel'd about with a circuitous motion, like a horſe, *paſſing a carier*." To *paſs a carier* was a technical term. So, in Naſhe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596: "—— her hotteſt fury may be reſembled to the *paſſing* of a brave *cariere* by a Pegaſus."

We find the term again uſed in *K. Henry V.* in the ſame manner as in the paſſage before us: "The king is a good king, but—he *paſſes* ſome humours and *cariers*." Malone.

but in honeſt, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with thoſe that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all theſe matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Miſtreſs Anne Page *with wine; Miſtreſs* Ford *and Miſtreſs* Page *following.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* Anne Page.

Slen. O heaven! this is miſtreſs Anne Page.

Page. How now, miſtreſs Ford?

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good miſtreſs. [*kiſsing her.*

Page. Wife, bid theſe gentlemen welcome:—— Come, we have a hot veniſon paſty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drink down all unkindneſs.

[*Exeunt all but* Shal. Slender *and* Evans.

Slen. I had rather than forty ſhillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here:[1]—

[1] —— *my book of* Songs and Sonnets *here:*] It cannot be ſuppoſed that poor Slender was himſelf a poet. He probably means the Poems of Lord Surrey and others, which were very popular in the age of Queen Elizabeth. They were printed in 1567, with this title: "*Songes and Sonnettes,* written by the Right Honourable Lord Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey, and others."

Slender laments that he has not this faſhionable book about him, ſuppoſing it might have aſſiſted him in paying his addreſſes to Anne Page. Malone.

Under the title mentioned by Slender, Churchyard very evidently points out this book in an enumeration of his own pieces, prefixed to a collection of verſe and proſe, called *Churchyard's*

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I muſt wait on myſelf, muſt I? You have not *The Book of Riddles*[2] about you, have you?

SIM. *Book of Riddles!* why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas laſt, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?[3]

SHAL. Come, coz; come, coz; we ſtay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by ſir Hugh here;—Do you underſtand me?

SLEN. Ay, ſir, you ſhall find me reaſonable; if it be ſo, I ſhall do that that is reaſon.

SHAL. Nay, but underſtand me.

Challenge, 4to. 1593: "——and many things in the *booke of ſonges and ſonets* printed then, were of my making." By *then* he means "in Queene Maries raigne;" for Surrey was firſt publiſhed in 1557. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*The Book of Riddles*—] This appears to have been a popular book, and is enumerated with others in *The Engliſh Courtier, and Country Gentleman*, bl. l. 4to. 1586, Sign. H 4. See quotation in note to *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II. ſc. i. REED.

[3] ——*upon Allhallowmas laſt, a fortnight* afore *Michaelmas?*] Sure, Simple's a little out in his reckoning. Allhallowmas is almoſt five weeks *after* Michaelmas. But may it not be urged, it is deſigned Simple ſhould appear thus ignorant, to keep up the character? I think not. The ſimpleſt creatures (nay, even naturals,) generally are very preciſe in the knowledge of feſtivals, and marking how the ſeaſons run: and therefore I have ventured to ſuſpect our poet wrote *Martlemas*, as the vulgar call it: which is near a fortnight after All-Saints day, i. e. eleven days, both incluſive. THEOBALD.

This correction, thus ſeriouſly and wiſely enforced, is received by Sir Thomas Hanmer; but probably Shakſpeare intended to blunder. JOHNSON.

Slen. So I do, ſir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, maſter Slender: I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my couſin Shallow ſays: I pray you, pardon me; he's a juſtice of peace in his country, ſimple though I ſtand here.

Eva. But this is not the queſtion; the queſtion concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, ſir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to miſtreſs Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be ſo, I will marry her, upon any reaſonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth;[4]—Therefore, preciſely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

[4] —— *the lips is* parcel *of the* mouth;] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read—" parcel of the *mind*."

To be *parcel* of any thing, is an expreſſion that often occurs in the old plays.

So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*:

" And make damnation *parcel* of your oath."

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

" To make it *parcel* of my empery."

This paſſage, however, might have been deſigned as a ridicule on another, in John Lyly's *Midas*, 1592:

" *Pet.* What lips hath ſhe?

" *Li.* Tuſh! *Lips are no part of the head*, only made for *a double-leaf door for the mouth*." Steevens.

The word *parcel*, in this place, ſeems to be uſed in the ſame ſenſe as it was both formerly and at preſent in conveyances. " Part, *parcel*, or member of any eſtate," are formal words ſtill to be found in various deeds. Reed.

Shal. Couſin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, ſir,—I will do, as it ſhall become one that would do reaſon.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you muſt ſpeak poſſitable, if you can carry her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your requeſt, couſin, in any reaſon.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, ſweet coz; what I do, is to pleaſure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, ſir, at your requeſt; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decreaſe it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occaſion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt:[5] but if you ſay, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely diſſolved, and diſſolutely.

[5] —— *I hope upon familiarity will grow more* contempt:] The old copy reads—*content*. Steevens.

Certainly, the editors in their ſagacity have murdered a jeſt here. It is deſigned, no doubt, that Slender ſhould ſay *decreaſe*, inſtead of *increaſe*; and *diſſolved* and *diſſolutely*, inſtead of *reſolved* and *reſolutely*: but to make him ſay, on the preſent occaſion, that upon familiarity will grow more *content*, inſtead of *contempt*, is diſarming the ſentiment of all its *ſalt* and humour, and diſappointing the audience of a reaſonable cauſe for laughter. Theobald.

Theobald's conjecture may be ſupported by the ſame intentional blunder in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"Sir, the *contempts* thereof are as touching me."

Steevens.

Eva. It is a fery diſcretion anſwer; ſave, the faul' is in the 'ort diſſolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, reſolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my couſin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or elſe I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair miſtreſs Anne:—Would I were young, for your ſake, miſtreſs Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father deſires your worſhips' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair miſtreſs Anne.

Eva. Od's pleſſed will! I will not be abſence at the grace.

[*Exeunt* Shallow *and Sir* H. Evans.

Anne. Will't pleaſe your worſhip to come in, ſir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forſooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, ſir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forſooth: Go, ſirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my couſin Shallow:[6] [*Exit* Simple.] A juſtice of peace ſometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet,[7]

[6] Anne. *The dinner attends you, ſir.*
Slen.—*Go, ſirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my couſin Shallow:*] This paſſage ſhews that it was formerly the cuſtom in England, as it is now in France, for perſons to be attended at dinner by their own ſervants, wherever they dined. M. Mason.

[7] —— *I keep but three men and a boy yet,*] As great a fool as the poet has made *Slender*, it appears, by his boaſting of his wealth, his breeding and his courage, that he knew how to win

till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worſhip: they will not ſit, till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, ſir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruiſed my ſhin the other day with playing at ſword and dagger with a maſter of fence,[8] three veneys

a woman. This is a fine inſtance of Shakſpeare's knowledge of nature. Warburton.

[8] —— *a* maſter of fence,] *Maſter of defence,* on this occaſion, does not ſimply mean a profeſſor of the art of fencing, but a perſon who had taken his *maſter's degree* in it. I learn from one of the Sloanian MSS. (now in the Britiſh Muſeum, No. 2530, xxvi. D.) which ſeems to be the fragment of a regiſter formerly belonging to ſome of our ſchools where the "Noble Science of Defence," was taught from the year 1568 to 1583, that in this art there were three degrees, viz. a *Maſter's,* a Provoſt's, and a Scholar's. For each of theſe a prize was played, as exerciſes are kept in univerſities for ſimilar purpoſes. The weapons they uſed were the axe, the pike, rapier and target, rapier and cloke, two ſwords, the two-hand ſword, the baſtard ſword, the dagger and ſtaff, the ſword and buckler, the rapier and dagger, &c. The places where they exerciſed were commonly theatres, halls, or other encloſures ſufficient to contain a number of ſpectators; as Ely-Place in Holborn, the Bell Savage on Ludgate-Hill, the Curtain in Hollywell, the Gray Friars within Newgate, Hampton Court, the Bull in Biſhopſgate-Street, the Clink, Duke's Place, Saliſbury-Court, Bridewell, the Artillery Garden, &c. &c. &c. Among thoſe who diſtinguiſhed themſelves in this ſcience, I find *Tarlton* the Comedian, who "was allowed a maſter" the 23d of October, 1587 [I ſuppoſe, either as grand compounder, or by mandamus], he being "ordinary grome of her majeſties chamber," and Robert Greene, who "plaide his maiſter's prize at Leadenhall with three weapons," &c. The book from which theſe extracts are made, is a ſingular curioſity, as it contains the oaths, cuſtoms, regula-

for a diſh of ſtewed prunes;[9] and, by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why do your dogs bark ſo? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think, there are, ſir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the ſport well; but I ſhall as ſoon quarrel at it, as any man in England:—You are afraid, if you ſee the bear looſe, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, ſir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now:[1] I have ſeen Sackerſon[2] looſe, twenty times; and

tions, prizes, ſummonſes, &c. of this once faſhionable ſociety. *K. Henry VIII. K. Edward VI. Philip* and *Mary*, and Queen *Elizabeth*, were frequent ſpectators of their ſkill and activity.

STEEVENS.

[9] ——*three* veneys *for a diſh* &c.] i. e. three *venues*, French. Three different ſet-to's, *bouts*, (or *hits*, as Mr. Malone, perhaps more properly, explains the word,) a technical term. So, in our author's *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "a quick *venew* of wit." Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaſter*:—"thou wouldſt be loth to play half a dozen *venies* at Waſters with a good fellow for a broken head." Again, in *The Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609: "This was a paſs, 'twas fencer's play, and for the after *veny*, let me uſe my ſkill." So, in *The Famous Hiſtory*, &c. *of Capt. Tho. Stukely*, 1605: "——for forfeits and *venneys* given upon a wager at the ninth button of your doublet."

Again, in the MSS. mentioned in the preceding note, "and at any prize whether it be maiſter's prize, &c. whoſoever doth play agaynſte the prizer, and doth ſtrike his blowe and cloſe with all, ſo that the prizer cannot ſtrike his blowe after agayne, ſhall wynne no game for any *veneye* ſo given, althoughe it ſhold breake the prizer's head." STEEVENS.

[1] *That's meat and drink to me now:*] Decker has this proverbial phraſe in his *Satiromaſtix*: "Yes faith, 'tis *meat and drink to me.*" WHALLEY.

[2] —— *Sackerſon* —] *Seckarſon* is likewiſe the name of a bear in the old comedy of *Sir Giles Gooſecap*. STEEVENS.

Sackerſon, or *Sacarſon*, was the name of a bear that was exhibited in our author's time at Paris-Garden in Southwark.

have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have ſo cried and ſhriek'd at it, that it paſs'd:[3]—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

PAGE. Come, gentle maſter Slender, come; we ſtay for you.

SLEN. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, ſir.

PAGE. By cock and pye,[4] you ſhall not chooſe, ſir: come, come.

SLEN. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

PAGE. Come on, ſir.

SLEN. Miſtreſs Anne, yourſelf ſhall go firſt.

ANNE. Not I, ſir; pray you, keep on.

SLEN. Truly, I will not go firſt; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

See an old collection of *Epigrams* [by Sir John Davies] printed at Middlebourg (without date, but in or before 1598:)

"Publius, a ſtudent of the common law,
"To *Paris-garden* doth himſelf withdraw;—
"Leaving old Ployden, Dyer, and Broke, alone,
"To ſee old *Harry Hunkes* and *Sacarſon*."

Sacarſon probably had his name from his keeper. So, in the *Puritan*, a comedy, 1607: "How many dogs do you think I had upon me? Almoſt as many as *George Stone*, the *bear*; three at once." MALONE.

[3] —— *that* it paſs'd:] *It paſs'd*, or *this paſſes*, was a way of ſpeaking cuſtomary heretofore, to ſignify the *exceſs*, or *extraordinary degree* of any thing. The ſentence completed would be, *This paſſes all expreſſion*, or perhaps, *This paſſes all things*. We ſtill uſe *paſſing well*, *paſſing ſtrange*.
WARBURTON.

[4] *By cock and pye,*] This was a very popular adjuration, and occurs in many of our old dramatic pieces. See note on Act V. ſc. i. *K. Henry IV.* P. II. STEEVENS.

Anne. I pray you, ſir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troubleſome: you do yourſelf wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans *and* Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and aſk of Doctor Caius' houſe, which is the way: and there dwells one miſtreſs Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurſe, or his dry nurſe, or his cook, or his laundry,[5] his waſher, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, ſir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet:——give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance[6] with miſtreſs Anne Page: and the letter is, to deſire and require her to ſolicit your maſter's deſires to miſtreſs Anne Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheeſe to come. [*Exeunt.*

[5] ——*or his* laundry,] Sir Hugh means to ſay his *launder.* Thus, in Sidney's *Arcadia,* B. I. p. 44, edit. 1633: "——not only will make him an Amazon, but a *launder,* a ſpinner," &c. Steevens.

[6] ——*that* altogether's *acquaintance*—] The old copy reads—*altogethers* acquaintance; but ſhould not this be "that *altogether's* acquaintance," i. e. that *is altogether* acquainted? The Engliſh, I apprehend, would ſtill be bad enough for Evans. Tyrwhitt.

I have availed myſelf of this judicious remark. Steevens.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, Hoſt, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

FAL. Mine hoſt of the Garter,—

HOST. What ſays my bully-rook?[7] Speak ſcholarly, and wiſely.

FAL. Truly, mine hoſt, I muſt turn away ſome of my followers.

HOST. Diſcard, bully Hercules; caſhier: let them wag; trot, trot.

FAL. I ſit at ten pounds a week.

HOST. Thou 'rt an emperor, Cæſar, Keiſar,[8] and Pheezar.[9] I will entertain Bardolph; he ſhall draw, he ſhall tap: ſaid I well,[1] bully Hector?

[7] ——*my* bully-rook?] The ſpelling of this word is corrupted, and thereby its primitive meaning is loſt. The old plays have generally *bully-rook*, which is right; and ſo it is exhibited by the folio edition of this comedy, as well as the 4to. 1619. The latter part of this compound title is taken from the *rooks* at the game of cheſs. STEEVENS.

Bully-rook ſeems to have been the reading of ſome editions: in others it is bully-*rock*. Mr. Steevens's explanation of it, as alluding to cheſs-men, is right. But Shakſpeare might poſſibly have given it bully-*rock*, as *rock* is the true name of theſe men, which is ſoftened or corrupted into *rook*. There is ſeemingly more humour in bully-*rock*. WHALLEY.

[8] ——*Keiſar*,] The preface to Stowe's Chronicle obſerves, that the Germans uſe the K for C, pronouncing *Keyſar*, for *Cæſar*, their general word for an emperor. TOLLET.

[9] ——*and* Pheezar.] *Pheezar* was a made word from *pheeze*. "I'll *pheeze* you," ſays Sly to the Hoſteſs, in *The Taming of the Shrew*. MALONE.

[1] ——*ſaid I well*,] The learned editor of the *Canterbury*

Fal. Do ſo, good mine hoſt.

Host. I have ſpoke; let him follow: Let me ſee thee froth, and lime:[2] I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit* Hoſt.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapſter is a good trade: An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered ſervingman, a freſh tapſter:[3] Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have deſired; I will thrive.

[*Exit* Bard.

Tales of Chaucer, in 5 vols. 8vo. 1775, obſerves, that this phraſe is given to the *hoſt* in the *Pardonere's Prologue:*

"*Said I not wel?* I cannot ſpeke in terme:" v. 12,246. and adds, "it may be ſufficient with the other circumſtances of general reſemblance, to make us believe that Shakſpeare, when he drew that character, had not forgotten his Chaucer." The ſame gentleman has ſince informed me, that the paſſage is not found in any of the ancient printed editions, but only in the MSS. Steevens.

I imagine this phraſe muſt have reached our author in ſome other way; for I ſuſpect he did not devote much time to the peruſal of old MSS. Malone.

[2] ——*Let me ſee thee* froth, *and* lime:] Thus the quarto; the folio reads—"and *live*." This paſſage had paſſed through all the editions without ſuſpicion of being corrupted; but the reading of the old quartos of 1602 and 1619, *Let me ſee thee froth and lime*, I take to be the true one. The Hoſt calls for an immediate ſpecimen of Bardolph's abilities as a tapſter; and *frothing* beer and *liming* ſack were tricks practiſed in the time of Shakſpeare. The firſt was done by putting ſoap into the bottom of the tankard when they drew the beer; the other, by mixing *lime* with the ſack (i. e. ſherry) to make it ſparkle in the glaſs. *Froth* and *live* is ſenſe, but a little forced; and to make it ſo we muſt ſuppoſe the Hoſt could gueſs by his dexterity in frothing a pot to make it appear fuller than it was, how he would afterwards ſucceed in the world. Falſtaff himſelf complains of *limed* ſack. Steevens.

[3] ——*a withered ſervingman, a freſh tapſter:*] This is not improbably a parody on the old proverb—"A broken apothecary, a new doctor." See Ray's *Proverbs*, 3d edit. p. 2. Steevens.

Pist. O baſe Gongarian wight![4] wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroick, and there's the humour of it.[5]

Fal. I am glad, I am ſo acquit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unſkilful finger, he kept not time.

[4] *O baſe* Gongarian *wight!* &c.] This is a parody on a line taken from one of the old bombaſt plays, beginning:

"O baſe *Gongarian*, wilt thou the diſtaff wield?"

I had marked the paſſage down, but forgot to note the play. The folio reads—*Hungarian.*

Hungarian is likewiſe a cant term. So, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608, the merry Hoſt ſays, "I have knights and colonels in my houſe, and muſt tend the *Hungarians*."

Again:

"Come ye *Hungarian* pilchers."

Again, in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1607:

"Play, you louzy *Hungarians*."

Again, in *News from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier*, by Thomas Decker, 1606: "——the leane-jaw'd *Hungarian* would not lay out a penny pot of ſack for himſelf."

STEEVENS.

The *Hungarians*, when infidels, over-ran Germany and France, and would have invaded England, if they could have come to it. See Stowe, in the year 930, and Holinſhed's invaſions of Ireland, p. 56. Hence their name might become a proverb of baſeneſs. Stowe's Chronicle, in the year 1492, and Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. I. p. 610, ſpell it *Hongarian* (which might be miſprinted *Gongarian*;) and this is right according to their own etymology. *Hongyars*, i. e. domus ſuæ ſtrenui defenſores. TOLLET.

The word is *Gongarian* in the firſt edition, and ſhould be continued, the better to fix the alluſion. FARMER.

[5] —— *humour of it.*] This ſpeech is partly taken from the corrected copy, and partly from the ſlight ſketch in 1602. I mention it, that thoſe who do not find it in either of the common old editions, may not ſuſpect it to be ſpurious.

STEEVENS.

Nym. The good humour is, to ſteal at a minute's reſt.[6]

Pist. Convey, the wiſe it call:[7] Steal! foh; a fico for the phraſe![8]

Fal. Well, ſirs, I am almoſt out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes enſue.

[6] —— *at a* minute's *reſt.*] Our author probably wrote:
"—— at a *minim's* reſt." Langton.

This conjecture ſeems confirmed by a paſſage in *Romeo and Juliet*: "—— *reſts his minim,*" &c. It may, however, mean, that, like a ſkilful harquebuzier, he takes a good aim, though he has reſted his piece for a minute only.

So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c. B. VI:
"To *ſet up's reſt* to venture now for all." Steevens.

A *minim* was anciently, as the term imports, the ſhorteſt note in muſick. Its meaſure was afterwards, as it is now, as long as while two may be moderately counted. In *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. ſc. iv. Mercutio ſays of Tibalt, that in fighting he "reſts his *minim*, one, two, and the third in your boſom." A minute contains ſixty ſeconds, and is a long time for an action ſuppoſed to be inſtantaneous. Nym means to ſay, that the perfection of ſtealing is to do it in the ſhorteſt time poſſible.
Sir J. Hawkins.

'*Tis true* (ſays Nym) *Bardolph did not keep time; did not ſteal at the critical and exact ſeaſon, when he would probably be leaſt obſerved. The true method is, to ſteal juſt at the inſtant when watchfulneſs is off its guard, and* repoſes but for a moment.

The reading propoſed by Mr. Langton certainly correſponds more exactly with the preceding ſpeech; but Shakſpeare ſcarcely ever purſues his metaphors far. Malone.

[7] Convey, *the wiſe it call:*] So, in the old morality of *Hycke Scorner*, bl. l. no date:
"Syr, the horeſons could not *convaye* clene;
"For an they could have carried by craft as I can," &c.
Steevens.

[8] —— *a* fico *for the phraſe!*] i. e. a *fig* for it. Piſtol uſes the ſame phraſeology in *King Henry V:*
"Die and be damn'd; and *fico* for thy friendſhip."
Steevens.

Fal. There is no remedy; I muſt coney-catch; I muſt ſhift.

Pist. Young ravens muſt have food.[9]

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Piſtol; Indeed I am in the waiſt two yards about: but I am now about no waſte;[1] I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I ſpy entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes, ſhe carves,[2] ſhe gives the leer of invitation: I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtyle; and the hardeſt voice of her behaviour, to be Engliſh'd rightly, is, *I am ſir John Falſtaff's.*

Pist. He hath ſtudied her well, and tranſlated her well;[3] out of honeſty into Engliſh.

[9] *Young ravens muſt have food.*] An adage. See Ray's *Proverbs.* Steevens.

[1] ——*about no* waſte;] I find the ſame play on words in Heywood's *Epigrams*, 1562:

"Where am I leaſt huſband? quoth he, in the *waiſt*;
"Which cometh of this, thou art vengeance ſtrait lac'd.
"Where am I biggeſt, wife? in the waſte, quoth ſhe,
"For all is *waſte* in you, as far as I ſee."

And again, in *The Wedding*, a comedy, by Shirley, 1629:

"He's a great man indeed;
"Something given to the *waſt*, for he lives within *no reaſonable compaſs*." Steevens.

[2] ——*ſhe* carves,] It ſhould be remembered, that anciently the young of both ſexes were inſtructed in *carving*, as a neceſſary accompliſhment. In 1508, Wynkyn de Worde publiſhed "A Boke of *Kerving*." So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Biron ſays of *Boyet*, the French courtier: "—He can *carve* too, and liſp." Steevens.

[3] ——*ſtudied her* well, *and* tranſlated *her* well;] Thus the

Nym. The anchor is deep:[4] Will that humour paſs?

firſt quarto. The folio, 1623, reads—"ſtudied her *will*, and tranſlated her *will*." Mr. Malone obſerves, that there is a ſimilar corruption in the folio copy of *King Lear*. In the quarto, 1608, ſignat. B, we find—"ſince what I *well* intend;" inſtead of which the folio exhibits—"ſince what I *will* intend," &c.

Tranſlation is not uſed in its common acceptation, but means to *explain*, as one language is explained by another. So, in *Hamlet:*

"——theſe profound heaves
"You muſt *tranſlate*; 'tis fit we underſtand them."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"Did in great Ilion thus *tranſlate* him to me."

STEEVENS.

[4] *The* anchor *is deep:*] I ſee not what relation *the anchor* has to *tranſlation*. Perhaps we may read—*the* author *is deep*; or perhaps the line is out of its place, and ſhould be inſerted lower, after Falſtaff has ſaid:

"Sail like my pinnace to thoſe golden ſhores."——

It may be obſerved, that in the hands of that time *anchor* and *author* could hardly be diſtinguiſhed. JOHNSON.

"The anchor is deep," may mean—*his hopes are well founded.* So, in *The Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——Now my lateſt *hope*,
"Forſake me not, but fling thy *anchor* out,
"And let it hold!"

Again, as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, in Fletcher's *Woman-Hater:*

"Farewell, my hopes; my *anchor* now is broken."

In the year 1558 a ballad, intitled "Hold the *ancer* faſt," is entered on the books of the Stationers' Company. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon very acutely propoſes "the *author* is deep." He reads with the firſt copy, "he hath ſtudied her *well*."—And from this equivocal word, *Nym* catches the idea of *deepneſs*. But it is almoſt impoſſible to aſcertain the diction of this whimſical character: and I meet with a phraſe in *Fenner's Comptor's Commonwealth*, 1617, which may perhaps ſupport the old reading: "Maſter *Decker's Bellman of London*, hath ſet forth the vices of the time ſo lively, that it is impoſſible the *anchor* of any other man's braine could ſound the ſea of a more deepe and dreadful miſcheefe." FARMER.

Nym, I believe, only means to ſay, the ſcheme for debauching Ford's wife is deep;—well laid. MALONE.

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her huſband's purſe; ſhe hath legions of angels.[5]

Pist. As many devils entertain;[6] and, *To her, boy,* ſay I.

Nym. The humour riſes; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with moſt judicious eyliads:[7] ſometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, ſometimes my portly belly.[8]

Pist. Then did the ſun on dung-hill ſhine.[9]

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.[1]

[5] ——ſhe *hath* legions *of angels.*] Thus the old quarto. The folio reads—" *he* hath a *legend* of angels." Steevens.

[6] *As many devils* entertain;] i. e. do you retain in your *ſervice* as many devils as ſhe has angels. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" Sweet lady, *entertain* him for your *ſervant.*"

This is the reading of the folio. Malone.

The old quarto reads:

" As many devils *attend her!*" &c. Steevens.

[7] ——*eyliads:*] This word is differently ſpelt in all the copies. It occurs again, in *King Lear,* Act IV. ſc. v:

" She gave ſtrange *œiliads,* and moſt ſpeaking looks,
" To noble Edmund."

I ſuppoſe we ſhould write *oëillades,* French. Steevens.

[8] ——*ſometimes* the beam of her view gilded *my foot, ſometimes my portly belly.*] So, in our author's 20th Sonnet:

" *An eye* more bright than their's, leſs falſe in rolling,
" *Gilding* the object whereupon it gazeth." Malone.

[9] *Then did the ſun on dung-hill ſhine.*] So, in Lyly's *Euphues,* 1581:

" The ſun ſhineth upon the dunghill." Holt White.

[1] ——*that* humour.] What diſtinguiſhes the language of Nym from that of the other attendants on Falſtaff, is the conſtant repetition of this phraſe. In the time of Shakſpeare ſuch

Fal. O, ſhe did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention,[2] that the appetite of her eye did ſeem to ſcorch me up like a burning glaſs! Here's another letter to her: ſhe bears the purſe too; ſhe is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty.[3] I will be cheater to them both, and they ſhall be exchequers to me;[4] they ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to miſtreſs Page; and thou this to miſtreſs Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

an affectation ſeems to have been ſufficient to mark a character. In *Sir Giles Gooſecap*, a play of which I have no earlier edition than that of 1606, the ſame peculiarity is mentioned in the hero of the piece: "—his only reaſon for every thing is, that *we are all mortal*; then hath he another pretty phraſe too, and that is, he will *tickle the vanity* of every thing." Steevens.

[2] ——*intention*,] i. e. eagerneſs of deſire. So, in Chapman's tranſlation of Homer's *Addreſs to the Sun:*

"—— Even to horror bright,
"A blaze burns from his golden burgonet;
"Which to behold, exceeds the ſharpeſt ſet
"Of any eye's *intention*." Steevens.

[3] ——*ſhe is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty.*] If the tradition be true (as I doubt not but it is) of this play being wrote at Queen Elizabeth's command, this paſſage, perhaps, may furniſh a probable conjecture that it could not appear till after the year 1598. The mention of Guiana, then ſo lately diſcovered to the Engliſh, was a very happy compliment to Sir Walter Raleigh, who did not begin his expedition for South America till 1595, and returned from it in 1596, with an advantageous account of the great wealth of Guiana. Such an addreſs of the poet was likely, I imagine, to have a proper impreſſion on the people, when the intelligence of ſuch a golden country was freſh in their minds, and gave them expectations of immenſe gain. Theobald.

[4] *I will be* cheater *to them both, and they ſhall be* exchequers *to me*;] The ſame joke is intended here, as in *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*, Act II:

"—— I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no *cheater*."—By which is meant *Eſcheatour*, an officer in the Exchequer, in no good repute with the common people. Warburton.

Pist. Shall I ſir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my ſide wear ſteel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no baſe humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, ſirrah, [*to* Rob.] bear you theſe letters tightly;[5]
Sail like my pinnace[6] to theſe golden ſhores.—
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vaniſh like hail-ſtones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; ſeek ſhelter, pack!

[5] —— *bear you theſe letters* tightly;] i. e. cleverly, adroitly. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra,* Antony, putting on his armour, ſays:

"My queen's a ſquire
"More *tight* at this, than thou." Malone.

No phraſe is ſo common in the eaſtern counties of this kingdom, and particularly in Suffolk, as *good tightly,* for *briſkly and effectually.* Henley.

It is uſed in this ſenſe in *Don Sebaſtian,* by Dryden, Act II. ſc. ii.—"*tightly,* I ſay, go *tightly* to your buſineſs." Reed.

[6] —— *my* pinnace—] A pinnace ſeems anciently to have ſignified a ſmall veſſel, or ſloop, attending on a larger. So, in Rowley's *When you ſee me you know me,* 1613:

"—— was lately ſent
"With threeſcore ſail of ſhips and *pinnaces.*"

Again, in *Muleaſſes the Turk,* 1610:

"Our life is but a ſailing to our death
"Through the world's ocean: it makes no matter then,
"Whether we put into the world's vaſt ſea
"Shipp'd in a *pinnace,* or an argoſy."

At preſent it ſignifies only a man of war's boat.

A paſſage ſimilar to this of Shakſpeare occurs in *The Humourous Lieutenant,* by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— this ſmall *pinnace*
"*Shall ſail for gold.*" Steevens.

A *pinnace* is a ſmall veſſel with a ſquare ſtern, having ſails and oars, and carrying three maſts; chiefly uſed (ſays Rolt, in his *Dictionary of Commerce,*) as a *ſcout* for intelligence, and for landing of men. Malone.

Falſtaff will learn the humour of this age,[7]
French thrift, you rogues; myſelf, and ſkirted page.
[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* ROBIN.

PIST. Let vultures gripe thy guts![8] for gourd,
and fullam holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor:[9]

[7] —— *the* humour *of* this *age,*] Thus the 4to. 1619: The folio reads—the *honor* of *the* age. STEEVENS.

[8] *Let vultures* gripe *thy guts!*] This hemiſtich is a burleſque on a paſſage in *Tamburlaine,* or *The Scythian Shepherd,* of which play a more particular account is given in one of the notes to *Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

I ſuppoſe the following is the paſſage intended to be ridiculed:

" —— and now doth ghaſtly death
" With greedy talents [talons] *gripe* my bleeding heart,
" And like a harper [harpy] tyers on my life."

Again, *ibid*:

" *Griping* our *bowels* with retorted thoughts." MALONE.

[9] ——*for* gourd, *and* fullam *holds,*
And high *and* low *beguile the rich and poor:*] *Fullam* is a cant term for falſe dice, *high* and *low.* Torriano, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets *Piſe* by *falſe dice, high and low men, high fullams and low fullams.* Jonſon, in his *Every Man out of his Humour,* quibbles upon this cant term: " *Who, he ſerve? He keeps* high men and low men, *he has a fair living at* Fullam."—As for *gourd,* or rather *gord,* it was another inſtrument of gaming, as appears from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*: " ——*And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now, but* GORDS *or* nine-pins." WARBURTON.

In *The London Prodigal* I find the following enumeration of falſe dice: " I bequeath two bale of falſe dice, videlicit, *high men* and *low men, fulloms,* ſtop cater-traies, and other bones of function."

Green, in his *Art of Juggling,* &c. 1612, ſays, " What ſhould I ſay more of falſe dice, of *fulloms, high* men, *lowe* men, *gourds,* and brizled dice, graviers, demies, and contraries?"

Again, in *The Bellman of London,* by Decker, 5th edit. 1640; among the falſe dice are enumerated, " a bale of *fullams.*"—" A bale of *gordes,* with as many *high-men* as *low-men* for paſſage." STEEVENS.

Gourds were probably dice in which a ſecret cavity had been

Teſter I'll have in pouch, when thou ſhalt lack,
Baſe Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head,[1] which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her ſtar!

Pist. With wit, or ſteel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will diſcuſs the humour of this love to Page.[2]

Pist. And I to Ford ſhall eke unfold,
How Falſtaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his foft couch defile.

made; *fullams*, thoſe which had been loaded with a ſmall bit of lead. *High men* and *low men*, which were likewiſe cant terms, explain themſelves. *High* numbers on the dice, at hazard, are from five to twelve, incluſive; *low*, from aces to four. MALONE.

High and low men were falſe dice, which, being chiefly made at *Fulham*, were thence called "high and low *Fulhams*." The high *Fulhams* were the numbers, 4, 5, and 6. See the manner in which theſe dice were made, in *The Complete Gameſter*, p. 12, edit. 1676, 12mo. DOUCE.

[1] ——*in my head*,] Theſe words, which are omitted in the folio, were recovered by Mr. Pope from the early quarto. MALONE.

[2] *I will diſcuſs the humour of this love to* Page.] The folio reads: "——to *Ford*;" but the very reverſe of this happens. See Act II. where *Nym* makes the diſcovery to *Page*, and not to *Ford*, as here promiſed; and *Piſtol*, on the other hand, to *Ford*, and not to *Page*. Shakſpeare is frequently guilty of theſe little forgetfulneſſes. STEEVENS.

The folio reads—to *Ford*; and in the next line—and I to *Page*, &c. But the reverſe of this (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved) happens in Act II. where Nym makes the diſcovery to Page, and Piſtol to Ford. I have therefore corrected the text from the old quarto, where Nym declares he will make the diſcovery to Page; and Piſtol ſays, "And I to *Ford* will likewiſe tell—." MALONE.

Nym. My humour ſhall not cool: I will incenſe Page[3] to deal with poiſon; I will poſſeſs him with yellowneſs,[4] for the revolt of mien[5] is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I ſecond thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *I will* incenſe *Page,* &c.] So, in *K. Henry VIII:*

" ——— I have
" *Incens'd* the lords of the council, that he is
" A moſt arch heretic—."

In both paſſages, to *incenſe* has the ſame meaning as to *inſtigate.* STEEVENS.

[4] —— yellowneſs,] *Yellowneſs* is jealouſy. JOHNSON.

So, in *Law Tricks,* &c. 1608:

" If you have me you muſt not put on *yellows.*"

Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris,* 1584:

" —— Flora well, perdie,
" Did paint her *yellow* for her *jealouſy.*" STEEVENS.

[5] —— *the revolt of* mien —] *The revolt of mine* is the old reading. *Revolt of mien,* is *change of countenance,* one of the effects he has juſt been aſcribing to jealouſy. STEEVENS.

This Mr. Steevens truly obſerves to be the old reading, and it is authority enough for *the revolt of mien* in modern orthography. " Know you that fellow that walketh there?—ſays Eliot, 1593—he is an alchymiſt by his *mine,* and hath multiplied all to moonſhine." FARMER.

Nym means, I think, to ſay, *that* kind of *change in the complexion,* which is cauſed by jealouſy, *renders the perſon poſſeſſed by ſuch a paſſion dangerous*; conſequently Ford will be likely to revenge himſelf on Falſtaff, and I ſhall be gratified. I believe our author wrote—*that* revolt, &c. though I have not diſturbed the text—ye and yt in the MSS. of his time were eaſily confounded. MALONE.

SCENE IV.

A Room in Dr. Caius's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, *and* RUGBY.[6]

Quick. What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my maſter, maſter Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the houſe, here will be an old abuſing of God's patience, and the king's Engliſh.

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit* RUGBY.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a poſſet for't ſoon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a ſea-coal fire.[7] An honeſt, willing, kind fellow, as ever ſervant ſhall come in houſe withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate:[8] his worſt fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is ſomething peeviſh that way:[9]

[6] —— *Rugby.*] This domeſtic of Dr. Caius received his name from a town in Warwickſhire. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *at the latter end,* &c.] That is, when my maſter is in bed. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *no breed*-bate:] *Bate* is an obſolete word, ſignifying ſtrife, contention. So, in the Counteſs of Pembroke's *Antonius,* 1595:

" Shall ever civil *bate*
" Gnaw and devour our ſtate?"

Again, in *Acolaſtus,* a comedy, 1540:

" We ſhall not fall at *bate,* or ſtryve for this matter."

Stanyhurſt, in his tranſlation of Virgil, 1582, calls Erinnys a *make-bate.* STEEVENS.

[9] —— *he is ſomething* peeviſh *that way:*] *Peeviſh* is fooliſh. So, in *Cymbeline,* Act II: " —he's ſtrange and *peeviſh.*"

STEEVENS.

I believe, this is one of dame Quickly's blunders, and that ſhe means *preciſe.* MALONE.

but nobody but has his fault;—but let that paſs. Peter Simple, you ſay your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And maſter Slender's your maſter?

Sim. Ay, forſooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard,[1] like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forſooth: he hath but a little wee face,[2] with a little yellow beard; a Cain-coloured beard.[3]

[1] ——*a great round beard,* &c.] See a note on *K. Henry V.* Act III. ſc. vi: "And what a beard of the general's cut," &c. MALONE.

[2] ——*a little* wee *face,*] *Wee,* in the northern dialect, ſignifies very little. Thus, in the Scottiſh proverb that apologizes for a little woman's marriage with a big man:—"A *wee* mouſe will creep under a mickle cornſtack." COLLINS.

So, in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Weſt,* a comedy, 1631: "He was nothing ſo tall as I; but a little *wee* man, and ſomewhat hutch-back'd."

Again, in *The Wiſdom of Doctor Dodypoll,* 1600:

"Some two miles, and a *wee* bit, ſir."

Wee is derived from *weenig,* Dutch. On the authority of the 4to, 1619, we might be led to read *whey*-face: "—Somewhat of a weakly man, and has as it were a *whey*-coloured beard." *Macbeth* calls one of the meſſengers *whey*-face. STEEVENS.

Little wee is certainly the right reading; it implies ſomething extremely diminutive, and is a very common vulgar idiom in the North. *Wee* alone, has only the ſignification of *little.* Thus *Cleveland:*

"A Yorkſhire *wee bit,* longer than a mile."

The proverb is a mile and a *wee bit;* i. e. about a league and a half. RITSON.

[3] ——*a* Cain-*colour'd beard.*] Cain and Judas, in the tapeſtries and pictures of old, were repreſented with *yellow* beards. THEOBALD.

Theobald's conjecture may be countenanced by a parallel expreſſion in an old play called *Blurt Maſter Conſtable,* or, *The Spaniard's Night-Walk,* 1602:

Quick. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forſooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands,[4] as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

"——over all,
"A goodly, long, thick, *Abraham-colour'd* beard."

Again, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599, Baſiliſco ſays:

"——where is the eldeſt ſon of Priam,
"That *Abraham-colour'd* Trojan?"

I am not, however, certain, but that *Abraham* may be a corruption of *auburn*.

So, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge againſt Murder*, Book IV. Hiſt. 16. "Harcourt had a light *auburn* beard, which (like a country gentleman) he wore negligently after the oval cut."

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1603:

"And let their beards be of *Judas* his own *colour*."

Again, in *A Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

"That's he in the *Judas* beard."

Again, in *The Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

"I ever thought by his red beard he would prove a *Judas*."

In an age, when but a ſmall part of the nation could read, ideas were frequently borrowed from repreſentations in painting or tapeſtry. A *cane*-colour'd beard, however, [the reading of the quarto,] might ſignify a beard of the colour of *cane*, i. e. a ſickly yellow; for *ſtraw*-colour'd beards are mentioned in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*. STEEVENS.

The words of the quarto,—a *whey*-colour'd beard, ſtrongly favour this reading; for *whey* and *cane* are nearly of the ſame colour. MALONE.

The new edition of Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. V. p. 295, aſſerts, that painters conſtantly repreſented Judas the traytor with a *red head*. Dr. Plot's *Oxfordſhire*, p. 153, ſays the ſame. This conceit is thought to have ariſen in England, from our ancient grudge to the *red-haired* Danes. TOLLET.

See my quotation in *King Henry VIII.* Act V. ſc. ii.
STEEVENS.

[4] ——*as* tall *a man of his hands*,] Perhaps this is an alluſion to the jockey meaſure, *ſo many hands high*, uſed by grooms when ſpeaking of horſes. *Tall*, in our author's time, ſignified not only height of ſtature, but ſtoutneſs of body. The ambiguity of the phraſe ſeems intended. PERCY.

Quick. How ſay you?—O, I ſhould remember him; Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and ſtrut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven ſend Anne Page no worſe fortune! Tell maſter parſon Evans, I will do what I can for your maſter: Anne is a good girl, and I wiſh—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my maſter.

Quick. We ſhall all be ſhent:[5] Run in here, good young man; go into this cloſet. [*Shuts* Simple *in the cloſet.*] He will not ſtay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I ſay!—Go, John,

Whatever be the origin of this phraſe, it is very ancient, being uſed by Gower:

" A worthie knight was *of his honde,*
" There was none ſuche in all the londe."

De Confeſſione Amantis, lib. v. fol. 118. b.
Steevens.

The *tall man* of the old dramatick writers, was a man of a bold, intrepid diſpoſition, and inclined to quarrel; ſuch as is deſcribed by Steevens in the ſecond ſcene of the third act of this play. M. Mason.

" A tall man of his hands" ſometimes meant quick-handed, active; and as Simple is here commending his maſter for his gymnaſtick abilities, perhaps the phraſe is here uſed in that ſenſe. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. " *Maneſco.* Nimble or quick-handed; a tall man of his hands." Malone.

[5] *We ſhall all be* ſhent:] i. e. Scolded, roughly treated. So, in the old *Interlude of Nature,* bl. l. no date:

" —— I can tell thee one thyng,
" In fayth you wyll be *ſhent.*"

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the twenty-third book of Homer's *Odyſſey:*

" —— ſuch acts ſtill were *ſhent,*
" As ſimply in themſelves, as in th' event." Steevens.

go enquire for my maſter; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—*and down, down, adown-a*,[6] &c. [*Sings.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS.[7]

CAIUS. Vat is you ſing? I do not like deſe toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my cloſet *un boitier verd*;[8] a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I ſpeak? a green-a box.

[6] ——*and down, down, adown-a,* &c.] To deceive her maſter, ſhe ſings as if at her work. SIR J. HAWKINS.

This appears to have been the burden of ſome ſong then well known. In *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609, ſign. E 1, one of the characters ſays, "Hey good boies! i'faith now a three man's ſong, *or the old downe adowne:* well, things muſt be as they may; fil's the other quart: muſkadine with an egg is fine; there's a time for all things, bonos nochios." REED.

[7] *Enter Doctor* Caius.] It has been thought ſtrange that our author ſhould take the name of *Caius* [an eminent phyſician who flouriſhed in the reign of Elizabeth, and founder of Caius College in our univerſity] for his Frenchman in this comedy; but Shakſpeare was little acquainted with literary hiſtory; and without doubt, from this unuſual name, ſuppoſed him to have been a foreign quack. Add to this, that the doctor was handed down as a kind of Roſicrucian: Mr. Ames had in MS. one of the "*Secret Writings of Dr. Caius.*" FARMER.

This character of *Dr. Caius* might have been drawn from the life; as in *Jacke of Dover's Queſt of Enquirie*, 1604, (perhaps a republication,) a ſtory called *The Foole of Winſor* begins thus: "Upon a time there was in *Winſor* a certain ſimple *outlandiſhe doctor of phyſicke* belonging to the deane," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*un* boitier *verd*;] *Boitier* in French ſignifies a caſe of ſurgeon's inſtruments. GREY.

I believe it rather means a *box of ſalve*, or caſe to hold *ſimples*, for which Caius profeſſes to ſeek. The ſame word, ſomewhat curtailed, is uſed by Chaucer, in *The Pardoneres Prologue*, v. 12,241:

"And every *boiſt* ful of thy letuarie."

Quick. Ay, forſooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himſelf: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aſide.*

Caius. *Fe, fe fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,—la grand affaire.*

Quick. Is it this, ſir?

Caius. *Ouy; mette le au mon* pocket; *Depeche,* quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, ſir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, ſir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is ſome ſimples in my cloſet, dat I vill not for the varld I ſhall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my cloſet?—Villainy! *larron!* [*Pulling* Simple *out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good maſter, be content.

Caius. Verefore ſhall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honeſt man.

Caius. Vat ſhall the honeſt man do in my cloſet? dere is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my cloſet.

Again, in *The Skynners' Play,* in the Cheſter Collection of Myſteries, MS. Harl. p. 149, Mary Magdalen ſays:

"To balme his bodye that is ſo brighte,
"*Boyſte* here have I brought." Steevens.

Quick. I beſeech you, be not ſo flegmatick; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parſon Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forſooth, to deſire her to——

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To deſire this honeſt gentlewoman, your maid, to ſpeak a good word to miſtreſs Anne Page for my maſter, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh ſend-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me ſome paper: Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*

Quick. I am glad he is ſo quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you ſhould have heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholy;—But notwithſtanding, man, I'll do your maſter what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor, my maſter,—I may call him my maſter, look you, for I keep his houſe; and I waſh, wring, brew, bake, ſcour, dreſs meat and drink,[9] make the beds, and do all myſelf;—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o'that? you ſhall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late; —but notwithſtanding, (to tell you in your ear; I

[9] ——*dreſs meat and* drink,] Dr. Warburton thought the word *drink* ought to be expunged; but by *drink* Dame Quickly might have intended potage and ſoup, of which her maſter may be ſuppoſed to have been as fond as the reſt of his countrymen. Malone.

would have no words of it;) my maſter himſelf is in love with miſtreſs Anne Page: but notwithſtanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a ſhallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a ſcurvy jack-a-nape prieſt to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two ſtones; by gar, he ſhall not have a ſtone to trow at his dog. [*Exit* Simple.

Quick. Alas, he ſpeaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I ſhall have Anne Page for myſelf?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack prieſt;[1] and I have appointed mine hoſt of *de Jarterre* to meaſure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myſelf have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: we muſt give folks leave to prate: What, the good-jer![2]

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me;—By

[1] ——*de* Jack *prieſt*;] *Jack*, in our author's time, was a term of contempt: "So, ſaucy *Jack*," &c. See *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Act III. ſc. iii: "The prince is a *Jack*, a ſneak-cup;" and *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. ſc. i: "—do you play the flouting *Jack?*" Malone.

[2] *What, the* good-jer!] She means to ſay—"the *goujere*," i. e. *morbus Gallicus*. So, in *K. Lear*:

"The *goujeres* ſhall devour them."

See Hanmer's note, *King Lear*, Act V. ſc. iii. Steevens.

Mrs. Quickly ſcarcely ever pronounces a hard word rightly. *Good-jer* and *Good-year* were in our author's time common corruptions of *goujere*; and in the books of that age the word is as often written one way as the other. Malone.

gar, if I have not Anne Page, I ſhall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

QUICK. You ſhall have An fools-head[3] of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windſor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

FENT. [*Within.*] Who's within there, ho?

QUICK. Who's there, I trow? Come near the houſe, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

FENT. How now, good woman; how doſt thou?

QUICK. The better, that it pleaſes your good worſhip to aſk.

FENT. What news? how does pretty miſtreſs Anne?

QUICK. In truth, ſir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praiſe heaven for it.

FENT. Shall I do any good, thinkeſt thou? Shall I not loſe my ſuit?

QUICK. Troth, ſir, all is in his hands above: but notwithſtanding, maſter Fenton, I'll be ſworn on a

[3] *You ſhall have* An *fool's-head*—] Mrs. Quickly, I believe, intends a quibble between *Ann*, ſounded broad, and *one*, which was formerly ſometimes pronounced *on*, or with nearly the ſame ſound. In the Scottiſh dialect *one* is written, and I ſuppoſe pronounced, *ane*.—In 1603 was publiſhed "*Ane* verie excellent and delectable Treatiſe, intitulit *Philotus*," &c.
MALONE.

book, ſhe loves you:—Have not your worſhip a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is ſuch another Nan;—but, I deteſt,[4] an honeſt maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk of that wart;—I ſhall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, ſhe is given too much to allicholly[5] and muſing: But for you—Well, go to.

Fent. Well, I ſhall ſee her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I? i'faith, that we will: and I will tell your worſhip more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haſte now. [*Exit.*

Quick. Farewell to your worſhip.—Truly, an honeſt gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does:—Out upon't! what have I forgot?[6] [*Exit.*

[4] —— *but,* I deteſt,] She means—I *proteſt*. Malone.

The ſame intended miſtake occurs in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act II. ſc. i: "My wife, ſir, whom I *deteſt* before heaven and your honour," &c.—"Doſt thou *deteſt* her therefore?" Steevens.

[5] —— *to* allicholly—] And yet, in a former part of this very ſcene, Mrs. Quickly is made to utter the word—*melancholy*, without the leaſt corruption of it. Such is the inconſiſtency of the firſt folio. Steevens.

[6] —— *Out upon't! what have I forgot?*] This excuſe for leaving the ſtage, is rather too near Dr. Caius's "Od's me! qu'ay j'oublié?" in the former part of the ſcene. Steevens.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Page's *Houſe.*

Enter Miſtreſs PAGE, *with a letter.*

MRS. PAGE. What! have I 'ſcaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubject for them? Let me ſee: [*Reads.*

Aſk me no reaſon why I love you; for though love uſe reaſon for his preciſian, he admits him not for his counſellor:[7] *You are not young, no more am*

[7] —— *though love uſe reaſon for his* precifian, *he admits him not for his counſellor:*] This is obſcure: but the meaning is, *though love permit reaſon to tell what is fit to be done, he ſeldom follows its advice.*—By *preciſian,* is meant one who pretends to a more than ordinary degree of virtue and ſanctity. On which account they gave this name to the puritans of that time. So Oſborne—" *Conform their mode, words, and looks, to theſe* PRECISIANS." And Maine, in his *City Match:*

" —— I did commend
" A great PRECISIAN to her for her woman."

WARBURTON.

Of this word I do not ſee any meaning that is very appoſite to the preſent intention. Perhaps Falſtaff ſaid, *Though love uſe reaſon as his* phyſician, *he admits him not for his counſellor.* This will be plain ſenſe. Aſk not the *reaſon* of my love; the buſineſs of *reaſon* is not to aſſiſt love, but to *cure* it. There may however be this meaning in the preſent reading. *Though love,* when he would ſubmit to regulation, may *uſe reaſon as his preciſian,* or director, in nice caſes, yet when he is only eager to attain his end, he takes not reaſon for *his counſellor.*

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon wiſhes to read *phyſician*; and this conjecture becomes almoſt a certainty from a line in our author's 147th ſonnet:

" My reaſon the *phyſician* to my love," &c. FARMER.

The character of a *preciſian* ſeems to have been very generally ridiculed in the time of Shakſpeare. So, in *The Malcon-*

I; go to then, there's ſympathy: you are merry, ſo am I; Ha! ha! then there's more ſympathy: you love ſack, and ſo do I; Would you deſire better ſympathy? Let it ſuffice thee, miſtreſs Page, (at the leaſt, if the love of a ſoldier can ſuffice,) that I love thee. I will not ſay, pity me, 'tis not a ſoldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,[8]
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight, John Falſtaff.

tent, 1604: "You muſt take her in the right vein then; as, when the ſign is in Piſces, a fiſhmonger's wife is very ſociable: in Cancer, *a preciſian's* wife is very flexible."

Again, *Dr. Fauſtus*, 1604:

"I will ſet my countenance like a *preciſian*."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Caſe is alter'd*, 1609:

"It is *preciſianiſm* to alter that,
"With auſtere judgement, which is given by nature."

STEEVENS.

If *phyſician* be the right reading, the meaning may be this: A lover uncertain as yet of ſucceſs, never takes reaſon for his counſellor, but, when deſperate, applies to him as his phyſician.

MUSGRAVE.

[8] *Thine own true knight,*
By day or night,] This expreſſion, ludicrouſly employed by Falſtaff, is of Greek extraction, and means, *at all times*. So, in the twenty-ſecond *Iliad*, 433:

——ὅ μοι ΝΥΚΤΑΣ ΤΕ ΚΑΙ ΗΜΑΡ
Εὐχωλὴ.

Thus faithfully rendered by Mr. Wakefield:

"My Hector! *night and day* thy mother's joy."

So likewiſe, in the third book of Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*:

"The ſonne cleped was Machayre,
"The daughter eke Canace hight,
"*By daie bothe and eke by night*."

Loud and ſtill was another phraſe of ſimilar meaning.

STEEVENS.

What a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked, wicked, world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to ſhow himſelf a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour[9] hath this Flemiſh drunkard[1] picked (with the devil's name) out of my converſation, that he dares in this manner aſſay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What ſhould I ſay to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:[2]—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men.[3] How ſhall I be revenged on him? for

[9] —— *What* an *unweighed behaviour* &c.] Thus the folio 1623. It has been ſuggeſted to me, that we ſhould read—*one*. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *Flemiſh drunkard*—] It is not without reaſon that this term of reproach is here uſed. *Sir John Smythe* in *Certain Diſcourſes*, &c. 4to. 1590, ſays, that the habit of drinking to exceſs was introduced into England from the Low Countries "by ſome of our ſuch men of warre within theſe very few years: whereof it is come to paſſe that now-a-dayes there are very fewe feaſtes where our ſaid men of warre are preſent, but that they do invite and procure all the companie, of what calling ſoever they be, to carowſing and quaffing; and, becauſe they will not be denied their challenges, they, with many new conges, ceremonies, and reverences, drinke to the health and proſperitie of princes; to the health of counſellors, and unto the health of their greateſt friends both at home and abroad: in which exerciſe they never ceaſe till they be deade drunke, or, as the *Flemings* ſay, *Doot dronken*." He adds, "And this aforeſaid deteſtable vice hath within theſe ſix or ſeven yeares taken wonderful roote amongeſt our Engliſh nation, that in times paſt was wont to be of all other nations of Chriſtendome one of the ſobereſt." REED.

[2] —— *I was then frugal of my mirth:*] By breaking this ſpeech into exclamations, the text may ſtand; but I once thought it muſt be read, If *I was* not *then frugal of my mirth*, &c. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*for the* putting down *of* men.] The word which ſeems to have been inadvertently omitted in the folio, was reſtored by Mr. Theobald from the quarto, where the correſ-

revenged I will be, as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

ponding ſpeech runs thus: "Well, I ſhall truſt *fat* men the worſe, while I live, for his ſake. O God; that I knew how to be revenged of him!"—Dr. Johnſon, however, thinks that the inſertion is unneceſſary, as "Mrs. Page might naturally enough, in the firſt heat of her anger, rail at the ſex for the fault of one." But the authority of the original ſketch in quarto, and Mrs. Page's frequent mention of the ſize of her lover in the play as it now ſtands, in my opinion fully warrant the correction that has been made. Our author well knew that bills are brought into parliament for ſome purpoſe that at leaſt appears *practicable*. Mrs. Page therefore in her paſſion might exhibit a bill for the putting down or deſtroying men of a particular deſcription; but Shakſpeare would never have made her threaten to introduce a bill to effect an *impoſſibility*, viz. the extermination of the whole ſpecies.

There is no error more frequent at the preſs than the omiſſion of words. In a ſheet of this work now before me [Mr. Malone means his own edition] there was an *out*, (as it is termed in the printing-houſe,) that is, a paſſage omitted, of no leſs than ten lines. In every ſheet ſome words are at firſt omitted.

The expreſſion, *putting down*, is a common phraſe of our municipal law. MALONE.

I believe this paſſage has hitherto been miſunderſtood, and therefore continue to read with the folio, which omits the epithet —*fat*.

The *putting down* of men, may only ſignify *the humiliation* of them, the *bringing them to ſhame*. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Malvolio ſays of the Clown—"I ſaw him, the other day, *put down* by an ordinary fool;" i. e. *confounded*. Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*—"How the ladies and I have *put him down!*" Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*—"You have *put him down*, lady, you have *put him down*." Again, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 482—"Lucullus' wardrobe is *put down* by our ordinary citizens."

I cannot help thinking that the extermination of all men would be as *practicable* a deſign of parliament, as the *putting down* of thoſe whoſe only offence was *embonpoint*.

I perſiſt in this opinion, even though I have before me (in ſupport of Mr. Malone's argument) the famous print from P. Brueghel, repreſenting the *Lean Cooks* expelling the *Fat ones*.

STEEVENS.

Enter Miſtreſs FORD.

MRS. FORD. Miſtreſs Page! truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

MRS. PAGE. And, truſt me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

MRS. FORD. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to ſhow to the contrary.

MRS. PAGE. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

MRS. FORD. Well, I do then; yet, I ſay, I could ſhow you to the contrary: O, miſtreſs Page, give me ſome counſel!

MRS. PAGE. What's the matter, woman?

MRS. FORD. O woman, if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour!

MRS. PAGE. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?——diſpenſe with trifles;—what is it?

MRS. FORD. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or ſo, I could be knighted.

MRS. PAGE. What?—thou lieſt!—Sir Alice Ford!——Theſe knights will hack; and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.[4]

[4] *What?—thou lieſt!—Sir Alice Ford!—Theſe knights will* hack; *and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.*] I read thus—*Theſe knights* we'll *hack, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.* The puniſhment of a recreant, or undeſerving knight, was to *hack* off his ſpurs: the meaning therefore is; it is not worth the while of a gentlewoman to be made a knight, for we'll degrade all theſe knights in a little time, by the uſual form of *hacking* off their ſpurs, and thou, if thou art knighted, ſhalt be hacked with the reſt. JOHNSON.

Sir T. Hanmer ſays, to *hack*, means to turn hackney, or proſtitute. I ſuppoſe he means—*Theſe knights will degrade themſelves, ſo that ſhe will* acquire no honour by being connected with them.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light: [5]—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I ſhall

It is not, however, impoſſible that Shakſpeare meant by—*theſe knights will hack*—theſe knights will ſoon become *hackneyed* characters.—So many knights were made about the time this play was amplified (for the paſſage is neither in the copy 1602, nor 1619,) that ſuch a ſtroke of ſatire might not have been unjuſtly thrown in. In *Hans Beer Pot's Inviſible Comedy*, 1618, is a long piece of ridicule on the ſame occurrence:

" Twas ſtrange to ſee what *knighthood* once would do:
" Stir great men up to lead a martial life——
" To gain this honour and this dignity.——
" But now, alas! 'tis grown ridiculous,
" Since bought with money, ſold for baſeſt prize,
" That ſome refuſe it who are counted wiſe." Steevens.

Theſe knights will *hack* (that is, become cheap or vulgar,) and therefore ſhe adviſes her friend not to ſully her gentry by becoming one. The whole of this diſcourſe about knighthood is added ſince the firſt edition of this play [in 1602]; and therefore I ſuſpect this is an oblique reflection on the prodigality of James I. in beſtowing theſe honours, and erecting in 1611 a new order of knighthood, called Baronets; which few of the ancient gentry would condeſcend to accept. See Sir Henry Spelman's epigram on them, *Gloſſ.* p. 76, which ends thus:

" —— dum cauponare recuſant
" Ex vera geniti nobilitate viri;
" Interea e caulis hic prorepit, ille tabernis,
" Et modo fit dominus, qui modo ſervus erat."

See another ſtroke at them in *Othello*, Act III. ſc. iv.

Blackstone.

Sir W. Blackſtone ſuppoſes that the order of Baronets (created in 1611) was likewiſe alluded to. But it appears to me highly probable that our author amplified the play before us at an earlier period. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II. Article, *Merry Wives of Windſor*.

Between the time of King James's arrival at Berwick in April 1603, and the 2d of May, he made two hundred and thirty-ſeven knights; and in the July following between three and four hundred. It is probable that the play before us was enlarged in that or the ſubſequent year, when this ſtroke of ſatire muſt have been highly reliſhed by the audience. Malone.

[5] *We burn day-light:*] i. e. we have more proof than we want. The ſame proverbial phraſe occurs in *The Spaniſh Tragedy:*

think the worſe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking:[6] And yet he would not ſwear; praiſed women's modeſty: and gave ſuch orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomelineſs, that I would have ſworn his diſpoſition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the hundredth pſalm to the tune of *Green ſleeves*.[7] What tempeſt, I trow, threw this whale,

"*Hier.* Light me your torches."
"*Pedro.* Then we *burn day-light*."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Mercutio uſes the ſame expreſſion, and then explains it:

"*We waſte our lights in vain like* lamps by day."

STEEVENS.

I think, the meaning rather is, we are waſting time in idle talk, when we ought to read the letter; reſembling thoſe who waſte candles by burning them in the day-time. MALONE.

[6] ——*men's* liking:] i. e. men's condition of body. Thus in the Book of *Job*: "Their young ones are in good *liking*." Falſtaff alſo, in *King Henry IV.* ſays—"I'll repent while I am in ſome *liking*."

Again, in *A Courtlie Controverſie of Cupid's Cautels*, &c. *tranſlated out of French*, &c. by H. W. [Henry Wotton] 4to. 1578, p. 20: "Your freſh colour and *good liking* teſtifieth, that melancholy conſumeth not your bodie." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*Green ſleeves.*] This ſong was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in September, 1580: "Licenſed unto Richard Jones, a newe northerne dittye of the Lady *Green Sleeves*." Again, "Licenſed unto Edward White, a ballad, beinge the Lady *Green Sleeves*, anſwered to Jenkyn hir friend." Again, in the ſame month and year: "*Green Sleeves* moralized to the Scripture," &c. Again, to Edward White:

"*Green Sleeves* and countenaunce.
"In countenaunce is *Green Sleeves*."

Again: "A new Northern Song of *Green Sleeves*, beginning,

"The bonnieſt laſs in all the land."

Again, in February 1580: "A reprehenſion againſt *Greene Sleeves*, by W. Elderton." From a paſſage in *The Loyal Subject*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, it ſhould ſeem that the original was a wanton ditty:

with ſo many tuns of oil in his belly, aſhore at Windſor? How ſhall I be revenged on him? I think, the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of luſt have melted him in his own greaſe.[8]—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit firſt; for, I proteſt, mine never ſhall. I warrant, he hath a thouſand of theſe letters, writ with blank ſpace for different names, (ſure more,) and theſe are of the ſecond edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the preſs,[9] when he would put us two. I had rather be a gianteſs, and lie under mount Pelion.[1] Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious turtles, ere one chaſte man.

"And ſet our credits to the tune of *Greene Sleeves*."

But whatever the ballad was, it ſeems to have been very popular. Auguſt, 1581, was entered at Stationers' Hall, "A new ballad, entitled:

"*Greene Sleeves* is worn away,
"Yellow ſleeves come to decaie,
"Black ſleeves I hold in deſpite,
"But white ſleeves is my delight."

Mention of the ſame tune is made again in the fourth act of this play. Steevens.

[8] ——*melted him in his own greaſe.*] So Chaucer, in his *Wif of Bathes Prologue*, 6069:

"That in his owen greſe I made him frie." Steevens.

[9] —— preſs,] *Preſs* is uſed ambiguouſly, for a *preſs* to print, and a *preſs* to ſqueeze. Johnson.

[1] *I had rather be a gianteſs, and lie under mount Pelion.*] Mr. Warton judiciouſly obſerves, that in conſequence of Engliſh verſions from Greek and Roman authors, an inundation of claſſical pedantry very ſoon infected our poetry, and that perpetual alluſions to ancient fable were introduced, as in the preſent in-

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very ſame; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own honeſty. I'll entertain myſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, ſure, unleſs he know ſome ſtrain in me,[2] that I know not myſelf, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be ſure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to ſea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a ſhow of comfort in his ſuit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will conſent to act any villainy againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſs of our honeſty.[3] O, that my huſband ſaw this letter![4] it would give eternal food to his jealouſy.

ſtance, without the leaſt regard to propriety; for Mrs. Page was not intended, in any degree, to be a learned or an affected lady. Steevens.

[2] ——*ſome* ſtrain *in me*,] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read—"ſome *ſtain* in me," but, I think, unneceſſarily. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *The Winter's Tale:*

"With what encounter ſo uncurrent have I
"*Strain'd* to appear thus?"

And again, in *Timon:*

"——a noble nature
"May catch a *wrench*." Steevens.

[3] ——*the* charineſs *of our honeſty*.] i. e. the *caution* which ought to attend on it. Steevens.

[4] *O*, that *my huſband ſaw this letter!*] Surely Mrs. Ford does not wiſh to excite the jealouſy of which ſhe complains.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealouſy, as I am from giving him cauſe; and that, I hope, is an unmeaſurable diſtance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's conſult together againſt this greaſy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, *and* Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not ſo.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog[5] in ſome affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, ſir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy gally-mawfry;[6] Ford, perpend.[7]

I think we ſhould read—O, *if* my huſband, &c. and thus the copy, 1619: "O Lord, *if* my huſband ſhould ſee the letter! i'faith, this would even give edge to his jealouſie." Steevens.

[5] ——*curtail dog*—] That is, a dog that miſſes his game. The tail is counted neceſſary to the agility of a greyhound. Johnson.

——*curtail dog*—] That is, a dog of ſmall value;—what we now call a *cur*. Malone.

[6] ——*gally-mawfry*;] i. e. a medley. So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "They have a dance, which the wenches ſay is a *galli-maufry* of gambols." Piſtol ludicrouſly uſes it for a woman. Thus, in *A Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

"Let us ſhow ourſelves gallants or *galli-maufries*."
Steevens.

The firſt folio has—*the* gallymaufry. *Thy* was introduced by the editor of the ſecond. *The* gallymawfry may be right: He loves a medley; all ſorts of women, high and low, &c. Ford's reply, "Love my wife!" may refer to what Piſtol had ſaid before: "Sir John affects thy wife." *Thy* gallymawfry ſounds,

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot:[8] Prevent, or go thou,
Like ſir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, ſir?

Pist. The horn, I ſay: Farewel.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere ſummer comes, or cuckoo birds do ſing.[9]—
Away, ſir corporal Nym.——
Believe it, Page; he ſpeaks ſenſe.[1] [*Exit* Pistol.

however, more like Piſtol's language than the other; and therefore I have followed the modern editors in preferring it.
Malone.

[7] —— *Ford,* perpend.] This is perhaps a ridicule on a pompous word too often uſed in the old play of *Cambyſes:*
" My ſapient words I ſay *perpend.*"
Again:
" My queen *perpend* what I pronounce."
Shakſpeare has put the ſame word into the mouth of Polonius.
Steevens.

Piſtol again uſes it in *K. Henry V.*; ſo does the Clown in *Twelfth Night:* I do not believe, therefore, that any ridicule was here aimed at Preſton, the author of *Cambyſes.* Malone.

[8] *With* liver *burning hot:*] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*
" If ever *love* had intereſt in his *liver.*"
The *liver* was anciently ſuppoſed to be the inſpirer of amorous paſſions. Thus, in an old Latin diſtich:
" *Cor ardet, pulmo loquitur, fel commovet iras;*
" *Splen ridere facit,* cogit amare jecur." Steevens.

[9] —— *cuckoo-birds do ſing.*] Such is the reading of the folio. The quartos, 1602, and 1619, read—*when cuckoo-birds* appear. The modern editors—*when cuckoo-birds* affright. For this laſt reading I find no authority. Steevens.

[1] *Away, ſir corporal Nym.——*
Believe it, Page; he ſpeaks ſenſe.] Nym, I believe, is out of place, and we ſhould read thus:

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true; [*to* Page.] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in ſome humours: I ſhould have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity. He loves your wife;[2] there's the ſhort and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I ſpeak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falſtaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheeſe; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit* Nym.

Away, ſir corporal.

Nym. *Believe it, Page; he ſpeaks ſenſe.* Johnson.

Perhaps Dr. Johnſon is miſtaken in his conjecture. He ſeems not to have been aware of the manner in which the author meant this ſcene ſhould be repreſented. Ford and Piſtol, Page and Nym, enter in pairs, each pair in ſeparate converſation; and while Piſtol is informing Ford of Falſtaff's deſign upon his wife, Nym is, during that time, talking *aſide* to Page, and giving information of the like plot againſt *him*.—When Piſtol has finiſhed, he calls out to Nym to come *away*; but ſeeing that he and Page are ſtill in cloſe debate, he goes off alone, firſt aſſuring Page, he may depend on the truth of Nym's ſtory. *Believe it, Page,* &c. Nym then proceeds to tell the remainder of his tale out aloud. *And this is true,* &c. A little further on in this ſcene, Ford ſays to Page, *You heard what this knave* (i. e. Piſtol) *told me,* &c. Page replies, *Yes*; *And you heard what the other* (i. e. Nym) *told me.* Steevens.

Believe it, Page; he ſpeaks ſenſe.] Thus has the paſſage been hitherto printed, ſays Dr. Farmer; but ſurely we ſhould read—*Believe it, Page, he ſpeaks*; which means no more than —*Page, believe what he ſays.* This ſenſe is expreſſed not only in the manner peculiar to *Piſtol,* but to the grammar of the times. Steevens.

[2] ——*I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity. He loves your wife*; &c.] Nym, to gain credit, ſays, that he is above the mean office of carrying love-letters; he has nobler means of living; *he has a ſword, and upon his neceſſity,* that is, *when his need drives him to unlawful expedients,* his ſword *ſhall bite.* Johnson.

Page. *The humour of it,*[3] quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. I will ſeek out Falſtaff.

Page. I never heard ſuch a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe ſuch a Cataian,[4] though

[3] *The* humour *of it,*] The following epigram, taken from *Humor's Ordinarie, where a Man may bee verie merrie and exceeding well uſed for his Sixpence,* quarto, 1607, will beſt account for Nym's frequent repetition of the word *humour.* Epig. 27:

" Aſke Humors what a feather he doth weare,
" It is his *humour* (by the Lord) he'll ſweare;
" Or what he doth with ſuch a horſe-taile locke,
" Or why upon a whore he ſpendes his ſtocke,—
" He hath a *humour* doth determine ſo:
" Why in the ſtop-throte faſhion he doth goe,
" With ſcarfe about his necke, hat without band,—
" It is his *humour.* Sweet ſir, underſtand,
" What cauſe his purſe is ſo extreame diſtreſt
" That oftentimes is ſcarcely penny-bleſt;
" Only a *humour.* If you queſtion, why
" His tongue is ne'er unfurniſh'd with a lye,—
" It is his *humour* too he doth proteſt:
" Or why with ſergeants he is ſo oppreſt,
" That like to ghoſts they haunt him ev'rie day;
" A raſcal *humour* doth not love to pay.
" Object why bootes and ſpurres are ſtill in ſeaſon,
" His *humour* anſwers, *humour* is his reaſon.
" If you perceive his wits in wetting ſhrunke,
" It cometh of a *humour* to be drunke.
" When you behold his lookes pale, thin, and poore,
" The occaſion is, his *humour* and a whoore:
" And every thing that he doth undertake,
" It is a veine, for ſenceleſs *humour's* ſake." Steevens.

[4] *I will not believe ſuch a* Cataian,] All the myſtery of the term *Cataian,* for a liar, is only this. China was anciently called *Cataia* or *Cathay,* by the firſt adventurers that travelled thither; ſuch as M. Paulo, and our Mandeville, who told ſuch incredible wonders of this new diſcovered empire, (in which they have not been outdone even by the Jeſuits themſelves, who

the prieſt o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow:[5] Well.

followed them,) that a notorious liar was uſually called a *Cataian*. Warburton.

"This fellow has ſuch an odd appearance, is ſo unlike a man civilized, and taught the duties of life, that I cannot credit him." To be a foreigner was always in England, and I ſuppoſe every where elſe, a reaſon of diſlike. So, Piſtol calls Sir Hugh, in the firſt act, a *mountain foreigner*; that is, a fellow uneducated, and of groſs behaviour; and again in his anger calls Bardolph, *Hungarian wight*. Johnson.

I believe that neither of the commentators is in the right, but am far from profeſſing, with any great degree of confidence, that I am happier in my own explanation. It is remarkable, that in Shakſpeare, this expreſſion—*a true man*, is always put in oppoſition (as it is in this inſtance) to—*a thief*. So, in *Henry IV.* P. I:

"——now the *thieves* have bound the *true men*."

The Chineſe (anciently called *Cataians*) are ſaid to be the moſt dextrous of all the nimble-fingered tribe; and to this hour they deſerve the ſame character. Piſtol was known at Windſor to have had a hand in picking Slender's pocket, and therefore might be called *Cataian* with propriety, if my explanation be admitted.

That by a *Cataian* ſome kind of *ſharper* was meant, I infer from the following paſſage in *Love and Honour*, a play by Sir William D'Avenant, 1649:

"Hang him, bold *Cataian*, he indites finely,
"And will live as well by ſending ſhort epiſtles,
"Or by the ſad *whiſper* at your *gameſter's* ear,
"When the great By is drawn,
"As any *diſtreſt gallant* of them all."

Cathaia is mentioned in *The Tamer Tamed*, of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I'll wiſh you in the Indies, or *Cathaia*."

The tricks of the *Cataians* are hinted at in one of the old black letter hiſtories of that country; and again in a dramatick performance, called *The Pedler's Prophecy*, 1595:

"——in the *eaſt part of Inde*,
"Through ſeas and floods, they work all *thieviſh*."

Steevens.

[5] *'Twas a good ſenſible fellow:*] This, and the two preceding ſpeeches of Ford, are ſpoken to himſelf, and have no

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, ſweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou haſt ſome crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, miſtreſs Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: ſhe ſhall be our meſſenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aſide to Mrs.* Ford.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Truſt me, I thought on her: ſhe'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to ſee my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forſooth; And, I pray, how does good miſtreſs Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and ſee; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Page, *Mrs.* Ford, *and Mrs.* Quickly.

Page. How now, maſter Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; And you heard what the other told me?

connection with the ſentiments of Page, who is likewiſe making his comment on what had paſſed, without attention to Ford. Steevens.

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, ſlaves; I do not think the knight would offer it: but theſe that accuſe him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his diſcarded men; very rogues, now they be out of ſervice.[6]

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he ſhould intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her looſe to him; and what he gets more of her than ſharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not miſdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head:[7] I cannot be thus ſatisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting hoſt of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purſe, when he looks ſo merrily.—How now, mine hoſt?

Enter Hoſt, *and* Shallow.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-juſtice,[8] I ſay.

[6] ——*very* rogues, *now they be out of ſervice.*] A *rogue* is a wanderer or *vagabond*, and, in its conſequential ſignification, a *cheat*. Johnson.

[7] ——*I would have nothing lie on my head:*] Here ſeems to be an alluſion to Shakſpeare's favourite topick, the cuckold's horns. Malone.

[8] ——cavalero-*juſtice*,] This cant term occurs in *The Stately Moral of Three Ladies of London*, 1590:

"Then know, Caſtilian *cavaleros*, this."

Shal. I follow, mine hoſt, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good maſter Page! Maſter Page, will you go with us? we have ſport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-juſtice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between ſir Hugh the Welch prieſt, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine hoſt o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What ſay'ſt thou, bully-rook?

[*They go aſide.*

Shal. Will you [*to* Page] go with us to behold it? My merry hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the parſon is no jeſter. Hark, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Host. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my knight, my gueſt-cavalier?

Ford. None, I proteſt: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt ſack to give me recourſe to him, and tell him, my name is Brook;[9] only for a jeſt.

Host. My hand, bully: thou ſhalt have egreſs and regreſs; ſaid I well? and thy name ſhall be

There is alſo a book printed in 1599, called, *A Countercuffe given to Martin Junior; by the venturous, hardie, and renowned Paſquil of Englande,* Cavaliero. Steevens.

[9] —— *and tell him, my name is* Brook;] Thus both the old quartos; and thus moſt certainly the poet wrote. We need no better evidence than the pun that Falſtaff anon makes on the name, when Brook ſends him ſome burnt ſack: *Such Brooks are welcome to me, that overflow ſuch liquor.* The players, in their edition, altered the name to *Broom.*

Theobald.

Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go on, hearts?[1]

Shal. Have with you, mine hoſt.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good ſkill in his rapier.[2]

Shal. Tut, ſir, I could have told you more: In theſe times you ſtand on diſtance, your paſſes, ſtoc-

[1] ——*will you go on,* hearts?] For this ſubſtitution of an intelligible for an unintelligible word, I am anſwerable.—The old reading is—*an-heirs.* See the following notes. STEEVENS.

We ſhould read, *Will you go* ON, HERIS? i. e. Will you go on, maſter? *Heris,* an old Scotch word for maſter. WARBURTON.

The merry Hoſt has already ſaluted them ſeparately by titles of diſtinction; he therefore probably now addreſſes them collectively by a general one—*Will you go* on, heroes? or, as probably,—*Will you go* on, hearts? He calls Dr. Caius *Heart of Elder*; and adds, in a ſubſequent ſcene of this play, *Farewell my hearts.* Again, in *The Midſummer Night's Dream,* Bottom ſays, "——Where are theſe *hearts?*" *My brave hearts,* or *my bold hearts,* is a common word of encouragement. A *heart of gold* expreſſes the more ſoft and amiable qualities, the *mores aurei* of Horace; and a *heart of oak* is a frequent encomium of rugged honeſty. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*Mynheers.* STEEVENS.

There can be no doubt that this paſſage is corrupt. Perhaps we ſhould read—Will you go *and hear us?* So, in the next page—"I had rather *hear them* ſcold than fight." MALONE.

[2] ——*in his rapier.*] In the old quarto here follow theſe words:

"*Shal.* I tell you what, maſter Page; I believe the doctor is no jeſter; he'll lay it one [on]; for though we be juſtices and doctors and churchmen, yet we are the ſons of women, maſter Page.

"*Page.* True, maſter Shallow.

"*Shal.* It will be found ſo, maſter Page.

"*Page.* Maſter Shallow, you yourſelf have been a great fighter, though now a man of peace."

Part of this dialogue is found afterwards in the third ſcene of the preſent act; but it ſeems more proper here, to introduce what Shallow ſays of the proweſs of his youth. MALONE.

cadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, maſter Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have ſeen the time, with my long ſword,[3] I would have made you four tall fellows[4] ſkip like rats.

[3] ——*my long ſword,*] Before the introduction of rapiers, the ſwords in uſe were of an enormous length, and ſometimes raiſed with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, cenſures the innovation by which lighter weapons were introduced, tells what he could once have done with his *long ſword*, and ridicules the terms and rules of the rapier. JOHNSON.

The *two-handed* ſword is mentioned in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date:

"Somtyme he ſerveth me at borde,
"Somtyme he bereth my *two-hand* ſword."

See a note to *The Firſt Part of K. Henry IV.* Act II. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation of the *long ſword* is certainly right; for the early quarto reads—my *two-hand* ſword; ſo that they appear to have been ſynonymous.

Carleton, in his *Thankful Remembrance of God's Mercy*, 1625, ſpeaking of the treachery of one Rowland York, in betraying the town of Deventer to the Spaniards in 1587, ſays: "he was a Londoner, famous among the cutters in his time, for bringing in a new kind of fight—to run the point of the *rapier* into a man's body. This manner of fight *he* brought *firſt* into *England*, with great admiration of his audaciouſneſs: when in England before that time, the uſe was, with little bucklers, and with *broad ſwords*, to ſtrike, and not to thruſt; and it was accounted unmanly to ſtrike under the girdle."

The Continuator of Stowe's *Annals*, p. 1024, edit. 1631, ſuppoſes the rapier to have been introduced ſomewhat ſooner, viz. about the 20th year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, [1578] at which time, he ſays, Sword and Bucklers began to be diſuſed. Shakſpeare has here been guilty of a great anachroniſm in making Shallow ridicule the terms of the rapier in the time of Henry IV. an hundred and ſeventy years before it was uſed in England. MALONE.

It ſhould ſeem from a paſſage in Naſh's *Life of Jacke Wilton*, 1594, that *rapiers* were uſed in the reign of *Henry VIII.* "At that time I was no common ſquire, &c.—my *rapier* pendant like a round ſtick faſtned in the tacklings, for ſkippers the better to climbe by." Sig. C 4. RITSON.

[4] ——tall *fellows*—] A *tall fellow*, in the time of our author, meant a ſtout, bold, or courageous perſon. In *A Diſcourſe on*

Host. Here, boys, here, here! ſhall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them ſcold than fight.

[*Exeunt* Hoſt, Shallow, *and* Page.

Ford. Though Page be a ſecure fool, and ſtands ſo firmly on his wife's frailty,[5] yet I cannot put off my opinion ſo eaſily: She was in his company at Page's houſe; and, what they made there,[6] I know

Uſury, by Dr. Wilſon, 1584, he ſays, "Here in England, he that can rob a man on the high-way, is called a *tall fellow*." Lord Bacon ſays, "that Biſhop Fox cauſed his caſtle of Norham to be fortified, and manned it likewiſe with a very great number of *tall ſoldiers*."

The elder quarto reads—*tall fencers*. Steevens.

[5] ——ſtands *ſo firmly on his wife's frailty*,] Thus all the copies. But Mr. Theobald has *no conception* how any man could ſtand firmly on his wife's frailty. And why? Becauſe he had *no conception* how he could ſtand upon it, without knowing what it was. But if I tell a ſtranger, that the bridge he is about to croſs is rotten, and he believes it not, but will go on, may I not ſay, when I ſee him upon it, that he ſtands firmly on a rotten plank? Yet he has changed *frailty* for *fealty*, and the Oxford editor has followed him. But they took the phraſe, *to ſtand firmly on*, to ſignify *to inſiſt upon*; whereas it ſignifies *to reſt upon*, which the character of a *ſecure fool*, given to him, ſhews. So that the common reading has an elegance that would be loſt in the alteration. Warburton.

To *ſtand on any thing*, does ſignify *to inſiſt on it*. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630: "All captains, and *ſtand upon* the honeſty of your wives." Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, Book VI. chap. 30:

"For ſtoutly *on their honeſties* doe wylie harlots *ſtand*."

The *jealous Ford* is the ſpeaker, and all *chaſtity* in women appears to him as *frailty*. He ſuppoſes Page therefore to inſiſt on that *virtue* as ſteady, which he himſelf ſuſpects to be without foundation. Steevens.

——*and ſtands ſo firmly on his wife's frailty*,] i. e. has ſuch perfect confidence in his unchaſte wife. *His wife's frailty* is the ſame as—his frail wife. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet with *death and honour*, for *an honourable death*. Malone.

[6] ——*and, what they* made *there*,] An obſolete phraſe ſignifying—what they *did* there. Malone.

not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a diſguiſe to ſound Falſtaff: If I find her honeſt, I loſe not my labour; if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtowed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

FAL. I will not lend thee a penny.

PIST. Why, then the world's mine oyſter,[7]
Which I with ſword will open.—
I will retort the ſum in equipage.[8]

So, in *As you like it*, Act I. ſc. i:

"Now, ſir, what *make* you here?" STEEVENS.

[7] —— *the world's mine* oyſter, *&c.*] Dr. Grey ſuppoſes Shakſpeare to allude to an old proverb, "The mayor of Northampton opens *oyſters* with his dagger,"—i. e. to keep them at a ſufficient diſtance from his noſe, that town being fourſcore miles from the ſea. STEEVENS.

[8] *I will retort the ſum in* equipage.] This is added from the old quarto of 1619, and means, I will pay you again in ſtolen goods. WARBURTON.

I rather believe he means, that he will pay him by waiting on him for nothing. So, in *Love's Pilgrimage*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"And boy, be you my guide,
"For I will make a full deſcent in *equipage*."

That *equipage* ever meant *ſtolen goods*, I am yet to learn. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton may be right; for I find *equipage* was one of the cant words of the time. In *Davies' Papers Complaint*, (a poem which has erroneouſly been aſcribed to Donne,) we have ſeveral of them:

"Embelliſh, blandiſhment, and *equipage*."

Which words, he tells us in the margin, *overmuch ſavour of witleſſe affectation*. FARMER.

Dr. Warburton's interpretation is, I think, right. *Equipage* indeed does not *per ſe* ſignify *ſtolen* goods, but ſuch goods as

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, ſir, you ſhould lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym;[9] or elſe you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell, for ſwearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good ſoldiers, and tall fellows:[1] and when miſtreſs Bridget loſt the handle of her fan,[2] I took't upon mine honour, thou hadſt it not.

Piſtol promiſes to return, we may fairly ſuppoſe, would be ſtolen. *Equipage*, which, as Dr. Farmer obſerves, had been but newly introduced into our language, is defined by Bullokar in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616: "Furniture, or proviſion for horſemanſhip, eſpecially in triumphs or tournaments." Hence the modern uſe of this word. Malone.

[9] ——*your* coach-fellow, *Nym*;] Thus the old copies. *Coach-fellow* has an obvious meaning; but the modern editors read, *couch-fellow*. The following paſſage from Ben Jonſon's *Cynthia's Revels* may juſtify the reading I have choſen: "'Tis the ſwaggering *coach-horſe* Anaides, that *draws with him* there."

Again, in *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606: "Are you he my page here makes choice of to be his fellow *coach-horſe?*" Again, in *A true Narrative of the Entertainment of his Royal Majeſtie, from the Time of his Departure from Edinburgh, till his Receiving in London*, &c. 1603: "—a baſe pilfering theefe was taken, who plaid the cutpurſe in the court: his fellow was ill miſt, for no doubt he had a walking-mate: they *drew together* like *coach-horſes*, and it is pitie they did not hang together." Again, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:

"For wit, ye may be *coach'd* together."

Again, in 10th Book of Chapmam's Tranſlation of Homer:

"—their chariot horſe, as they *coach-fellows* were."

Steevens.

——*your* coach-fellow, *Nym*;] i. e. he, who *draws* along with you; who is joined with you in all your knavery. So before, Page, ſpeaking of Nym and Piſtol, calls them a "*yoke* of Falſtaff's diſcarded men." Malone.

[1] ——*tall fellows*:] See p. 76. Steevens.

[2] ——*loſt the handle of her fan*,] It ſhould be remembered, that *fans*, in our author's time, were more coſtly than they are at preſent, as well as of a different conſtruction. They con-

Pist. Didſt thou not ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteen pence?

fiſted of oſtrich feathers (or others of equal length and flexibility,) which were ſtuck into handles. The richer ſort of theſe were compoſed of gold, ſilver, or ivory of curious workmanſhip. One of them is mentioned in *The Fleire,* Com. 1610: "—ſhe hath a *fan* with a *ſhort ſilver handle,* about the length of a barber's ſyringe." Again, in *Love and Honour,* by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1649: "All your plate, Vaſco, is the *ſilver handle* of your old priſoner's *fan.*" Again, in *Marſton's* III. Satyre, edit. 1598:

"How can he keepe a lazie waiting man,
"And buy a hoode and *ſilver-handled fan*
"With fortie pound?"

In the frontiſpiece to a play, called *Engliſhmen for my Money,* or *A pleaſant Comedy of a Woman will have her Will,* 1616, is a portrait of a lady with one of theſe fans, which, after all, may prove the beſt commentary on the paſſage. The three other ſpecimens are taken from the *Habiti Antichi et Moderni di tutto il Mondo,* publiſhed at Venice, 1598, from the drawings of *Titian,* and *Ceſare Vecelli,* his brother. This faſhion was perhaps imported from Italy, together with many others, in the reign of King Henry VIII. if not in that of King Richard II.

STEEVENS.

Fal. Reaſon, you rogue, reaſon: Think'ſt thou, I'll endanger my ſoul *gratis?* At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A ſhort knife and a throng;[3]—to your manor of Pickt-hatch,[4] go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you ſtand upon your honour!—Why,

Thus alſo Marſton, in *The Scourge of Villanie*, Lib. III. ſat. 8:

"———Another, he
"Her *ſilver-handled* fan would gladly be."

And in other places. And Biſhop Hall, in his *Satires*, publiſhed 1597, Lib. V. ſat. iv:

"Whiles one piece pays her idle waiting manne,
"Or buys a hoode, or *ſilver-handled* fanne."

In the Sidney papers, publiſhed by Collins, a fan is preſented to Queen Elizabeth for a new year's gift, the handle of which was ſtudded with diamonds. T. Warton.

[3] ——*A ſhort knife and a* throng;] So, *Lear*: "When cut-purſes come not to *throngs*." Warburton.

Part of the employment given by Drayton, in *The Mooncalf*, to the *Baboon*, ſeems the ſame with this recommended by Falſtaff:

"He like a gypſey oftentimes would go,
"All kinds of gibberiſh he hath learn'd to know:
"And with a ſtick, a ſhort ſtring, and a nooſe,
"Would ſhow the people tricks at faſt and looſe."

Theobald has *throng* inſtead of *thong*. The latter ſeems right. Langton.

Greene, in his *Life of Ned Browne*, 1592, ſays: "I had no other fence but my *ſhort knife*, and a paire of *purſe-ſtrings*." Steevens.

Mr. Dennis reads—*thong*; which has been followed, I think, improperly, by ſome of the modern editors.

Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1616, furniſh us with a confirmation of the reading of the old copies: "The eye of this wolf is as quick in his head as a *cutpurſe* in a *throng*." Malone.

[4] ——*Pickt-hatch,*] Is frequently mentioned by contemporary writers. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man in his Humour*:

"From the Bordello it might come as well,
"The Spital, or *Pict-hatch*."

thou unconfinable baſeneſs, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour preciſe. I, I,

Again, in Randolph's *Muſes Looking-glaſs*, 1638:

" —— the Lordſhip of *Turnbull*,
" Which with my *Pict-hatch* Grange, and Shore-ditch farm," &c.

Pict-hatch was in *Turnbull Street*:

" ——— your whore doth live
" In Pict-hatch, *Turnbull-ſtreet*."

Amends for Ladies, a Comedy, by N. Field, 1618.

The derivation of the word *Pict-hatch* may perhaps be diſcovered from the following paſſage in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607: " — Set ſome *picks* upon your *hatch*, and, I pray, profeſs to keep a bawdy-houſe." Perhaps the unſeaſonable and obſtreperous irruptions of the gallants of that age, might render ſuch a precaution neceſſary. So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609: " — if in our youths we could pick up ſome pretty eſtate, 'twere not amiſs to keep our door *hatch'd*." STEEVENS.

Pict-hatch was a cant name of ſome part of the town noted for bawdy-houſes; as appears from the following paſſage in Marſton's *Scourge for Villanie*, Lib. III. ſat. x:

" —— Looke, who yon doth go;
" The meager letcher lewd Luxurio.—
" No newe edition of drabbes comes out,
" But ſeen and allow'd by Luxurio's ſnout.
" Did ever any man ere heare him talke
" But of *Pick-hatch*, or of ſome Shoreditch baulke,
" Aretine's filth," &c.

Sir T. Hanmer ſays, that this was " a noted harbour for thieves and pickpockets," who certainly were proper companions for a man of Piſtol's profeſſion. But Falſtaff here more immediately means to ridicule another of his friend's vices; and there is ſome humour in calling Piſtol's favourite brothel, his manor of *Pickt-hatch*. Marſton has another alluſion to *Pickt-hatch* or *Pick-hatch*, which confirms this illuſtration:

" —— His old cynick dad
" Hath forc'd him cleane forſake his *Pick-hatch* drab."
Lib. I. ſat. iii. T. WARTON.

Again, in Ben Jonſon's Epig. XII. on Lieutenant Shift:

" Shift, here in town, not meaneſt among ſquires
" That haunt *Pickt-hatch*, Merſh Lambeth, and White fryers."

Again, in *The Blacke Booke*, 1604, 4to. Lucifer ſays: " I

I myſelf ſometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will enſconce your rags,[5] your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phraſes,[6] and

proceeded towards *Pickt-hatch*, intending to beginne their firſt, which (as I may fitly name it) is the very ſkirts of all Brothel-houſes." DOUCE.

[5] ——enſconce *your rags*, &c.] A *ſconce* is a petty fortification. To *enſconce*, therefore, is to protect as with a fort. The word occurs again in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. STEEVENS.

[6] ——red-lattice *phraſes*,] Your ale-houſe converſation. JOHNSON.

Red lattice at the doors and windows, were formerly the external denoteiments of an ale-houſe. So, in *A Fine Companion*, one of Shackerley Marmion's plays: "A waterman's widow at the ſign of the *red lattice* in Southwark." Again, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"——his ſign pulled down, and his *lattice* born away."

Again, in *The Miſeries of inforc'd Marriage*, 1607:

"——tis treaſon to the *red lattice*, enemy to the ſign-poſt."

Hence the preſent *chequers*. Perhaps the reader will expreſs ſome ſurprize, when he is told that ſhops, with the ſign of the *chequers*, were common among the Romans. See a view of the left-hand ſtreet of Pompeii, (No. 9,) preſented by Sir William Hamilton, (together with ſeveral others, equally curious,) to the *Antiquary Society*. STEEVENS.

The following paſſage in Braithwaite's *Strapado for the Divell*, 1615, confirms Mr. Steevens's obſervation: "To the true diſcoverer of ſecrets, Monſieur *Bacchus*, maſter-gunner of the *pottle-pot* ordnance, prime-founder of *red lattices*," &c.

In *King Henry IV.* P. II. Falſtaff's page, ſpeaking of Bardolph, ſays, "he called me even now, my lord, through a *red lattice*, and I could ſee no part of his face from the window." MALONE.

This deſignation of an ale-houſe is not altogether loſt, though the original meaning of the word is, the ſign being converted into a *green lettuce*; of which an inſtance occurs in Brownlow Street, Holborn.—In *The Laſt Will and Teſtament of Lawrence Lucifer, the old Batchiler of Limbo*, at the end of the "Blacke Booke," 1604, 4to. is the following paſſage: "——watched

your bold-beating oaths, under the ſhelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent; What would'ſt thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeak with you.
Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quick. Give your worſhip good-morrow.
Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.
Quick. Not ſo, an't pleaſe your worſhip.
Fal. Good maid, then.
Quick. I'll be ſworn; as my mother was, the firſt hour I was born.
Fal. I do believe the ſwearer: What with me?
Quick. Shall I vouchſafe your worſhip a word or two?
Fal. Two thouſand, fair woman; and I'll vouchſafe thee the hearing.
Quick. There is one miſtreſs Ford, ſir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myſelf dwell with maſter doctor Caius.
Fal. Well, on: Miſtreſs Ford, you ſay,——
Quick. Your worſhip ſays very true: I pray your worſhip, come a little nearer this ways.
Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

ſometimes ten houres together in an ale-houſe, ever and anon peeping forth, and *ſampling thy noſe* with the *red Lattis.*"

Douce.

Quick. Are they ſo? Heaven bleſs them, and make them his ſervants!

Fal. Well: Miſtreſs Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, ſir, ſhe's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worſhip's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford;—come, miſtreſs Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the ſhort and the long of it; you have brought her into ſuch a canaries,[7] as 'tis wonderful. The beſt courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windſor,[8] could never have brought her to ſuch a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; ſmelling ſo ſweetly, (all muſk,) and ſo ruſhling, I warrant you, in ſilk and gold; and in ſuch alligant terms; and in ſuch wine and ſugar of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myſelf twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any ſuch ſort, as they ſay,) but in the way of honeſty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her ſo much as ſip on a cup with the proudeſt of them all: and yet there has been earls,

[7] ——*canaries,*] This is the name of a briſk light dance, and therefore is properly enough uſed in low language for any hurry or perturbation. JOHNSON.

So, Naſh, in *Pieree Pennyleſs his Supplication,* 1595, ſays: "A merchant's wife jets it as gingerly, as if ſhe were dancing the *canaries.*" It is highly probable, however, that *canaries* is only a miſtake of Mrs. Quickly's for *quandaries*; and yet the Clown, in *As you like it,* ſays, "we that are true lovers, run into ſtrange *capers.*" STEEVENS.

[8] ——lay *at Windſor,*] i. e. *reſided* there. MALONE.

nay, which is more, penſioners;[9] but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſays ſhe to me? be brief, my good ſhe Mercury.

Quick. Marry, ſhe hath received your letter; for the which ſhe thanks you a thouſand times: and ſhe gives you to notify, that her huſband will be abſence from his houſe between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forſooth; and then you may come and ſee the picture, ſhe ſays, that you wot of;[1]—maſter Ford, her huſband, will be from home.

[9] ——*earls, nay, which is more,* penſioners;] This may be illuſtrated by a paſſage in Gervaſe Holles's *Life of the Firſt Earl of Clare, Biog. Brit.* Art. Holles: "I have heard the Earl of Clare ſay, that when he was *penſioner* to the queen, he did not know a worſe man of the whole band than himſelf; and that all the world knew he had then an inheritance of 4000l. a year." Tyrwhitt.

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, ſays, that a *penſioner* was "a gentleman about his prince, alwaie redie, with his ſpeare." Steevens.

Penſioners were Gentlemen of the band of Penſioners.—"In the month of December," [1539] ſays Stowe, *Annals*, p. 973, edit. 1605, "were appointed to waite on the king's perſon fifty Gentlemen, called *Penſioners*, or *Speares*, like as they were in the firſt yeare of the king; unto whom was aſſigned the ſumme of fiftie pounds, yerely, for the maintenance of themſelves, and everie man two horſes, or one horſe and a gelding of ſervice." Their dreſs was remarkably ſplendid, and therefore likely to attract the notice of Mrs. Quickly. Hence, [as both Mr. Steevens and Mr. T. Warton have obſerved,] in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, our author has ſelected from all the tribes of flowers the *golden-coated* cowſlips to be *penſioners* to the Fairy Queen:

"The cowſlips tall her *penſioners* be,
"In their *gold coats* ſpots you ſee;" &c. Malone.

[1] ——*you* wot *of*;] To *wot* is to know. Obſolete. So, in *King Henry VIII*: "——*wot* you what I found?" Steevens.

Alas! the ſweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealouſy man; ſhe leads a very frampold[2] life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you ſay well: But I have another meſſenger to your worſhip: Miſtreſs Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, ſhe's as fartuous a civil modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſs you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windſor, whoe'er be the other: and ſhe bade me tell your worſhip, that her huſband is ſeldom from home; but, ſhe hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman ſo dote upon a man; ſurely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

[2] ——*frampold*—] This word I have never ſeen elſewhere, except in Dr. Hacket's *Life of Archbiſhop Williams*, where a *frampul* man ſignifies a peeviſh troubleſome fellow. Johnson.

In *The Roaring Girl*, a comedy, 1611, I meet with a word, which, though differently ſpelt, appears to be the ſame:

"*Lax.* Coachman.

"*Coach.* Anon, ſir!

"*Lax.* Are we fitted with good *phrampell* jades?"

Ray, among his *South* and *Eaſt* country words, obſerves, that *frampald*, or *frampard*, ſignifies *fretful, peeviſh, croſs, froward.* As *froward* (he adds) comes from *from*; ſo may *frampard.*

Naſh, in his *Praiſe of the Red Herring*, 1599, ſpeaking of Leander, ſays: "the churliſh *frampold* waves gave him his belly full of fiſh-broth."

Again, in *The Inner Temple Maſque*, by Middleton, 1619: "—'tis ſo *frampole*, the puritans will never yield to it." Again, in *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal-Green*, by John Day: "I think the fellow's *frampell*," &c. And, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at ſeveral Weapons:*

"Is Pompey grown ſo malapert, ſo *frampel?*"

Steevens.

Thus, in *The Iſle of Gulls*—"What a goodyer aile you mother? are you *frampull?* know you not your own daughter?"

Henley.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I have no other charms.

Quick. Bleſſing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jeſt, indeed!—they have not ſo little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But miſtreſs Page would deſire you to ſend her your little page, of all loves;[3] her huſband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, maſter Page is an honeſt man. Never a wife in Windſor leads a better life than ſhe does; do what ſhe will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, go to bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will; and, truly, ſhe deſerves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windſor, ſhe is one. You muſt ſend her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do ſo then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any

[3] ——*to ſend her your little page,* of all loves;] *Of all loves,* is an adjuration only, and ſignifies no more than if ſhe had ſaid, deſires you to ſend him *by all means.*

It is uſed in Decker's *Honeſt Whore,* P. I. 1635:—"conjuring his wife, *of all loves,* to prepare cheer fitting," &c. Again, in Holinſhed's *Chronicle,* p. 1064: "Mrs. Arden deſired him, *of all loves,* to come backe againe." Again, in *Othello,* Act III: "—the general ſo likes your muſick, that he deſires you, *of all loves,* to make no more noiſe with it."

A ſimilar phraſe occurs in a Letter from Gilbert Talbot to the Earl of Shrewſbury. See *Lodge's Illuſtrations,* &c. Vol. II. 101: "I earneſtly deſyred him, *of all frendſhipp,* to tell me whether he had harde any thing to ye contrary." Again, ibid. "He charged me, *of all love,* that I ſhould kepe this ſecrete."

STEEVENS.

caſe, have a nay-word,[4] that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to underſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that children ſhould know any wickedneſs: old folks, you know, have diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purſe; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news diſtracts me! [*Exeunt* Quickly *and* Robin.

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:[5]—Clap on more ſails; purſue, up with your fights;[6]

[4] ——*a nay-word,*] i. e. a *watch-word.* So, in a ſubſequent ſcene: "We have a *nay-word* to know one another," &c. Steevens.

[5] *This* punk *is one of Cupid's carriers:*—] Punk is a plauſible reading, yet abſurd on examination. For are not all *punks Cupid's carriers?* Shakſpeare certainly wrote:

"*This* pink *is one of Cupid's carriers:*

And then the ſenſe is proper, and the metaphor, which is all the way taken from the marine, entire. A *pink* is a veſſel of the ſmall craft, employed as a *carrier* (and ſo called) for merchants. Fletcher uſes the word in his *Tamer Tamed*:

"This pink, this painted foiſt, this cockle-boat."

Warburton.

So, in *The Ladies' Privilege,* 1640: "Theſe gentlemen know better to cut a caper than a cable, or board a *pink* in the bordells, than a pinnace at ſea." A ſmall ſalmon is called a ſalmon-*pink.*

Dr. Farmer, however, obſerves, that the word *punk* has been unneceſſarily altered to *pink.* In Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair,* Juſtice Overdo ſays of the pig-woman: "She hath been before me, *punk, pinnace,* and bawd, any time theſe two and twenty-years." Steevens.

[6] ——*up with your* fights;] So again, in Fletcher's *Tamer Tamed:*

"To hang her *fights* out, and defy me, friends!
"A well-known man of war."——

As to the word *fights,* both in the text and in the quotation, it was then, and, for aught I know, may be now, a common ſea-term. Sir Richard Hawkins, in his *Voyages,* p. 66, ſays:

Give fire; ſhe is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit* PISTOL.

"For once we cleared her deck; and had we been able to have ſpared but a dozen men, doubtleſs we had done with her what we would; for ſhe had no cloſe FIGHTS," i. e. if I underſtand it right, *no ſmall arms*. So that by *fights* is meant any manner of defence, either ſmall arms or cannon. So, Dryden, in his tragedy of *Amboyna*:

"Up with your FIGHTS,
"And your *nettings* prepare," &c. WARBURTON.

The quotation from Dryden might at leaſt have raiſed a ſuſpicion that *fights* were neither *ſmall arms*, nor *cannon*. *Fights* and *nettings* are properly joined. *Fights*, I find, are *clothes* hung round the ſhip to conceal the men from the enemy; and *cloſe-fights* are *bulk-heads*, or any other ſhelter that the fabrick of a ſhip affords. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood and Rowley's comedy, called *Fortune by Land and Sea*: "—diſplay'd their enſigns, *up with all their feights*, their matches in their cocks," &c. Again, in *The Chriſtian turned Turk*, 1612: "Lace the netting, and let down the *fights*, make ready the ſhot," &c. Again, in *The Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1615:

"Then now *up with your fights*, and let your enſigns,
"Bleſt with St. George's croſs, play with the winds."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*:

"——while I were able to endure a tempeſt,
"And bear my *fights* out bravely, till my tackle
"Whiſtled i' th' wind."——

This paſſage may receive an additional and perhaps a ſomewhat different illuſtration from John Smith's *Sea-Grammar*, 4to. 1627. In p. 58 he ſays: "But if you ſee your chaſe ſtrip himſelf into *fighting* ſailes, that is, to put out his colours in the poope, his flag in the maine top, his ſtreamers or pendants at the end of his yards' arms, &c. provide yourſelf to fight." Again, p. 60: "Thus they uſe to ſtrip themſelves into their ſhort ſailes, or *fighting* ſailes, which is only the fore ſail, the maine and fore top ſailes, becauſe the reſt ſhould not be fired or ſpoiled; beſides they would be troubleſome to handle, hinder our ſights and the uſing of our armes: he makes ready his *cloſe fights* fore and aft." In a former paſſage, p. 58, he has ſaid that "a ſhip's *cloſe fights* are ſmall ledges of wood laid croſſe one another, like the grates of iron in a priſon's window,

Fal. Say'ſt thou ſo, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of ſo much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them ſay, 'tis groſsly done; ſo it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one maſter Brook below would fain ſpeak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your worſhip a morning's draught of ſack.[7]

betwixt the maine maſt and the fore maſt, and are called gratings or nettings," &c. Steevens.

[7] ——*one maſter Brook below would fain ſpeak with you, and be* acquainted with you; *and hath* ſent your worſhip a morning's draught of ſack.] It ſeems to have been a common cuſtom at taverns, in our author's time, to ſend preſents of wine from one room to another, either as a memorial of friendſhip, or (as in the preſent inſtance) by way of introduction to acquaintance. Of the exiſtence of this practice the following anecdote of Ben Jonſon and Biſhop Corbet furniſhes a proof: "Ben Jonſon was at a tavern, and in comes Biſhop Corbet (but not ſo then) into the next room. Ben Jonſon calls for a quart of *raw* wine, and gives it to the tapſter. 'Sirrah, ſays he, carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him, I ſacrifice my ſervice to him.' The fellow did, and in thoſe words. 'Friend,' ſays Dr. Corbet, 'I thank him for his love; but 'pr'ythee tell him from me that he is miſtaken; for *ſacrifices* are always *burnt*." *Merry Paſſages and Jeaſts*, MSS. Harl. 6395. Malone.

This practice was continued as late as the Reſtoration. In the Parliamentary Hiſtory, Vol. XXII. p. 114, we have the following paſſage from Dr. Price's *Life of General Monk*: "I came to the *Three Tuns* before Guildhall, where the general had quartered two nights before. I entered the tavern with a ſervant and portmanteau, and aſked for a room, which I had ſcarce got into *but wine followed me as a preſent* from ſome citizens, deſiring leave to drink their morning's draught with me."

Reed.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, ſir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit* Bardolph.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow ſuch liquor. Ah! ha! miſtreſs Ford and miſtreſs Page, have I encompaſſed you? go to; *via!*[8]

Re-enter Bardolph, *with* Ford *diſguiſed.*

Ford. Bleſs you, ſir.

Fal. And you, ſir: Would you ſpeak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to preſs with ſo little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* Bardolph.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have ſpent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good maſter Brook, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good ſir John, I ſue for yours: not to charge you;[9] for I muſt let you underſtand, I think myſelf in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath ſomething embolden'd me to

[8] ——*go to*; via!] This cant phraſe of exultation or defiance, is common in the old plays. So, in *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*:

"*Via* for fate! Fortune, lo! this is all." Steevens.

Markham uſes this word as one of the vocal helps neceſſary for reviving a horſe's ſpirits in galloping large rings, when he grows ſlothful. Hence this cant phraſe (perhaps from the Italian, *via*,) may be uſed on other occaſions to quicken or pluck up courage. Tollet.

[9] ——*not to charge you*;] That is, not with a purpoſe of putting you to expence, or *being burthenſome*. Johnson.

this unſeaſoned intruſion; for they ſay, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good ſoldier, ſir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, ſir John, take all, or half, for eaſing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deſerve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, ſir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good maſter Brook; I ſhall be glad to be your ſervant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a ſcholar,—I will be brief with you;——and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never ſo good means, as deſire, to make myſelf acquainted with you. I ſhall diſcover a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good ſir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the regiſter of your own; that I may paſs with a reproof the eaſier, ſith[1] you yourſelf know, how eaſy it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fal. Very well, ſir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her huſband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, ſir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I proteſt to you, beſtowed much on her; followed her with a doting obſervance; engroſſed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every ſlight occaſion, that could but

[1] ——*ſith*—] i. e. ſince. STEEVENS.

niggardly give me ſight of her; not only bought many preſents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what ſhe would have given: briefly, I have purſued her, as love hath purſued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occaſions. But whatſoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed,[2] I am ſure, I have received none; unleſs experience be a jewel: that I have purchaſed at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to ſay this:

Love like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance love purſues;
Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.[3]

Fal. Have you received no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

[2] ——*meed,*] i. e. reward. So Spenſer:
"A roſy garland was the victor's *meed.*"
Again, in our author's *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
"Vouchſafe me for my *meed* but one fair look."
Steevens.

[3] *Love like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance love purſues;*
Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.] Theſe lines have much the air of a quotation, but I know not whether they belong to any contemporary writer. In Florio's *Second Fruites*, 1591, I find the following verſes:
"Di donne e, et ſempre fu natura,
"Odiar chi l'ama, e chi non l'ama cura."
Again:
"——Sono ſimili a crocodilli
"Chi per prender l'huomo, piangono, e preſo la devorano,
"Chi le fugge ſequono, e chi le ſeque fuggono."
Thus tranſlated by Florio:
"——they are like crocodiles,
"They weep to winne, and wonne they cauſe to die,
"*Follow men flying, and men following fly.*" Malone

Thus alſo in a Sonnet by Queen Elizabeth, preſerved in the Aſhmole Muſeum:
"My care is *like* my *ſhaddowe* in the ſunne,
"*Follows me fliinge, flies when I purſue it.*" Steevens.

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to ſuch a purpoſe?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair houſe, built upon another man's ground; ſo that I have loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpoſe have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some ſay, that, though ſhe appear honeſt to me, yet, in other places, ſhe enlargeth her mirth ſo far, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now, ſir John, here is the heart of my purpoſe: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance,[4] authentick in your place and perſon, generally allowed[5] for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, ſir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; ſpend it, ſpend it; ſpend more; ſpend all I have; only give me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable ſiege[6] to the

[4] —— *of* great admittance,] i. e. admitted into all, or the greateſt companies. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *generally* allowed—] *Allowed* is *approved*. So, in *King Lear*:

"—— if your ſweet ſway
"*Allow* obedience," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *to lay an* amiable *ſiege*—] i. e. a ſiege of love. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—— the *ſiege* of *loving* terms." MALONE.

honeſty of this Ford's wife: uſe your art of wooing, win her to conſent to you; if any man may, you may as ſoon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I ſhould win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you preſcribe to yourſelf very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, underſtand my drift! ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my ſoul dares not preſent itſelf; ſhe is too bright to be looked againſt.[7] Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my deſires had inſtance and argument[8] to commend themſelves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity,[9] her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too ſtrongly embattled againſt me: What ſay you to't, ſir John?

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will firſt make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and laſt, as I am a gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

[7] *She is too bright to be looked againſt.*]
" Nimium lubricus aſpici." *Hor.* Malone.

[8] —— inſtance *and argument* —] *Inſtance* is *example.* Johnson.

[9] —— *the* ward *of her purity,*] i.e. The *defence* of it. Steevens.

What Ford means to ſay is, that if he could once detect her in a crime, he ſhould then be able to drive her from thoſe *defences* with which ſhe would otherwiſe *ward* off his addreſſes, ſuch as her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, &c.

So, in *The Winter's Tale,* Hermione, ſpeaking of Polixenes, ſays to Leontes:

" —— Tell him, you're ſure
" All in Bohemia's well," &c. " Say this to him,
" He's beat from his beſt *ward.*" M. Mason.

Ford. O good ſir!

Fal. Maſter Brook, I ſay you ſhall.

Ford. Want no money, ſir John, you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no miſtreſs Ford, maſter Brook, you ſhall want none. I ſhall be with her, (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or go-between, parted from me: I ſay, I ſhall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous raſcally knave, her huſband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, ſir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they ſay, the jealous wittolly knave hath maſſes of money; for the which his wife ſeems to me well-favoured. I will uſe her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harveſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, ſir; that you might avoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical ſalt-butter rogue! I will ſtare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it ſhall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: maſter Brook, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate o'er the peaſant, and thou ſhalt lie with his wife.—Come to me ſoon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his ſtile;[1] thou, maſter Brook, ſhalt know him for a knave and cuckold:—come to me ſoon at night.

[*Exit.*

[1] ——*and I will aggravate his* ſtile;] *Stile* is a phraſe from the Herald's office. Falſtaff means, that *he will add*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean raſcal is this! —My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who ſays, this is improvident jealouſy? My wife hath ſent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a falſe woman! my bed ſhall be abuſed, my coffers ranſacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I ſhall not only receive this villainous wrong, but ſtand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!——Amaimon ſounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbaſon,[2] well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold![3] the devil himſelf hath not ſuch a name. Page is an aſs, a ſecure aſs; he will truſt his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather truſt a Fleming with my butter, parſon Hugh the

more titles to thoſe he already enjoys. So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

"I will create lords of a *greater ſtyle.*"

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. V. c. 2:

"As to abandon that which doth contain
"Your honour's *ſtile*, that is, your warlike ſhield."

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*Amaimon—Barbaſon,*] The reader who is curious to know any particulars concerning theſe dæmons, may find them in Reginald Scott's *Inventarie of the Names, Shapes, Powers, Governments, and Effects of Devils and Spirits, of their ſeveral Segnories and Degrees: a ſtrange Diſcourſe worth the reading*, p. 377, &c. From hence it appears that *Amaimon* was *king of the Eaſt*, and *Barbatos* a great *countie or earle.* Randle Holme, however, in his *Academy of Armory and Blazon*, B. II. ch. 1, informs us, that "Amaymon is the chief whoſe dominion is on the north part of the infernal gulph; and that *Barbatos* is like a Sagittarius, and hath 30 legions under him."

STEEVENS.

[3] —— wittol-*cuckold!*] One who knows his wife's falſehood, and is contented with it:—from *wittan*, Sax. to know.

MALONE.

Welchman with my cheeſe, an Iriſhman with my aqua-vitæ bottle,[4] or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herſelf: then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praiſed for my jealouſy!—Eleven o'clock[5] the hour; —I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falſtaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too ſoon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

[*Exit.*

[4] ——*an* Iriſhman *with my* aqua-vitæ *bottle,*] Heywood, in his *Challenge for Beauty*, 1636, mentions the love of *aqua-vitæ* as characteriſtick of the *Iriſh:*

"The Briton he metheglin quaffs,
"The *Iriſh aqua-vitæ.*"

The Iriſh *aqua-vitæ*, I believe, was not brandy, but *uſque-baugh*, for which Ireland has been long celebrated. MALONE.

Dericke, in *The Image of Ireland*, 1581, Sign. F 2, mentions *Uſkebeaghe*, and in a note explains it to mean *aqua vitæ*. REED.

[5] ——*Eleven o'clock*—] Ford ſhould rather have ſaid *ten o'clock:* the time was between ten and eleven; and his impatient ſuſpicion was not likely to ſtay beyond the time. JOHNSON.

It was neceſſary for the plot that he ſhould miſtake the hour, and come too late. M. MASON.

It is neceſſary for the buſineſs of the piece that Falſtaff ſhould be at Ford's houſe before his return. Hence our author made him name the later hour. See Act III. ſc. ii: "The clock gives me my cue;—there *I ſhall find Falſtaff.*" When he ſays above, "I ſhall prevent *this,*" he means, not the meeting, but his wife's effecting her purpoſe. MALONE.

SCENE III.

Windsor Park.

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

CAIUS. Jack Rugby!

RUG. Sir.

CAIUS. Vat is de clock, Jack?

RUG. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

CAIUS. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

RUG. He is wise, sir; he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

CAIUS. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

RUG. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

CAIUS. Villainy, take your rapier.

RUG. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE.

HOST. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

SHAL. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.

PAGE. Now, good master doctor!

SLEN. Give you good-morrow, sir.

CAIUS. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foin,[6] to ſee thee traverſe, to ſee thee here, to ſee thee there; to ſee thee paſs thy punto, thy ſtock,[7] thy reverſe, thy diſtance, thy montánt. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Franciſco?[8] ha, bully! What ſays my Æſculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder?[9] ha! is he dead, bully Stale?[1] is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack prieſt of the vorld; he is not ſhow his face.

[6] ——*to ſee thee* foin,] To *foin*, I believe, was the ancient term for making a thruſt in fencing, or tilting. So, in *The Wiſe Woman of Hogſdon*, 1638:

"I had my wards, and *foins*, and quarter-blows."

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"——ſuppoſe my duelliſt
"Should falſify the *foine* upon me thus,
"Here will I take him."

Spenſer, in his *Fairy Queen*, often uſes the word *foin*. So, in B. II. c. 8:

"And ſtrook and *foyn'd*, and laſhed outrageouſly."

Again, in Holinſhed, p. 833: "Firſt ſix *foines* with handſpeares," &c. Steevens.

[7] ——*thy* ſtock,] Stock is a corruption of *ſtocata*, Ital. from which language the technical terms that follow are likewiſe adopted. Steevens.

[8] ——*my* Franciſco?] He means, my Frenchman. The quarto reads—my *Francoyes*. Malone.

[9] ——*my heart of elder?*] It ſhould be remembered, to make this joke reliſh, that the *elder* tree has *no heart*. I ſuppoſe this expreſſion was made uſe of in oppoſition to the common one, *heart of oak*. Steevens.

[1] ——*bully* Stale?] The reaſon why Caius is called bully *Stale*, and afterwards *Urinal*, muſt be ſufficiently obvious to every reader, and eſpecially to thoſe whoſe credulity and weakneſs have enrolled them among the patients of the preſent *German* empiric, who calls himſelf *Doctor* Alexander Mayerſbach. Steevens.

Host. Thou art a Caſtilian[2] king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

[2] ——*Caſtilian*—] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*Cardalian*, as uſed corruptedly for *Cœur de Lion*. JOHNSON.

Caſtilian and *Ethiopian*, like *Cataian*, appear in our author's time to have been cant terms. I have met with them in more than one of the old comedies. So, in a deſcription of the Armada introduced in the *Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London*, 1590:

"To carry, as it were, a careleſs regard of theſe *Caſtilians*, and their accuſtomed bravado."

Again:

"To parley with the proud *Caſtilians*."

I ſuppoſe *Caſtilian* was the cant term for *Spaniard* in general. STEEVENS.

I believe this was a popular ſlur upon the Spaniards, who were held in great contempt after the buſineſs of the Armada. Thus we have a *Treatiſe Paræneticall, wherein is ſhewed the right Way to reſiſt the* Caſtilian King; and a ſonnet prefixed to Lea's *Anſwer to the Untruths publiſhed in Spain, in glorie of their ſuppoſed Victory atchieved againſt our Engliſh Navie*, begins:

"Thou fond *Caſtilian king!*"—and ſo in other places.
FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's obſervation is juſt. Don Philip the Second affected the title of King of Spain; but the realms of Spain would not agree to it, and only ſtyled him King of *Caſtile* and Leon, &c. and ſo he wrote himſelf. His cruelty and ambitious views upon other ſtates rendered him univerſally deteſted. The *Caſtilians*, being deſcended chiefly from Jews and Moors, were deemed to be of a malign and perverſe diſpoſition; and hence, perhaps, the term *Caſtilian* became opprobrious. I have extracted this note from an old pamphlet, called *The Spaniſh Pilgrime*, which I have reaſon to ſuppoſe is the ſame diſcourſe with the *Treatiſe Paræneticall*, mentioned by Dr. Farmer. TOLLET.

Dr. Farmer, I believe, is right. The Hoſt, who, availing himſelf of the poor Doctor's ignorance of Engliſh phraſeology, applies to him all kinds of opprobrious terms, here means to call him *a coward*. So, in *The Three Lords of London*, 1590:

"My lordes, what means theſe gallantes to performe?
"Come theſe *Caſtillian cowards* but to brave?
"Do all theſe mountains move, to breed a mouſe?"

Caius. I pray you, bear vitneſs that me have ſtay ſix or ſeven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man, maſter doctor: he is a curer of ſouls, and you a curer of bodies; if you ſhould fight, you go againſt the hair [3] of your profeſſions; is it not true, maſter Page?

Page. Maſter Shallow, you have yourſelf been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, maſter Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are juſtices, and doctors, and churchmen, maſter Page, we have ſome ſalt of our youth in us; we are the ſons of women, maſter Page.

Page. 'Tis true, maſter Shallow.

Shal. It will be found ſo, maſter Page. Maſter doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am ſworn of the peace; you have ſhowed yourſelf a wiſe phyſician, and ſir Hugh hath ſhown himſelf a wiſe and patient churchman: you muſt go with me, maſter doctor.

There may, however, be alſo an alluſion to his profeſſion, as a water-*caſter*.

I know not whether we ſhould not rather point—Thou art a Caſtilian, king-urinal! &c.

In *K. Henry VIII.* Wolſey is called count-cardinal.

MALONE.

[3] ——*againſt the* hair *&c.*] This phraſe is proverbial, and is taken from ſtroking the *hair* of animals a contrary way to that in which it grows. So, in T. Churchyard's *Diſcourſe of Rebellion*, &c. 1570:

"You ſhoote amis when boe is drawen to eare,
"And bruſh the cloth full ſore *againſt the heare*."

We now ſay againſt the *grain*. STEEVENS.

Host. Pardon, gueſt juſtice:—A word, monſieur Muck-water.[4]

[4] ——*Muck-water.*] The old copy reads—mock-water. STEEVENS.

The Hoſt means, I believe, to reflect on the inſpection of urine, which made a conſiderable part of practical phyſick in that time; yet I do not well ſee the meaning of *mock-water.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer judiciouſly propoſes to read—*muck-water,* i. e. the drain of a dunghill.

Henry Cornelius Agrippa, *of the Vanitie and Uncertainty of Arts and Sciences, Engliſhed by James Sanford, Gent.* bl. l. 4to. 1569, might have furniſhed Shakſpeare with a ſufficient hint for the compound term *muck-water,* as applied by Dr. Caius. Dr. Farmer's emendation is completely countenanced by the ſame work, p. 145:

"Furthermore, Phiſitians oftentimes be contagious by reaſon of *urine,*" &c. but the reſt of the paſſage (in which the names of *Eſculapius, Hippocrates,* &c. are ludicrouſly introduced) is too indelicate to be laid before the reader. STEEVENS.

Muck-water, as explained by Dr. Farmer, is mentioned in *Evelyn's Philoſophical Diſcourſe on Earth,* 1676, p. 160. REED.

A word, monſieur Muck-water.] The ſecond of theſe words was recovered from the early quarto by Mr. Theobald. Some years ago I ſuſpected that *mock-water,* which appears to me to afford no meaning, was corrupt, and that the author wrote—*Make*-water. I have ſince obſerved that the words *mock* and *make* are often confounded in the old copies, and have therefore now more confidence in my conjecture. It is obſervable that the Hoſt, availing himſelf of the Doctor's ignorance of Engliſh, annexes to the terms that he uſes a ſenſe directly oppoſite to their real import. Thus, the poor Frenchman is made to believe, that "he will *clapper-claw* thee tightly," ſignifies, "he will make thee *amends.*" Again, when he propoſes to be his *friend,* he tells him, "for this I will be thy *adverſary* toward Anne Page." So alſo, inſtead of "heart of *oak,*" he calls him "heart of *elder.*" In the ſame way, he informs him that *Make-water means "valour."*—In the old play called *The Life and Death of Lord Cromwell,* 1602, a female of this name is mentioned. MALONE.

I have inſerted Dr. Farmer's emendation in my text. Where is the humour or propriety of calling a *Phyſician—Make-water?* It is ſurely a term of general application. STEEVENS.

Caius. Muck-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Muck-water, in our Engliſh tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-vater as de Engliſhman:——Scurvy jack-dog prieſt! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw [5] thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he ſhall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—But firſt, maſter gueſt, and maſter Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[*Aſide to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: ſee what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page. Shal. and Slen. Adieu, good maſter doctor. [*Exeunt* Page, Shallow *and* Slender.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de prieſt; for he ſpeak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: but, firſt, ſheath thy impa-

[5] ——*clapper-claw*—] This word occurs alſo in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, bl. l.

"*Wife.* I would *clapper-claw* thy bones." Steevens.

tience; throw cold water on thy choler:[6] go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where miſtreſs Anne Page is, at a farm-houſe a feaſting; and thou ſhall woo her: Cry'd game, ſaid I well?[7]

[6] ——*throw cold water on thy choler:*] So, in *Hamlet:*

"Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
"Sprinkle cool patience." STEEVENS.

[7] ——cry'd game, *ſaid I well?*] Mr. Theobald alters this nonſenſe to *try'd game*; that is, to nonſenſe of a worſe complexion. Shakſpeare wrote and pointed thus, CRY AIM, *ſaid I well?* i. e. conſent to it, approve of it. Have not I made a good propoſal? for to *cry aim* ſignifies to conſent to, or approve of any thing. So, again in this play: *And to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall* CRY AIM, i. e. approve them. And again, in *King John*, Act II. ſc. ii:

"It ill becomes this preſence to *cry aim*
"To theſe ill-tuned repetitions."

i. e. to approve of, or encourage them. The phraſe was taken, originally, from archery. When any one had challenged another to ſhoot at the butts, (the perpetual diverſion, as well as exerciſe, of that time,) the ſtanders-by uſed to ſay one to the other, *Cry aim*, i. e. accept the challenge. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, Act V. make the Duke ſay:

"——*muſt I cry* AIME
"To this unheard of inſolence?"——

i. e. encourage it, and agree to the requeſt of the duel, which one of his ſubjects had inſolently demanded againſt the other.—But here it is remarkable, that the ſenſeleſs editors, not knowing what to make of the phraſe, *Cry aim*, read it thus:

"——muſt I cry AI-ME;"

as if it was a note of interjection. So again, Maſſinger, in his *Guardian:*

"I will CRY AIM, and in another room
"Determine of my vengeance."——

And again, in his *Renegado:*

"——to play the pander
"To the viceroy's looſe embraces, and *cry aim*,
"While he by force or flattery," &c.

But the Oxford editor transforms it to *Cock o' the Game*; and his improvements of Shakſpeare's language abound with theſe

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I ſhall procure-a you de good gueſt,

modern elegances of ſpeech, ſuch as *mynheers, bull-baitings,* &c. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton is right in his explanation of *cry aim,* and in ſuppoſing that the phraſe was taken from *archery*; but is certainly wrong in the particular practice which he aſſigns for the original of it. It ſeems to have been the office of the *aim-crier,* to give notice to the *archer* when he was within a proper diſtance of his mark, or in a direct line with it, and to point out why he failed to ſtrike it. So, in *All's loſt by Luſt,* 1633:

"He *gives* me *aim,* I am three bows too ſhort;
"I'll come up nearer next time."

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona,* 1612:

"I'll *give aim* to you,
"And tell how near you ſhoot."

Again, in *The Spaniſh Gipſie,* by Rowley and Middleton, 1653: "Though I am no great mark in reſpect of a huge butt, yet I can tell you, great bobbers have ſhot at me, and ſhot golden arrows; but I myſelf *gave aim,* thus:—wide, four bows; ſhort, three and a half;" &c. Again, in Green's *Tu Quoque,* (no date) "We'll ſtand by, and *give aim,* and holoo if you hit the clout." Again, in Jarvis Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia,* 1607: "Thou ſmiling *aim-crier* at princes' fall." Again, *ibid.* "—while her own creatures, like *aim criers,* beheld her miſchance with nothing but lip-pity." In Ames's *Typographical Antiquities,* p. 402, a book is mentioned, called "*Ayme for Finſburie Archers,* or an Alphabetical Table of the name of every *Mark* in the ſame Fields, with their *true Diſtances,* both by the Map and the Dimenſuration of the Line, &c. 1594." Shakſpeare uſes the phraſe again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* ſcene the laſt, where it undoubtedly means to *encourage:*

"Behold her that *gave aim* to all thy vows."

So, in *The Palſgrave,* by W. Smith, 1615:

"Shame to us all, if we *give aim* to that."

Again, in *The Revenger's Tragedy,* 1607:

"A mother to *give aim* to her own daughter!"

Again, in Fenton's *Tragical Diſcourſes,* bl. l. 1567: "Standyng rather in his window to—*crye ayme,* than helpyng any waye to part the fraye," p. 165. b.

The original and literal meaning of this expreſſion may be aſcertained from ſome of the foregoing examples, and its figurative one from the reſt; for, as Dr. Warburton obſerves, it can

de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adverſary towards Anne Page; ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell ſaid.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[*Exeunt.*

mean nothing in theſe latter inſtances, but to *conſent to, approve,* or *encourage.*—It is not, however, the reading of *Shakſpeare* in the paſſage before us, and, therefore, we muſt ſtrive to produce ſome ſenſe from the words which we find there—*cry'd game.*

We yet ſay, in colloquial language, that ſuch a one is—*game*—or *game to the back.* There is ſurely no need of blaming Theobald's emendation with ſuch ſeverity. *Cry'd game* might mean, in thoſe days,—a *profeſſed buck,* one who was as well known by the report of his gallantry, as he could have been by *proclamation.* Thus, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"On whoſe bright creſt, fame, with her loud'ſt O-yes,
"*Cries,* this is he."

Again, in *All's well that ends well,* Act II. ſc. i:

"——find what you ſeek,
"That fame may *cry you loud.*"

Again, in Ford's *Lover's Melancholy,* 1629:

"A gull, an arrant gull *by proclamation.*"

Again, in *King Lear:* "A *proclaimed* prize." Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"Thou art *proclaimed* a fool, I think."

Cock of the Game, however, is not, as Dr. Warburton pronounces it, a *modern elegancy of ſpeech,* for it is found in Warner's *Albion's England,* 1602, B. XII. c. 74: "This *cocke of game,* and (as might ſeeme) this hen of that ſame fether." Again, in *The Martial Maid,* by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"O craven chicken of a *cock o' th' game!*"

And in many other places. Steevens.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good maſter Slender's ſerving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for maſter Caius, that calls himſelf *Doctor of Phyſick?*

Sim. Marry, ſir, the city-ward,[8] the park-ward, every way; old Windſor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo look that way.

Sim. I will, ſir.

Eva. 'Pleſs my ſoul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I ſhall be glad, if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's coſtard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—'pleſs my ſoul! [*Sings.*

[8] —— *the* city-ward,] The old editions read—the *Pittie-ward,* the modern editors the *Pitty-wary.* There is now no place that anſwers to either name at Windſor. The author might poſſibly have written (as I have printed) the *City-ward,* i. e. towards London.

In the *Itinerarium,* however, of William de Worceſtre, p. 251, the following account of diſtances in the city of Briſtol occurs: "*Via de Pyttey* a *Pyttey*-yate, porta vocata Nether *Pittey,* uſque antiquam portam *Pyttey* uſque viam ducentem ad Wynch-ſtrete continet 140 greſſus," &c. &c. The word—*Pittey,* therefore, which ſeems unintelligible to us, might anciently have had an obvious meaning. STEEVENS.

To ſhallow rivers,[9] *to whoſe falls*
Melodious birds ſing madrigals;

[9] *To ſhallow rivers,* &c.] This is part of a beautiful little poem of the author's; which poem, and the anſwer to it, the reader will not be diſpleaſed to find here.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

" Come live with me, and be my love,
" And we will all the pleaſures prove
" That hills and vallies, dale and field,
" And all the craggy mountains yield.
" There will we ſit upon the rocks,
" And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
" By ſhallow rivers, by whoſe falls
" Melodious birds ſing madrigals:
" There will I make thee beds of roſes
" With a thouſand fragrant poſies,
" A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
" Imbroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
" A gown made of the fineſt wool,
" Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
" Fair lined ſlippers for the cold,
" With buckles of the pureſt gold;
" A belt of ſtraw, and ivy buds,
" With coral claſps, and amber ſtuds:
" And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
" Come live with me, and be my love.
" Thy ſilver diſhes for thy meat,
" As precious as the gods do eat,
" Shall on an ivory table be
" Prepared each day for thee and me.
" The ſhepherd ſwains ſhall dance and ſing,
" For thy delight each May morning:
" If theſe delights thy mind may move,
" Then live with me, and be my love." *

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD.

" If that the world and love were young,
" And truth in every ſhepherd's tongue,

* The concluſion of this and the following poem ſeem to have furniſhed Milton with the hint for the laſt lines both of his *Allegro* and *Penſeroſo*.
STEEVENS.

There will we make our peds of roſes,
And a thouſand fragrant poſies.
To ſhallow——

" Theſe pretty pleaſures might me move
" To live with thee, and be thy love.
" But time drives flocks from field to fold,
" When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
" And Philomel becometh dumb,
" And all complain of cares to come:
" The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
" To wayward winter reckoning yields.
" A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
" Is fancy's ſpring, but ſorrow's fall.
" Thy gowns, thy ſhoes, thy beds of roſes,
" Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poſies,
" Soon break, ſoon wither, ſoon forgotten,
" In folly ripe, in reaſon rotten.
" Thy belt of ſtraw, and ivy buds,
" Thy coral claſps, and amber ſtuds;
" All theſe in me no means can move
" To come to thee, and be thy love.
" What ſhould we talk of dainties then,
" Of better meat than's fit for men?
" Theſe are but vain: that's only good
" Which God hath bleſs'd, and ſent for food.
" But could youth laſt, and love ſtill breed,
" Had joys no date, and age no need;
" Then theſe delights my mind might move
" To live with thee, and be thy love."

Theſe two poems, which Dr. Warburton gives to Shakſpeare, are, by writers nearer that time, diſpoſed of, one to Marlow, the other to Raleigh. They are read in different copies with great variations JOHNSON.

In *England's Helicon*, a collection of love-verſes printed in Shakſpeare's life-time, viz. in quarto, 1600, the firſt of them is given to Marlowe, the ſecond to Ignoto; and Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, obſerves, that there is good reaſon to believe that (not Shakſpeare, but) Chriſtopher Marlowe wrote the ſong, and Sir Walter Raleigh the *Nymph's Reply*; for ſo we are poſitively aſſured by Iſaac Walton, a writer of ſome credit, who has inſerted them both in his *Compleat Angler*, under the character of " That

'Mercy on me! I have a great diſpoſitions to cry.

ſmooth ſong which was made by *Kit Marlowe*, now at leaſt fifty years ago; and an *anſwer* to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days . . . . . Old faſhioned poetry, but choicely good." See *The Reliques*, &c. Vol. I. p. 218, 221, third edit.

In Shakſpeare's ſonnets, printed by Jaggard, 1599, this poem was imperfectly publiſhed, and attributed to Shakſpeare. Mr. Malone, however, obſerves, that "What ſeems to aſcertain it to be Marlowe's, is, that one of the lines is found (and not as a quotation) in a play of his—*The Jew of Malta*; which, though not printed till 1633, muſt have been written before 1593, as he died in that year:"

"Thou in thoſe groves, by Dis above,
"*Shalt live with me, and be my love.*" STEEVENS.

Evans in his panick miſ-recites the lines, which in the original run thus:

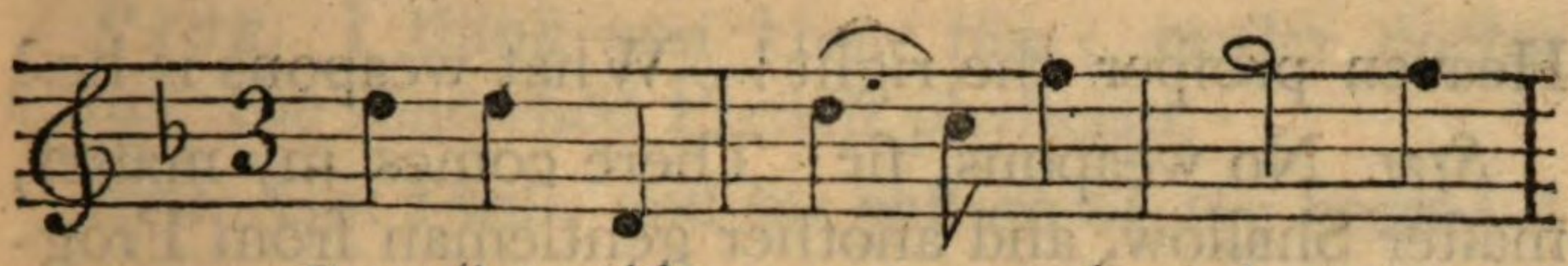
"There will we ſit upon the rocks,
"And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
"*By* ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls
"Melodious birds ſing madrigals:
"There will *I* make *thee* beds of roſes
"*With* a thouſand fragrant poſies," &c.

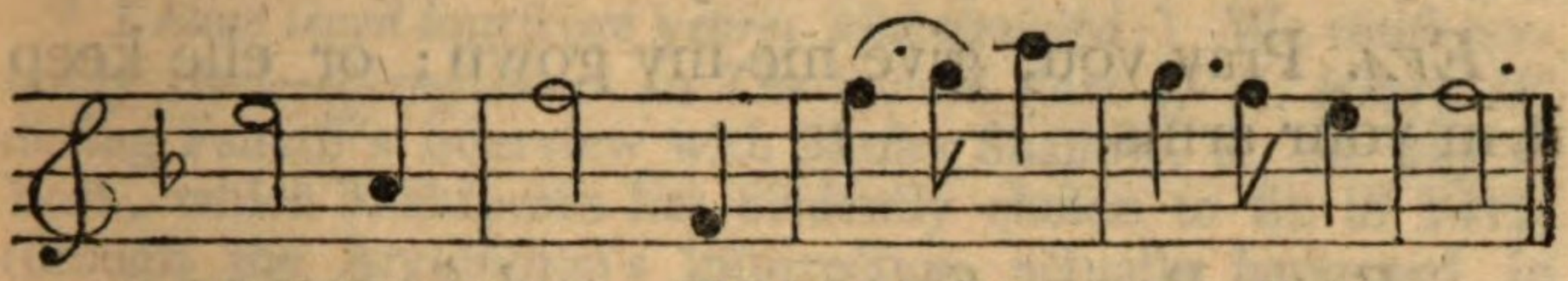
In the modern editions the verſes ſung by Sir Hugh have been corrected, I think, improperly. His miſ-recitals were certainly intended.—He *ſings* on the preſent occaſion, to ſhew that he is not afraid. So Bottom, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*: "I will walk up and down here, and I will *ſing*, that they ſhall hear, I am *not afraid*." MALONE.

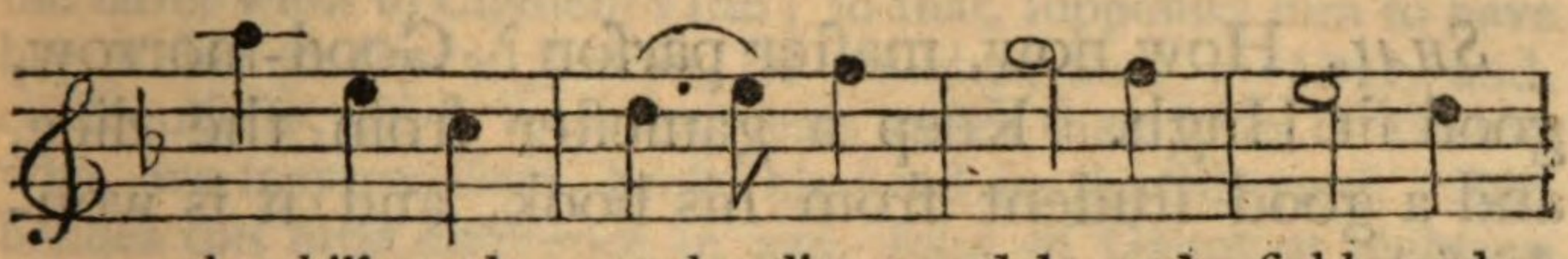
A late editor has obſerved that Evans in his panick ſings, like Bottom, to ſhew he is not afraid. It is rather to keep up his ſpirits; as he ſings in Simple's abſence, when he has "a great diſpoſitions to cry." RITSON.

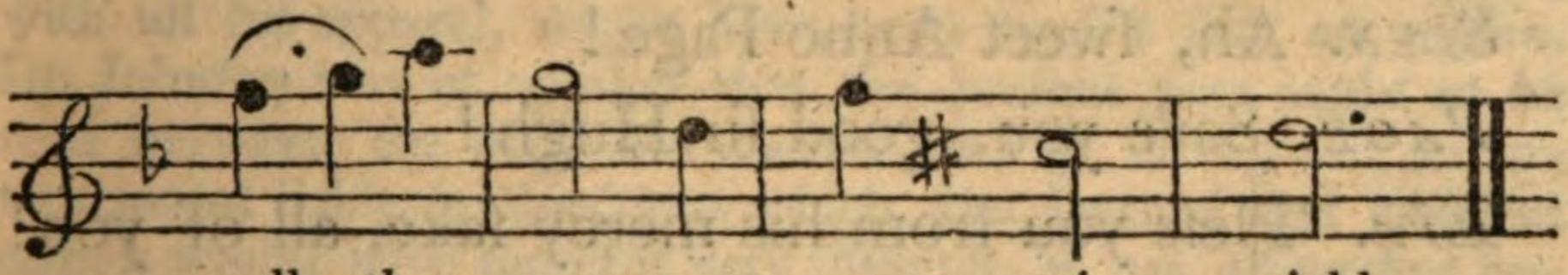
The tune to which the former was ſung, I have lately diſcovered in a MS. as old as Shakſpeare's time, and it is as follows:

Melodious birds ſing madrigals;—
When as I ſat in Pabylon,[1]*——*
And a thouſand vagram poſies.
To ſhallow——









SIR J. HAWKINS.

[1] *When as I ſat in* Pabylon,—] This line is from the old verſion of the 137th Pſalm:

" *When we did ſit in Babylon,*
" The *rivers* round about,
" Then, in remembrance of Sion,
" The tears for grief burſt out."

The word *rivers*, in the ſecond line, may be ſuppoſed to have been brought to Sir Hugh's thoughts by the line of Marlowe's madrigal that he has juſt repeated; and in his fright he blends the ſacred and prophane ſong together. The old quarto has—" There lived a man *in Babylon*;" which was the firſt line of an old ſong, mentioned in *Twelfth Night*:—but the other line is more in character. MALONE.

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, ſir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome:——

To ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls——

Heaven proſper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, ſir: There comes my maſter, maſter Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the ſtile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or elſe keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Shal. How now, maſter parſon? Good-morrow, good ſir Hugh. Keep a gameſter from the dice, and a good ſtudent from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, ſweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good ſir Hugh!

Eva. 'Pleſs you from his mercy ſake, all of you!

Shal. What! the ſword and the word! do you ſtudy them both, maſter parſon?

Page. And youthful ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reaſons and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, maſter parſon.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reverend gentleman, who belike, having received wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you ſaw.

Shal. I have lived fourſcore years, and upward ;[2] I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, ſo wide of his own reſpect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; maſter doctor Caius, the renowned French phyſician.

Eva. Got's will, and his paſſion of my heart! I

[2] *I have lived* fourſcore *years, and upward*;] We muſt certainly read—*threeſcore*. In *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.* during Falſtaff's interview with Maſter Shallow, in his way to York, which Shakſpeare has evidently choſen to fix in 1412, (though the Archbiſhop's inſurrection actually happened in 1405,) Silence obſerves that it was then *fifty-five years* ſince the latter went to Clement's Inn; ſo that, ſuppoſing him to have begun his ſtudies at *ſixteen*, he would be born in 1341, and, conſequently, be a very few years older than John of Gaunt, who, we may recollect, broke his head in the tilt-yard. But, beſides this little difference in age, John of Gaunt at eighteen or nineteen would be above ſix feet high, and poor Shallow, with all his apparel, might have been *truſs'd into an eelſkin*. Dr. Johnſon was of opinion that the preſent play ought to be read between the *Firſt* and *Second Part of Henry IV.* an arrangement liable to objections which that learned and eminent critick would have found it very difficult, if not altogether impoſſible, to ſurmount. But, let it be placed where it may, the ſcene is clearly laid between 1402, when Shallow would be *ſixty one*, and 1412, when he had the meeting with Falſtaff: Though one would not, to be ſure, from what paſſes upon that occaſion, imagine the parties had been together ſo lately at Windſor; much leſs that the Knight had ever beaten his worſhip's keepers, kill'd his deer, and broke open his lodge. The alteration now propoſed, however, is in all events neceſſary; and the rather ſo, as Falſtaff muſt be nearly of the ſame age with Shallow, and *fourſcore* ſeems a little too late in life for a man *of his kidney* to be making love to, and even ſuppoſing himſelf admired by, two at a time, travelling in a buck-baſket, thrown into a river, going to the wars, and making priſoners. Indeed, he has luckily put the matter out of all doubt, by telling us, in *The Firſt Part of K. Henry IV.* that his age was "ſome *fifty*, or, by'r lady, *inclining to threeſcore*." Ritson.

had as lief you would tell me of a mefs of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave befides; a cowardly knave, as you would defires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man fhould fight with him.

Slen. O, fweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears fo, by his weapons:—Keep them afunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Hoft, Caius, *and* Rugby.

Page. Nay, good mafter parfon, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good mafter doctor.

Host. Difarm them, and let them queftion; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our Englifh.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me fpeak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet a-me?

Eva. Pray you, ufe your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-ftogs to other men's humours; I defire you in friendfhip, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogfcomb, for miffing your meetings and appointments.[3]

[3] ——*for miffing your meetings and appointments.*] Thefe words, which are not in the folio, were recovered from the quarto, by Mr. Pope. Malone.

CAIUS. *Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine *Hoſt de Jarterre*, have I not ſtay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

EVA. As I am a chriſtians ſoul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgement by mine hoſt of the Garter.

HOST. Peace, I ſay, Guallia and Gaul, French and Welch;[4] ſoul-curer and body-curer.

CAIUS. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

HOST. Peace, I ſay; hear mine hoſt of the Garter. Am I politick? am I ſubtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I loſe my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I loſe my parſon? my prieſt? my ſir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terreſtial; ſo:—Give me thy hand, celeſtial; ſo.——Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your ſkins are whole, and let burnt ſack be the iſſue.—Come, lay their ſwords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

SHAL. Truſt me, a mad hoſt:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

SLEN. O, ſweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, *and* Hoſt.

[4] *Peace, I ſay,* Guallia *and* Gaul, *French* and *Welch*;] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*Gallia* and *Wallia*: but it is objected that *Wallia* is not eaſily corrupted into *Gaul*. Poſſibly the word was written *Guallia*. FARMER.

Thus, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. *Gualtier* for *Walter*. STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1602, confirms Dr. Farmer's conjecture. It reads—Peace I ſay, *Gawle* and *Gawlia*, French and Welch, &c. MALONE.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de ſot of us?[5] ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-ſtog.—I deſire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this ſame ſcall, ſcurvy,[6] cogging companion, the hoſt of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promiſe to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will ſmite his noddles:—Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street in Windſor.

Enter Miſtreſs Page *and* Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your maſter's heels?

[5] —— *make-a de* ſot *of us?*] *Sot,* in French, ſignifies *a fool.* Malone.

[6] —— ſcall, *ſcurvy,*] *Scall* was an old word of reproach, as *ſcab* was afterwards.

Chaucer imprecates on his *ſcrivener:*

"Under thy longe lockes mayeſt thou have the *ſcalle.*"

Johnson.

Scall, as Dr. Johnſon interprets it, is a ſcab breaking out in the hair, and approaching nearly to the leproſy. It is uſed by other writers of Shakſpeare's time. You will find what was to be done by perſons afflicted with it, by looking into *Leviticus,* 13 ch. v. 30, 31, and ſeqq. Whalley.

Rob. I had rather, forſooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I ſee, you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, miſtreſs Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, ſir, to ſee your wife: Is ſhe at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as ſhe may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your huſbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be ſure of that,—two other huſbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my huſband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, ſirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falſtaff.

Ford. Sir John Falſtaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is ſuch a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, ſhe is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, ſir;—I am ſick, till I ſee her. [*Exeunt Mrs.* Page *and* Robin.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they ſleep; he hath no uſe of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as eaſy as a cannon will ſhoot point-

blank twelve ſcore. He pieces-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now ſhe's going to my wife, and Falſtaff's boy with her. A man may hear this ſhower ſing in the wind![7]—and Falſtaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives ſhare damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modeſty from the ſo ſeeming miſtreſs Page,[8] divulge Page himſelf for a ſecure and wilful Actæon; and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall cry aim.[9] [*Clock ſtrikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch; there I ſhall find Falſtaff: I ſhall be rather praiſed for this, than mocked; for it is as poſitive as the earth is firm,[1] that Falſtaff is there: I will go.

[7] *A man may hear this ſhower* ſing in the wind!] This phraſe has already occurred in *The Tempeſt*, Act II. ſc. ii: "I hear it *ſing in the wind.*" STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ſo* ſeeming *miſtreſs Page,*] *Seeming* is *ſpecious*. So, in *K. Lear:*

"If ought within that little *ſeeming* ſubſtance."

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act I. ſc. iv:

"——Hence ſhall we ſee,
"If power change purpoſe, what our *ſeemers* be."

STEEVENS.

[9] ——*ſhall* cry aim.] i. e. ſhall *encourage*. So, in *K. John*, Act II. ſc. i:

"It ill beſeems this preſence, to *cry aim*
"To theſe ill-tuned repetitions."

The phraſe, as I have already obſerved, is taken from archery. See note on the laſt ſcene of the preceding act, where Dr. Warburton would read—*cry aim*, inſtead of—"cry'd game."

STEEVENS.

[1] —— *as the earth is* firm,] So, in *Macbeth:*

"——Thou ſure and *firm*-ſet *earth*—." MALONE.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Hoſt, *Sir* HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

SHAL. PAGE, &c. Well met, maſter Ford.

FORD. Truſt me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

SHAL. I muſt excuſe myſelf, maſter Ford.

SLEN. And ſo muſt I, ſir; we have appointed to dine with miſtreſs Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll ſpeak of.

SHAL. We have lingered[2] about a match between Anne Page and my couſin Slender, and this day we ſhall have our anſwer.

SLEN. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

PAGE. You have, maſter Slender; I ſtand wholly for you:—but my wife, maſter doctor, is for you altogether.

CAIUS. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nurſh-a Quickly tell me ſo muſh.

HOST. What ſay you to young maſter Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verſes, he ſpeaks holyday,[3] he ſmells April

[2] *We have lingered*—] They have not lingered very long. The match was propoſed by Sir Hugh but the day before.

JOHNSON.

Shallow repreſents the affair as having been *long in hand*, that he may better excuſe himſelf and *Slender* from accepting *Ford's* invitation on the day when it was to be concluded.

STEEVENS.

[3] —— *he writes verſes, he ſpeaks* holyday,] i. e. in an high-flown, fuſtian-ſtyle. It was called *a holy-day ſtyle*, from the old cuſtom of acting their farces of the *myſteries* and *moralities*, which were turgid and bombaſt, on holy-days. So, in *Much*

and May:[4] he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons;[5] he will carry't.

Ado about Nothing: "I cannot woo in *feſtival terms*." And again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch *high-day wit* in praiſing him."

WARBURTON.

I ſuſpect that Dr. Warburton's ſuppoſition that this phraſe is derived from the ſeaſon of acting the old myſteries, is but an *holyday* hypotheſis; and have preſerved his note only for the ſake of the paſſages he quotes. Fenton is not repreſented as a talker of bombaſt.

He ſpeaks holiday, I believe, means only, his language is more *curious* and *affectedly choſen* than that uſed by ordinary men. MALONE.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"With many *holiday* and lady terms." STEEVENS.

To *ſpeak holyday* muſt mean to ſpeak out of the common road, ſuperior to the vulgar; alluding to the better dreſs worn on ſuch days. RITSON.

[4] —— *he ſmells April and May*:] This was the phraſeology of the time; not "he ſmells *of* April," &c. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*: "he would mouth with a beggar of fifty, though ſhe *ſmelt brown bread and garlick*." MALONE.

[5] ——*'tis in his* buttons;] Alluding to an ancient cuſtom among the country fellows, of trying whether they ſhould ſucceed with their miſtreſſes, by carrying the *batchelor's buttons* (a plant of the *Lychnis* kind, whoſe flowers reſemble a coat button in form,) in their pockets. And they judged of their good or bad ſucceſs by their growing, or their not growing there. SMITH.

Greene mentions theſe *batchelor's buttons* in his *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*: "I ſaw the *batchelor's buttons*, whoſe virtue is, to make wanton maidens weep, when they have worne them forty weeks under their aprons," &c.

The ſame expreſſion occurs in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1631:

"He wears *batchelor's buttons*, does he not?"

Again, in *The Conſtant Maid*, by Shirley, 1640:

"I am a *batchelor*.
"I pray, let me be one of your *buttons* ſtill then."

Again, in *A Fair Quarrel*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1617:

"I'll wear my *batchelor's buttons* ſtill."

Page. Not by my conſent, I promiſe you. The gentleman is of no having:[6] he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my ſubſtance: if he take her, let him take her ſimply; the wealth I have waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you, heartily, ſome of you go home with me to dinner: beſides your cheer, you ſhall have ſport; I will ſhow you a monſter.——Maſter doctor, you ſhall go;—ſo ſhall you, maſter Page;—and you, ſir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we ſhall have the freer wooing at maſter Page's.

[*Exeunt* Shallow *and* Slender.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* Rugby.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honeſt knight Falſtaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit* Hoſt.

Ford. [*Aſide.*] I think, I ſhall drink in pipe-

Again, in *A Woman never vex'd*, comedy, by Rowley, 1632:

"Go, go and reſt on Venus' violets; ſhew her
"A dozen of *batchelors' buttons*, boy."

Again, in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1606: "Here's my huſband, and no *batchelor's buttons* are at his doublet." Steevens.

[6] ——*of no* having:] *Having* is the ſame as *eſtate* or *fortune*. Johnson.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Of noble *having*, and of royal hope."

Again, *Twelfth Night*:

"——My *having* is not much;
"I'll make diviſion of my preſent with you:
"Hold, there is half my coffer." Steevens.

wine firſt with him; I'll make him dance.[7] Will you go, gentles?

[7] Hoſt. *Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honeſt knight Falſtaff, and drink canary with him.*

Ford. [Aſide.] *I think, I ſhall drink* in pipe-*wine firſt with him; I'll make him dance.*] To *drink in* pipe-*wine* is a phraſe which I cannot underſtand. May we not ſuppoſe that Shakſpeare rather wrote, *I think I ſhall drink* HORN-PIPE *wine firſt with him: I'll make him* dance?

Canary is the name of a *dance,* as well as of a *wine.* Ford lays hold of both ſenſes; but, for an obvious reaſon, makes the dance a *horn-pipe.* It has been already remarked, that Shakſpeare has frequent alluſions to a *cuckold's horns.* TYRWHITT.

So, in *Paſquil's Night-cap,* 1612, p. 118:

"It is great comfort to a *cuckold's* chance
"That many thouſands doe the *Hornepipe dance.*"

STEEVENS.

Pipe is known to be a veſſel of wine, now containing two hogſheads. *Pipe*-wine is therefore wine, not from the *bottle,* but the *pipe*; and the jeſt conſiſts in the ambiguity of the word, which ſignifies both a caſk of wine, and a muſical inſtrument. JOHNSON.

The jeſt here lies in a mere play of words. "I'll give him *pipe*-wine, which ſhall make him *dance.*" *Edinburgh Magazine,* Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

The phraſe,—"to drink *in* pipe-wine"—always ſeemed to me a very ſtrange one, till I met with the following paſſage in King James's firſt ſpeech to his parliament, in 1604; by which it appears that "to drink *in*" was the phraſeology of the time: "—who either, being old, have retained their firſt drunken-*in* liquor," &c. MALONE.

I have ſeen the phraſe often in books of Shakſpeare's time, but neglected to mark down the paſſages. One of them I have lately recovered: "If he goe to the taverne they will not onely make him paie for the wine, but for all *he drinks in* beſides." Greene's *Ghoſt haunting Conicatchers,* 1602, Sign. B 4.—The following alſo, though of ſomewhat later authority, will confirm Mr. Malone's obſervation: "A player acting upon a ſtage a man killed; but being troubled with an extream cold, as he was lying upon the ſtage fell a coughing; the people laughing, he ruſhed up, ran off the ſtage, ſaying, thus it is for a man to *drink in* porridg, for then he will be ſure to cough in his grave." *Jocabella, or a Cabinet of Conceits,* by Robert Chamberlaine, 1640, N° 84. REED.

All. Have with you, to ſee this monſter.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Ford *and Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-baſket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I ſay.

Enter Servants with a Baſket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, ſet it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we muſt be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-houſe; and when I ſuddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pauſe, or ſtaggering,) take this baſket on your ſhoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haſte, and carry it among the whitſters[8] in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, cloſe by the Thames ſide.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt* Servants.

[8] —— *the whitſters*—] i. e. the blanchers of linen.

Douce.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-muſket ? [9] what news with you ?

Rob. My maſter ſir John is come in at your back-door, miſtreſs Ford ; and requeſts your company.

Mrs. Page. You litttle Jack-a-lent,[1] have you been true to us ?

[9] *How now, my* eyas-muſket ?] *Eyas* is a young unfledg'd hawk ; I ſuppoſe from the Italian *Niaſo*, which originally ſignified any young bird taken from the neſt unfledg'd, afterwards a young hawk. The French, from hence, took their *niais*, and uſed it in both thoſe ſignifications ; to which they added a third, metaphorically, *a ſilly fellow* ; *un garçon fort niais, un niais*. *Muſket* ſignifies a *ſparrow hawk*, or the ſmalleſt ſpecies of hawks. This too is from the Italian *Muſchetto*, a ſmall hawk, as appears from the original ſignification of the word, namely, *a troubleſome ſtinging fly*. So that the humour of calling the little page an *eyas-muſket* is very intelligible. Warburton.

So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608 : " —no hawk ſo haggard but will ſtoop to the lure : no *nieſſe* ſo ramage but will be reclaimed to the lunes." *Eyas-musket* is the ſame as *infant Lilliputian*. Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. xi. ſt. 34 :

" ——youthful gay,
" Like *eyas-hauke*, up mounts unto the ſkies,
" His newly budded pinions to eſſay."

In *The Booke of Haukyng*, &c. commonly called *The Book of St. Albans*, bl. l. no date, is the following derivation of the word ; but whether true or erroneous is not for me to determine : " An hauk is called an *eyeſſe* from her *eyen*. For an hauke that is brought up under a buſſarde or puttock, as many ben, have watry *eyen*," &c. Steevens.

[1] ——*Jack-a-lent*,] A *Jack o' lent* was a puppet thrown at in Lent, like ſhrove-cocks. So, in *The Weakeſt goes to the Wall*, 1600 :

" A mere anatomy, a *Jack of Lent*."

Rob. Ay, I'll be ſworn: My maſter knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he ſwears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do ſo:—Go tell thy maſter, I am alone. Miſtreſs Page, remember you your cue.

[*Exit* Robin.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiſs me. [*Exit Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll uſe this unwholeſome humidity, this groſs watry pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.[2]

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. *Have I caught* thee, *my heavenly jewel?*[3] Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough;[4] this is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed hour!

Again, in *The Four Prentices of London*, 1615:

"Now you old *Jack of Lent*, ſix weeks and upwards."

Again, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*: "—for if a boy, that is throwing at his *Jack o' Lent*, chance to hit me on the ſhins," &c. See a note on the laſt ſcene of this comedy. Steevens.

[2] ——*from* jays.] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"——ſome *jay* of Italy,

"Whoſe mother was her painting," &c. Steevens.

[3] *Have I caught my heavenly jewel?*] This is the firſt line of the ſecond ſong in Sidney's *Aſtrophel and Stella*. Tollet.

[4] ——*Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough;*] This ſentiment, which is of ſacred origin, is here indecently introduced. It appears again, with ſomewhat leſs of profaneneſs, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV. and in *Othello*, Act II. Steevens.

Mrs. Ford. O ſweet ſir John!

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, miſtreſs Ford. Now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh: I would thy huſband were dead; I'll ſpeak it before the beſt lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, ſir John! alas, I ſhould be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France ſhow me ſuch another; I ſee how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou haſt the right arched bent [5] of the brow, that becomes the ſhip-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.[6]

[5] —— *arched* bent —] Thus the quartos 1602, and 1619. The folio reads—arched *beauty*. Steevens.

The reading of the quarto is ſupported by a paſſage in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
" Bliſs in our *brows-bent*." Malone.

[6] —— *that becomes the ſhip-tire, the tire*-valiant, *or any tire of* Venetian admittance.] Inſtead of—*Venetian admittance*, the old quarto reads—" or any Venetian *attire*." Steevens.

The old quarto reads—*tire-vellet*, and the old folio reads—*or any tire of Venetian admittance*. So that the true reading of the whole is this, *that becomes the ſhip-tire, the tire*-valiant, *or any tire of Venetian admittance*. The ſpeaker tells his miſtreſs, ſhe had a face that would become all the head dreſſes in faſhion. The *ſhip-tire* was an open head dreſs, with a kind of ſcarf depending from behind. Its name of *ſhip-tire* was, I preſume, from its giving the wearer ſome reſemblance of a *ſhip* (as Shakſpeare ſays) *in all her trim*: with all her pendants out, and flags and ſtreamers flying.

This was an image familiar with the poets of that time. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in their play of *Wit without Money*: " She ſpreads ſattens as the king's ſhips do canvas every where; ſhe may ſpace her miſen," &c. This will direct us to reform the following word of *tire-valiant*, which I ſuſpect to be corrupt, *valiant* being a very incongruous epithet for a woman's head dreſs: I ſuppoſe Shakſpeare wrote *tire-vailant*. As the *ſhip-tire* was an *open* head dreſs, ſo the *tire-*

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, ſir John: my brows become nothing elſe; nor that well neither.

vailant was a *cloſe* one, in which the head and breaſt were covered as with a *veil*. And theſe were, in fact, the two different head dreſſes then in faſhion, as we may ſee by the pictures of that time. One of which was ſo open, that the whole neck, breaſts, and ſhoulders, were opened to view: the other, ſo ſecurely incloſed in kerchiefs, &c. that nothing could be ſeen above the eyes, or below the chin. Warburton.

In the fifth act, Fenton mentions that his miſtreſs is to meet him—

"With ribbons *pendant* flaring 'bout her head."

This, probably, was what is here called the *ſhip-tire*.

Malone.

——*the tire* valiant,] I would read—tire *volant*. Stubbes, who deſcribes moſt minutely every article of female dreſs, has mentioned none of theſe terms, but ſpeaks of vails depending from the top of the head, and flying behind in looſe folds. The word *volant* was in uſe before the age of Shakſpeare. I find it in *Wilfride Holme's Fall and evil Succeſſe of Rebellion*, 1537:

"——high *volant* in any thing divine."

Tire vellet, which is the reading of the old quarto, may be printed, as Mr. Tollet obſerves, by miſtake, for tire-*velvet*. We know that *velvet-hoods* were worn in the age of Shakſpeare. Steevens.

Among the preſents ſent by the Queen of Spain to the Queen of England, in April 1606, was a *velvet* cap with gold buttons. Catharine's cap, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is likewiſe of velvet.

Tire-*volant*, however, I believe with Mr. Steevens, was the poet's word. "Their heads (ſays Naſhe in 1594) with their *top and top-gallant* lawne baby caps, and ſnow-reſembled ſilver curlings, they make a plain puppet-ſtage of. Their breaſts they embuſke up on hie, and their round roſeate buds they immodeſtly lay forth, to ſhew, at their hands there is fruit to be hoped." *Chriſt's Tears over Jeruſalem*, 4to. 1594. Malone.

——*of* Venetian admittance.] i. e. of a faſhion received or admitted from Venice. So, in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1606, by Decker and Webſter:—"now ſhe's in that Italian *head-tire* you ſent her." Dr. Farmer propoſes to read—"of Venetian *remittance*."

Steevens.

Fal. Thou art a traitor[7] to ſay ſo: thou would'ſt make an abſolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a ſemi-circled farthingale. I ſee what thou wert, if fortune thy foe[8] were not; nature is thy friend:[9] Come, thou canſt not hide it.

In how much requeſt the *Venetian tyre* formerly was held, appears from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1624:—"let her have the Spaniſh gate, [*gait*] the *Venetian tire*, Italian complements and endowments." Malone.

May not the *tire valiant* be ſo called from the air of boldneſs and confidence which it might give the wearer? A certain court divine (who can hardly be called a courtly one) in a ſermon preached before King James the Firſt, thus ſpeaks of the ladies' head dreſſes: "Oh what a wonder it is to ſee a ſhip under ſaile with her tacklings and her maſts, and her tops and top gallants, with her upper decks and her nether decks, and ſo bedeckt with her ſtreames, flags and enſigns, and I know not what; yea but a world of wonders it is to ſee a woman created in God's image, ſo miſcreate oft times and deformed with her French, her Spaniſh and her fooliſh faſhions, that he that made her, when he looks upon her, ſhall hardly know her, with her plumes, her fans, and a ſilken vizard, with a ruffe, *like a ſaile*; *yea, a ruffe like a rainbow, with a feather in her cap*, like a flag in her top, *to tell* (*I thinke*) *which way the wind will blow*." The Merchant Royall, a ſermon preached at Whitehall before the King's Majeſtie, at the nuptialls of Lord Hay and his Lady, Twelfth-day, 1607, 4to. 1615. Again, "—it is proverbially ſaid, that far fetcht and deare bought is fitteſt for ladies; as now-a-daies what groweth at home is baſe and homely; and what every one eates is meate for dogs; and wee muſt have bread from one countrie, and drinke from another; and wee muſt have meate from Spaine, and ſauce out of Italy; and if wee weare any thing, it muſt be pure *Venetian*, Roman, or barbarian; but the faſhion of all muſt be French." *Ibid.* Reed.

[7] ——*a* traitor—] i. e. to thy own merit. Steevens.

The folio reads—thou art a *tyrant*, &c. but the reading of the quarto appears to me far better. Malone.

[8] ——*fortune thy foe*—] "was the beginning of an old ballad, in which were enumerated all the misfortunes that fall upon mankind, through the caprice of fortune." See note on

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that perſuade thee, there's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and ſay, thou art this and that, like a many of theſe liſping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and ſmell like Bucklers-bury[1] in ſimple-time; I cannot: but I love thee;[2] none but thee; and thou deſerveſt it.

The Cuſtom of the Country, Act I. ſc. i. by Mr. Theobald; who obſerves, that this ballad is mentioned again in a comedy by John Tatham, printed in 1660, called *The Rump, or Mirror of the Times*, wherein a Frenchman is introduced at the bonfire made for the burning of the rumps, and, catching hold of Priſcilla, will oblige her to dance, and orders the muſick to play *Fortune my Foe*. See alſo, *Lingua*, Vol. V. Dodſley's *Collection*, p. 188; and *Tom Eſſence*, 1677, p. 37. Mr. Ritſon obſerves, that "the tune is the identical air now known by the ſong of *Death and the Lady*, to which the metrical lamentations of extraordinary criminals have been uſually chanted for upwards of theſe two hundred years." Reed.

The firſt ſtanza of this popular ballad was as follows:

"*Fortune, my foe,* why doſt thou frown on me?
"And will my fortune never better be?
"Wilt thou, I ſay, for ever breed my pain,
"And wilt thou not reſtore my joys again?" Malone.

This ballad is alſo mentioned by Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 576: "What ſhall we do in ſuch a caſe?" ſing "*Fortune, my foe?*" Steevens.

[9] ——*nature* is *thy friend:*] *Is*, which is not in the old copy, was introduced by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[1] ——*like* Buckler's-bury *&c.*] *Buckler's-bury*, in the time of Shakſpeare, was chiefly inhabited by druggiſts, who ſold all kinds of herbs, green as well as dry. Steevens.

[2] ——*I cannot cog, and ſay, thou art this and that, like a many of theſe liſping haw-thorn buds,—I cannot: but I love thee;*] So, in *Wily Beguil'd*, 1606:

"I cannot play the diſſembler,
"And woo my love with courting ambages,

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, ſir; I fear, you love miſtreſs Page.

Fal. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reéek of a lime-kiln.[3]

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows, how I love you; and you ſhall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deſerve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you do; or elſe I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Miſtreſs Ford, miſtreſs Ford! here's miſtreſs Page at the door, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me; I will enſconce me behind the arras.[4]

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do ſo; ſhe's a very tattling woman.— [Falstaff *hides himſelf.*

Enter Miſtreſs Page *and* Robin.

What's the matter? how now?

" Like one whoſe love hangs on his ſmooth tongue's end;
" But in a word I tell the ſum of my deſires,
" I love faire Lelia." Malone.

[3] —— *as* hateful *to me as the* reek *of a lime-kiln.*] Our poet has a ſimilar image in *Coriolanus:*

" —— whoſe breath I *hate,*
" As *reek* o' the rotten fens." Steevens.

[4] —— *behind the arras.*] The ſpaces left between the walls and the wooden frames on which arras was hung, were not more commodious to our anceſtors than to the authors of their ancient dramatic pieces. Borachio in *Much Ado about Nothing,* and Polonius in *Hamlet,* alſo avail themſelves of this convenient receſs. Steevens.

Mrs. Page. O miſtreſs Ford, what have you done? You're ſhamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good miſtreſs Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, miſtreſs Ford! having an honeſt man to your huſband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpicion?

Mrs. Page. What cauſe of ſuſpicion?—Out upon you! how am I miſtook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your huſband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windſor, to ſearch for a gentleman, that, he ſays, is here now in the houſe, by your conſent, to take an ill advantage of his abſence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.[5]—[*Aſide.*]—'Tis not ſo, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not ſo, that you have ſuch a man here; but 'tis moſt certain your huſband's coming with half Windſor at his heels, to ſearch for ſuch a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourſelf clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your ſenſes to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What ſhall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own

[5] *Speak louder.*] i. e. that Falſtaff, who is retired, may hear. This paſſage is only found in the two elder quartos. Steevens.

ſhame, ſo much as his peril: I had rather than a thouſand pound, he were out of the houſe.

Mrs. Page. For ſhame, never ſtand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your huſband's here at hand, bethink you of ſome conveyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a baſket; if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time,[6] ſend him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What ſhall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't! O let me ſee't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counſel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! ſir John Falſtaff! Are theſe your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee;[7] help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the baſket; they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your maſter, boy: Call your men, miſtreſs Ford:—You diſſembling knight!

[6] ——*whiting-time,*] Bleaching time; ſpring. The ſeaſon when "maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks." Holt White.

[7] ——*and none but thee;*] Theſe words, which are characteriſtick, and ſpoken to Mrs. Page aſide, deſerve to be reſtored from the old quarto. He had uſed the ſame words before to Mrs. Ford. Malone.

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! [*Exit* Robin. *Re-enter* Servants.] Go take up theſe clothes here, quickly; Where's the cowl-ſtaff?[8] look, how you drumble:[9] carry them to the laundreſs in Datchet mead;[1] quickly, come.

[8] ——*the cowl-ſtaff?*] Is a ſtaff uſed for carrying a large tub or baſket with two handles. In Eſſex the word *cowl* is yet uſed for a tub. Malone.

This word occurs alſo in Philemon Holland's tranſlation of the ſeventh Book of *Pliny's Natural Hiſtory*, ch. 56: "The firſt battell that ever was fought, was between the Africans and Ægyptians; and the ſame performed by baſtons, clubs and *coulſtaves*, which they call *Phalangæ*." Steevens.

[9] ——*how you* drumble:] The reverend Mr. Lambe, the editor of the ancient metrical hiſtory of the *Battle of Floddon*, obſerves, that—*look how you drumble*, means—*how confuſed you are*; and that in the North, *drumbled* ale is *muddy, diſturbed ale.* Thus, a Scottiſh proverb in Ray's collection:

"It is good fiſhing in *drumbling* waters."

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, or *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, this word occurs: "—gray-beard *drumbling* over a diſcourſe." Again: "—your fly in a boxe is but a *drumble*-bee in compariſon of it." Again: "—this *drumbling* courſe." Steevens.

To *drumble*, in Devonſhire, ſignifies to mutter in a ſullen and inarticulate voice. No other ſenſe of the word will either explain this interrogation, or the paſſages adduced in Mr. Steevens's note. To *drumble and drone* are often uſed in connexion. Henley.

A *drumble* drone, in the weſtern dialect, ſignifies a drone or humble-bee. Mrs. Page may therefore mean—How lazy and ſtupid you are! be more alert. Malone.

[1] ——*carry them to the laundreſs in* Datchet mead;] Mr. Dennis objects, with ſome degree of reaſon, to the probability of the circumſtance of Falſtaff's being carried to Datchet mead, and thrown into the Thames. "It is not likely (he obſerves) that Falſtaff would ſuffer himſelf to be carried in the baſket as far as Datchet mead, which is half a mile from Windſor, and it is plain that they could not carry him, if he made any reſiſtance." Malone.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

FORD. Pray you, come near: if I ſuſpect without cauſe, why then make ſport at me, then let me be your jeſt; I deſerve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

SERV. To the laundreſs, forſooth.

MRS. FORD. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

FORD. Buck? I would I could waſh myſelf of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the ſeaſon too; it ſhall appear.[1] [*Exeunt* Servants *with the baſket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: aſcend my chambers, ſearch, ſeek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unkennel

[1] —— *it ſhall appear.*] Ford ſeems to allude to the cuckold's horns. So afterwards: "—and ſo buffets himſelf on the fore-head, crying, *peer* out, *peer* out." *Of the ſeaſon* is a phraſe of the foreſt. MALONE.

Mr. Malone points the paſſage thus: "Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the ſeaſon too; it ſhall appear." I am ſatiſfied with the old punctuation. In *The Rape of Lucrece*, our poet makes his heroine compare herſelf to an "*unſeaſonable doe*;" and, in Blunt's *Cuſtoms of Manors*, p. 168, is the ſame phraſe employed by Ford: "A bukke delivered him *of ſeyſſone*, by the woodmaſter and keepers of Needwoode." STEEVENS.

So, in a letter written by Queene Catharine, in 1526, Howard's Collection, Vol. I. p. 212: "We will and command you, that ye delyver or cauſe to be delyvered unto our truſty and well-beloved John Creuſſe—one buck *of ſeaſon*."—"The ſeaſon of the hynd or doe (ſays Manwood) doth begin at Holy-rood-day, and laſteth till Candelmas." *Foreſt Laws*, 1598. MALONE.

the fox:—Let me ſtop this way firſt:—So, now uncape.[2]

Page. Good maſter Ford, be contented: you wrong yourſelf too much.

Ford. True, maſter Page.—Up, gentlemen; you ſhall ſee ſport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Eva. This is fery fantaſtical humours, and jealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de faſhion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; ſee the iſſue of his ſearch. [*Exeunt* Evans, Page, *and* Caius.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

[2] —— *So, now* uncape.] So the folio of 1623 reads, and rightly. It is a term in fox-hunting, which ſignifies to dig out the fox when earthed. And here is as much as to ſay, take out the foul linen under which the adulterer lies hid. The Oxford editor reads—*uncouple*, out of pure love to an emendation. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton ſeems to have forgot that the linen was already carried away. The alluſion in the foregoing ſentence is to the ſtopping every hole at which a fox could enter, before they *uncape* or turn him out of the bag in which he was brought. I ſuppoſe every one has heard of a *bag-fox*. Steevens.

Warburton, in his note on this paſſage, not only forgets that the foul linen had been carried away, but he alſo forgets that Ford did not at that time know that Falſtaff had been hid under it; and Steevens forgets that they had not Falſtaff in their poſſeſſion, as hunters have a bag-fox, but were to find out where he was hid. They were not to chaſe him, but to rouze him. I therefore believe that Hanmer's amendment is right, and that we ought to read—*uncouple*.—Ford, like a good ſportſman, firſt ſtops the earths, and then uncouples the hounds. M. Mason.

Mr. M. Maſon alſo ſeems to forget that Ford at leaſt thought he had Falſtaff ſecure in his houſe, as in a bag, and therefore ſpeaks of him in terms applicable to a bag-fox. Steevens.

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleaſes me better, that my huſband is deceived, or ſir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your huſband aſked who was in the baſket![3]

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of waſhing; ſo throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, diſhoneſt raſcal! I would all of the ſame ſtrain were in the ſame diſtreſs.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my huſband hath ſome ſpecial ſuſpicion of Falſtaff's being here; for I never ſaw him ſo groſs in his jealouſy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falſtaff: his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we ſend that fooliſh carrion,[4] miſtreſs Quickly, to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be ſent for tomorrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

[3] —— who *was in the baſket!*] We ſhould read—*what* was in the baſket: for though in fact Ford has aſked no ſuch queſtion, he could never ſuſpect there was either *man* or *woman* in it. The propriety of this emendation is manifeſt from a ſubſequent paſſage, where Falſtaff tells Maſter Brook—"the jealous knave aſked them once or twice *what* they had in their baſket." Ritson.

[4] —— *that* fooliſh *carrion,*] The old copy has—*fooliſhion* carrion. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

FORD. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compaſs.

MRS. PAGE. Heard you that?

MRS. FORD. Ay, ay, peace:[5]—You uſe me well, maſter Ford, do you?

FORD. Ay, I do ſo.

MRS. FORD. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

FORD. Amen.

MRS. PAGE. You do yourſelf mighty wrong, maſter Ford.

FORD. Ay, ay; I muſt bear it.

EVA. If there be any pody in the houſe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes, heaven forgive my ſins at the day of judgement!

CAIUS. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

PAGE. Fie, fie, maſter Ford! are you not aſhamed? What ſpirit, what devil ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not have your diſtemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windſor Caſtle.

FORD. 'Tis my fault, maſter Page: I ſuffer for it.

EVA. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience: your wife is as honeſt a 'omans, as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too.

[5] *Ay, ay, peace:*] Theſe words were recovered from the early quarto by Mr. Theobald. But in his and the other modern editions, *I,* the old ſpelling of the affirmative particle, has inadvertently been retained. MALONE.

Caius. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well;—I promiſed you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, miſtreſs Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, truſt me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the buſh: Shall it be ſo?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I ſhall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth:[6] for ſhame.

Ford. Pray you go, maſter Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the louſy knave, mine hoſt.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A louſy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *In your teeth:*] This dirty reſtoration was made by Mr. Theobald. Evans's application of the doctor's words is not in the folio. Steevens.

SCENE IV.

A Room in Page's *Houſe.*

Enter FENTON *and Miſtreſs* ANNE PAGE.

FENT. I ſee, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, ſweet Nan.

ANNE. Alas! how then?

FENT. Why, thou muſt be thyſelf.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeek to heal it only by his wealth:
Beſides theſe, other bars he lays before me,——
My riots paſt, my wild ſocieties;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a property.

ANNE. May be, he tells you true.

FENT. No, heaven ſo ſpeed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confeſs, thy father's wealth[7]
Was the firſt motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than ſtamps in gold, or ſums in ſealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyſelf
That now I aim at.

[7] ——*father's wealth*—] Some light may be given to thoſe who ſhall endeavour to calculate the increaſe of Engliſh wealth, by obſerving, that Latymer, in the time of Edward VI. mentions it as a proof of his father's proſperity, *That though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for her portion.* At the latter end of Elizabeth, ſeven hundred pounds were ſuch a temptation to courtſhip, as made all other motives ſuſpected. Congreve makes twelve thouſand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affectation of Belinda. No poet will now fly his favourite character at leſs than fifty thouſand. JOHNSON.

Anne. Gentle maſter Fenton,
Yet ſeek my father's love: ſtill ſeek it, ſir:
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuit
Cannot attain it, why then.—Hark you hither.
[*They converſe apart.*

Enter Shallow, Slender, *and Mrs.* Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, miſtreſs Quickly; my kinſman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf.

Slen. I'll make a ſhaft or a bolt on't:[8] ſlid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmay'd.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; maſter Slender would ſpeak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handſome in three hundred pounds a year.!
[*Aſide.*

[8] *I'll make a* ſhaft *or a* bolt *on't:*] *To make a bolt or a ſhaft of a thing* is enumerated by Ray, amongſt others, in his collection of proverbial phraſes. Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 179, edit. 1742.
So, in a letter from James Howell, dated 19 Aug. 1623: "The prince is preparing for his journey. I ſhall to it again cloſely when he is gone, or make a *ſhaft* or *bolt* of it." *Howell's Letters*, p. 146, edit. 1754. Reed.

The *ſhaft* was ſuch an arrow as ſkilful archers employed. The *bolt* in this proverb means, I think, the *fool's* bolt.
Malone.

A *ſhaft* was a general term for an *arrow*. A *bolt* was a thick ſhort one, with a knob at the end of it. It was only employed to ſhoot birds with, and was commonly called a "bird-*bolt*." The word occurs again in *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Love's Labour's Loſt*, and *Twelfth Night*. Steevens.

Quick. And how does good maſter Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadſt a father!

Slen. I had a father, miſtreſs Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jeſts of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell miſtreſs Anne the jeſt, how my father ſtole two geeſe out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Miſtreſs Anne, my couſin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloceſterſhire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail,[9] under the degree of a 'ſquire.

[9] ——*come* cut *and* long-tail,] i. e. come *poor*, or *rich*, to offer himſelf as my rival. The following is ſaid to be the origin of the phraſe:—According to the foreſt laws, the dog of a man, who had no right to the privilege of chace, was obliged to cut, or *law* his dog among other modes of diſabling him, by depriving him of his tail. A dog ſo cut was called *a cut*, or *curt-tail*, and by contraction *cur*. *Cut and long-tail* therefore ſignified the dog of a clown, and the dog of a gentleman.

Again, in *The Firſt Part of the Eighth Liberal Science*, entitled *Ars Adulandi*, &c. *deviſed and compiled by Ulpian Fulwel*, 1576: "—yea, even their very *dogs*, Rug, Rig, and Riſbie, yea, *cut and long-taile*, they ſhall be welcome." Steevens.

——*come* cut *and* long-tail,] I can ſee no meaning in this phraſe. Slender promiſes to make his miſtreſs a gentlewoman, and probably means to ſay, he will deck her in a gown of the *court-cut*, and with a *long* train or *tail*. In the comedy of *Eaſtward Hoe*, is this paſſage: "The one muſt be ladyfied forſooth, and be attired juſt to the *court cut* and *long tayle*;" which ſeems to juſtify our reading—*Court* cut and long tail.

Sir J. Hawkins.

——*come* cut *and* long-tail,] This phraſe is often found in old plays, and ſeldom, if ever, with any variation. The change therefore propoſed by Sir John Hawkins cannot be received, without great violence to the text. Whenever the words occur, they always bear the ſame meaning, and that meaning is ob-

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good maſter Shallow, let him woo for himſelf.

vious enough without any explanation. The origin of the phraſe may however admit of ſome diſpute, and it is by no means certain that the account of it, here adopted by Mr. Steevens from Dr. Johnſon, is well-founded. That there ever exiſted ſuch a mode of diſqualifying dogs by the laws of the foreſt, as is here aſſerted, cannot be acknowledged without evidence, and no authority is quoted to prove that ſuch a cuſtom at any time prevailed. The writers on this ſubject are totally ſilent, as far as they have come to my knowledge. *Manwood,* who wrote on the Foreſt Laws before they were entirely diſuſed, mentions *expeditation* or cutting off three claws of the fore-foot, as the *only* manner of lawing dogs; and with his account, the *Charter of the Foreſt* ſeems to agree. Were I to offer a conjecture, I ſhould ſuppoſe that the phraſe originally referred to horſes, which might be denominated *cut and long tail,* as they were curtailed of this part of their bodies, or allowed to enjoy its full growth; and this might be practiſed according to the difference of their value, or the uſes to which they were put. In this view, *cut and long tail* would include the whole ſpecies of horſes good and bad. In ſupport of this opinion it may be added, that formerly a *cut* was a word of reproach in vulgar colloquial abuſe, and I believe is never to be found applied to horſes, except to thoſe of the worſt kind. After all, if any authority can be produced to countenance Dr. Johnſon's explanation, I ſhall be ready to retract every thing that is here ſaid. See alſo a note on *The Match at Midnight,* Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays,* Vol. VII. p. 424, edit. 1780. Reed.

The laſt converſation I had the honour to enjoy with Sir William Blackſtone, was on this ſubject; and by a ſeries of accurate references to the whole collection of ancient *Foreſt Laws,* he convinced me of our repeated error, *expeditation* and *genuſciſſion,* being the only eſtabliſhed and technical modes ever uſed for diſabling the canine ſpecies. Part of the *tails* of ſpaniels, indeed, are generally *cut off* (*ornamenti gratia*) while they are puppies, ſo that (admitting a looſe deſcription) every kind of dog is comprehended in the phraſe of *cut and long-tail,* and every rank of people in the ſame expreſſion, if metaphorically uſed. Steevens.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, maſter Slender.

Slen. Now, good miſtreſs Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jeſt, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not ſuch a ſickly creature, I give heaven praiſe.

Anne. I mean, maſter Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, ſo: if not, happy man be his dole![1] They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may aſk your father; here he comes.

Enter Page, *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Page. Now, maſter Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—
Why, how now! what does maſter Fenton here?
You wrong me, ſir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe:
I told you, ſir, my daughter is diſpos'd of.

Fent. Nay, maſter Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good maſter Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

[1] ——*happy man be his dole!*] A proverbial expreſſion. See Ray's Collection, p. 116, edit. 1737. Steevens.

Page. No, good master Fenton.
Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt* Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,[2]
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.[3]

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected;
'Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Page *and* Anne.

[2] *I must* advance the colours *of my love,*] The same metaphor occurs in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"And death's pale *flag* is not *advanced* there."

Steevens.

[3] —— *be set quick i' the earth,*
And bowl'd to death with turnips.] This is a common proverb in the southern counties. I find almost the same expression in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair:* "Would I had been *set in the ground,* all but the head of me, and had *my brains bowl'd at.* Collins.

Fent. Farewell, gentle miſtreſs; farewell, Nan.[5]

Quick. This is my doing now;—Nay, ſaid I, will you caſt away your child on a fool, and a phyſician?[5] Look on maſter Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night[6]

[4] *Farewell, gentle* miſtreſs; *farewell, Nan.*] *Miſtreſs* is here uſed as a triſſyllable. Malone.

If *miſtreſs* can be pronounced as a triſſyllable, the line will ſtill be uncommonly defective in harmony. Perhaps a monoſyllable has been omitted, and we ſhould read—

"Farewell, *my* gentle miſtreſs; farewell, Nan."

Steevens.

[5] ——fool, *and a* phyſician?] I ſhould read—*fool* or a *phyſician*, meaning Slender and Caius. Johnson.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads according to Dr. Johnſon's conjecture. This may be right.—Or my Dame Quickly may allude to the proverb, a man of *forty* is either a *fool* or a *phyſician*; but ſhe aſſerts her maſter to be both. Farmer.

So, in *Microcoſmus*, a maſque by Nabbes, 1637:

"*Choler*. Phlegm's a *fool*.

"*Melan*. Or a *phyſician*."

Again, in *A Maidenhead well loſt*, 1632:

"No matter whether I be a *fool* or a *phyſician*."

Mr. Dennis, of iraſcible memory, who altered this play, and brought it on the ſtage, in the year 1702, under the title of *The Comical Gallant*, (when, thanks to the alterer, it was fairly damned,) has introduced the proverb at which Mrs. Quickly's alluſion appears to be pointed. Steevens.

I believe the old copy is right, and that Mrs. Quickly means to inſinuate that ſhe had addreſſed *at the ſame time* both Mr. and Mrs. Page on the ſubject of their daughter's marriage, one of whom favoured Slender, and the other Caius: "—on a fool *or* a phyſician," would be more accurate, but *and* is ſufficiently ſuitable to Dame Quickly, *referendo ſingula ſingulis*.

Thus: "You two are going to throw away your daughter on a fool and a phyſician; you, ſir, on the former, and you, madam, on the latter." Malone

[6] ——once *to-night*—] i. e. *ſometime* to-night. So, in a

Give my ſweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains. [*Exit.*

Quick. Now heaven ſend thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kind heart. But yet, I would my maſter had miſtreſs Anne; or I would maſter Slender had her; or, in ſooth, I would maſter Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for ſo I have promiſed, and I'll be as good as my word; but ſpeciouſly[7] for maſter Fenton. Well, I muſt of another errand to ſir John Falſtaff from my two miſtreſſes; What a beaſt am I to ſlack it?[8] [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I ſay,—

Bard. Here, ſir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of ſack; put a toaſt in't. [*Exit* BARD.] Have I lived to be carried in a baſket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to

letter from the ſixth Earl of Northumberland; (quoted in the notes on the houſehold book of the fifth earl of that name:) "—notwithſtanding I truſt to be able *ons* to ſet up a chapell off myne owne." Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*: "Well, I'll try if he will be appeaſed with a leg or an arm; if not, you muſt die *once*." i. e. at ſome time or other. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*ſpeciouſly*—] She means to ſay *ſpecially*. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *to* ſlack *it?*] i. e. neglect. So, in *King Lear*: "—if then they chanced to *ſlack* you, we would control them." STEEVENS.

be thrown into the Thames? Well, if I be ſerved ſuch another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the river with as little remorſe as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies,[9] fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my ſize, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drowned, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow; a death that I abhor; for the water ſwells a man; and what a thing ſhould I have been, when I had been ſwelled! I ſhould have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with the wine.*

BARD. Here's miſtreſs Quickly, ſir, to ſpeak with you.

FAL. Come, let me pour in ſome ſack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had ſwallowed ſnow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

BARD. Come in, woman.

[9] —— *a* bitch's blind *puppies,*] The old copy reads—"*a* blind bitch's *puppies.*" STEEVENS.

I have ventured to tranſpoſe the adjective here, againſt the authority of the printed copies. I know, in horſes, a colt from a blind ſtallion loſes much of the value it might otherwiſe have; but are *puppies* ever drowned the ſooner, for coming from a *blind bitch?* The author certainly wrote, *as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies.* THEOBALD.

The tranſpoſition may be juſtified from the following paſſage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "—one that I ſaved from drowning, when three or four of his *blind* brothers and ſiſters went to it." STEEVENS.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worſhip good-morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe chalices: Go brew me a pottle of ſack finely.

Bard. With eggs, ſir?

Fal. Simple of itſelf; I'll no pullet-ſperm in my brewage.—[*Exit* BARDOLPH.]—How now?

Quick. Marry, ſir, I come to your worſhip from miſtreſs Ford.

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: ſhe does ſo take on with her men; they miſtook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a fooliſh woman's promiſe.

Quick. Well, ſhe laments, ſir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to ſee it. Her huſband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I muſt carry her word quickly: ſhe'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her: Tell her ſo; and bid her think, what a man is: let her conſider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Between nine and ten, ſay'ſt thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, ſir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miſs her.

Quick. Peace be with you, ſir! [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of maſter Brook; he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bleſs you, ſir!

Fal. Now, maſter Brook? you come to know what hath paſſed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, ſir John, is my buſineſs.

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her houſe the hour ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And how ſped you, ſir?[1]

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, maſter Brook.

Ford. How ſo, ſir? Did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No, maſter Brook; but the peaking cornuto her huſband, maſter Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealouſy, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kiſſed, proteſted, and, as it were, ſpoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and, forſooth, to ſearch his houſe for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

[1] ——how *ſped you, ſir?*] The word *how* I have reſtored from the old quarto. Malone.

Fal. You ſhall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one miſtreſs Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's diſtraction, they conveyed me into a buck-baſket.[2]

Ford. A buck-baſket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-baſket:[3] rammed me in with foul ſhirts and ſmocks, ſocks, foul ſtockings, and greaſy napkins; that, maſter Brook, there was the rankeſt compound of villainous ſmell, that ever offended noſtril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall hear, maſter Brook, what I have ſuffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the baſket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their miſtreſs, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their ſhoulders; met the jealous knave their maſter in

[2] —— *and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's* diſtraction, *they conveyed me into a buck-baſket.*] As it does not appear that his being convey'd into the buck-baſket was owing to the ſuppoſed *diſtraction* of Miſtreſs Ford, I have no doubt but we ſhould read—"and Ford's wife's *direction*," which was the fact.

M. Mason.

[3] By the Lord, *a buck-baſket:*] Thus the old quarto. The editor of the firſt folio, to avoid the penalty of the ſtatute of King James I. reads—*Yes*, &c. and the editor of the ſecond, which has been followed by the moderns, has made Falſtaff deſert his own character, and aſſume the language of a Puritan.

Malone.

The ſecond folio reads—*yea*; and I cannot diſcover why this affirmative ſhould be conſidered as a mark of puritaniſm. *Yea*, at the time our comedy appeared, was in as frequent uſe as—*yes*; and is certainly put by Shakſpeare into the mouths of many of his characters whoſe manners are widely diſtant from thoſe of canting puriſts. Steevens.

the door; who aſked them once or twice what they had in their baſket:[4] I quaked for fear, leſt the lunatic knave would have ſearched it; but fate, ordaining he ſhould be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the ſequel, maſter Brook: I ſuffered the pangs of three ſeveral deaths:[5] firſt, an intolerable fright, to be detected with[6] a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compaſſed, like a good bilbo,[7] in the circumference of a peck,[8] hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be

[4] ——*what they had in their baſket:*] So, before: "What a taking was he in, when your huſband aſk'd who was in the baſket!" but Ford had aſked no ſuch queſtion. Our author ſeems ſeldom to have reviſed his plays. MALONE.

Falſtaff, in the preſent inſtance, may purpoſely exaggerate his alarms, that he may thereby enhance his merit with Ford, at whoſe purſe his deſigns are ultimately levelled. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*ſeveral deaths:*] Thus the folio and the moſt correct of the quartos. The firſt quarto reads—*egregious deaths.* STEEVENS.

[6] ——*detected* with—] Thus the old copies. *With* was ſometimes uſed for *of.* So, a little after:

"I ſooner will ſuſpect the ſun *with* cold."

Detected *of* a jealous, &c. would have been the common grammar of the times. The modern editors read—*by.* STEEVENS.

[7] ——*bilbo,*] A *bilbo* is a Spaniſh blade, of which the excellence is flexibleneſs and elaſticity. JOHNSON.

Bilbo, from *Bilboa,* a city of Biſcay, where the beſt blades are made. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*of a* peck,] Thus the folio. The old quarto reads—of a *pack*; and perhaps rightly. Pedlar's packs are ſometimes of ſuch a ſize as to admit of Falſtaff's deſcription; but who but a Lilliputian could be "compaſſed in a *peck?*" MALONE.

Falſtaff deſignedly exaggerates the inconveniences of his ſituation. When he tells us, that formerly he "was not an eagle's talon in the waiſt, and could have crept through an alderman's thumb-ring," are we to ſuppoſe he has a literal

ſtopped in, like a ſtrong diſtillation, with ſtinking clothes that fretted in their own greaſe: think of that,—a man of my kidney,[9]—think of that; that am as ſubject to heat, as butter; a man of continual diſſolution and thaw; it was a miracle, to 'ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half ſtewed in greaſe, like a Dutch diſh, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that ſurge, like a horſe ſhoe; think of that,—hiſſing hot,—think of that, maſter Brook.

Ford. In good ſadneſs, ſir, I am ſorry that for my ſake you have ſuffered all this. My ſuit then is deſperate; you'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her huſband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embaſſy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, maſter Brook.

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already, ſir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſs me[1] to my ap-

meaning?—and may not ſome future critick enquire of us whether we ever ſaw any pedlar's pack of ſuch a ſize as would contain a perſon of Falſtaff's bulk?

Beſides;—to try the flexibility of ſwords, it might have been uſual to incurvate them within a wooden circuit like that of a *peck* meaſure; but who would have thought of making the ſame experiment within a *pedlar's pack?* Steevens.

[9] ——*kidney*,] *Kidney* in this phraſe now ſignifies *kind* or *qualities*, but Falſtaff means, *a man whoſe kidnies are as fat as mine.* Johnson.

[1] ——*addreſs me*—] i. e. make myſelf ready. So, in *King Henry V:*

"To-morrow for our march we are *addreſt*."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

"But they did ſay their prayers, and *addreſs'd* them
"Again to ſleep." Steevens.

pointment. Come to me at your convenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeed; and the concluſion ſhall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You ſhall have her, maſter Brook; maſter Brook, you ſhall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a viſion? is this a dream? do I ſleep? Maſter Ford, awake; awake, maſter Ford; there's a hole made in your beſt coat, maſter Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baſkets!—Well, I will proclaim myſelf what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my houſe: he cannot 'ſcape me; 'tis impoſſible he ſhould; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purſe, nor into a pepper-box: but, leſt the devil that guides him ſhould aid him, I will ſearch impoſſible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, ſhall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad.[2] [*Exit.*

[2] ——*I'll be* horn mad.] There is no image which our author appears ſo fond of, as that of cuckold's horns. Scarcely a light character is introduced that does not endeavour to produce merriment by ſome alluſion to horned huſbands. As he wrote his plays for the ſtage rather than the preſs, he perhaps reviewed them ſeldom and did not obſerve this repetition; or finding the jeſt, however frequent, ſtill ſucceſsful, did not think correction neceſſary. Johnson.

ACT IV. SCENE I.[3]

The Street.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *Mrs.* QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

MRS. PAGE. Is he at maſter Ford's already, think'ſt thou?

QUICK. Sure, he is by this; or will be preſently: but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Miſtreſs Ford deſires you to come ſuddenly.

MRS. PAGE. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to ſchool: Look, where his maſter comes; 'tis a playing-day, I ſee.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, ſir Hugh? no ſchool to-day?

EVA. No; maſter Slender is let the boys leave to play.

QUICK. Bleſſing of his heart!

MRS. PAGE. Sir Hugh, my huſband ſays, my

[3] This is a very trifling ſcene, of no uſe to the plot, and I ſhould think of no great delight to the audience; but Shakſpeare beſt knew what would pleaſe. JOHNSON.

We may ſuppoſe this ſcene to have been a very entertaining one to the audience for which it was written. Many of the old plays exhibit pedants inſtructing their ſcholars. Marſton has a very long one in his *What you will*, between a ſchoolmaſter, and *Holofernes*, *Nathaniel*, &c. his pupils. The title of this play was perhaps borrowed by Shakſpeare, to join to that of *Twelfth Night*. *What you will* appeared in 1607. *Twelfth Night* was firſt printed in 1623. STEEVENS.

ſon profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, aſk him ſome queſtions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, ſirrah; hold up your head; anſwer your maſter, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; becauſe they ſay, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Quick. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, ſure.

Eva. You are a very ſimplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A ſtone.

Eva. And what is a ſtone, William.

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis*; I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis.*

Eva. That is good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus:* Well, what is your *accuſative caſe?*

Will. *Accuſativo, hinc.*

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accuſativo, hing, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative caſe, William?

Will. O—*vocativo*, O.

Eva. Remember, William; focative is, *caret.*

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive caſe plural*, William?

Will. *Genitive caſe?*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive,—horum, harum, horum.*[4]

Quick. 'Vengeance of *Jenny's* caſe! fie on her! —never name her, child, if ſhe be a whore.

Eva. For ſhame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child ſuch words: he teaches him to hick and to hack,[5] which they'll do faſt enough of themſelves; and to call horum: —fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? haſt thou no underſtandings for thy caſes, and the numbers of

[4] —— *horum, harum, horum.*] Taylor, the water-poet, has borrowed this jeſt, ſuch as it is, in his character of a ſtrumpet:

"And comes to *horum, harum, whorum,* then
"She proves a great proficient among men." Steevens.

[5] —— *to hick and to hack,*] Sir William Blackſtone thought, that this, in Dame Quickly's language, ſignifies "to ſtammer or heſitate, as boys do in ſaying their leſſons;" but Mr. Steevens, with more probability, ſuppoſes that it ſignifies, in her dialect, *to do miſchief.* Malone.

the genders? Thou art as fooliſh chriſtian creatures as I would deſires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, ſome declenſions of your pronouns.

Will. Forſooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *hi, hæ, cod*; if you forget your *kies*, your *kæs*,[6] and your *cods*, you muſt be preeches.[7] Go your ways, and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better ſcholar, than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good ſprag[8] memory. Farewell, miſtreſs Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good ſir Hugh. [*Exit Sir* Hugh.] Get you home, boy.—Come, we ſtay too long. [*Exeunt.*

[6] ——*your kies, your kæs,* &c.] All this ribaldry is likewiſe found in Taylor the water-poet. See fol. edit. p. 106. Steevens.

[7] ——*you muſt be* preeches.] Sir Hugh means to ſay—you muſt be *breeched*, i. e. flogged. To *breech* is to *flog*. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*

"I am no *breeching* ſcholar in the ſchools."

Again, in *The Humorous Lieutenant*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Cry like a *breech'd* boy, not eat a bit." Steevens.

[8] ——*ſprag*—] I am told that this word is ſtill uſed by the common people in the neighbourhood of Bath, where it ſignifies *ready, alert, ſprightly*, and is pronounced as if it was written—*ſprack*. Steevens.

A *ſpackt* lad or wench, ſays Ray, is *apt to learn, ingenious*. Reed.

SCENE II.

A Room in Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and Mrs.* FORD.

FAL. Miſtreſs Ford, your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance: I ſee, you are obſequious in your love,[9] and I profeſs requital to a hair's breadth; not only, miſtreſs Ford, in the ſimple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you ſure of your huſband now?

MRS. FORD. He's a birding, ſweet ſir John.

MRS. PAGE. [*Within.*] What hoa, goſſip Ford! what hoa!

MRS. FORD. Step into the chamber, ſir John.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Enter Mrs. PAGE.

MRS. PAGE. How now, ſweetheart? who's at home beſides yourſelf?

MRS. FORD. Why, none but mine own people.

MRS. PAGE. Indeed?

MRS. FORD. No, certainly;—Speak louder.

[*Aſide.*

MRS. PAGE. Truly, I am ſo glad you have nobody here.

[9] ——*your* ſorrow *hath eaten up my ſufferance: I ſee, you are* obſequious *in your love,*] So, in *Hamlet:*

"——for ſome term
"To do *obſequious ſorrow.*"

The epithet *obſequious* refers, in both inſtances, to the ſeriouſneſs with which *obſequies,* or *funeral ceremonies,* are performed. STEEVENS.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes[1] again: he so takes on[2] yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer-out, peer-out!*[3] that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

[1] ——*lunes*—] i. e. lunacy, frenzy. See a note on *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. sc. ii. The folio reads—*lines*, instead of *lunes*. The elder quartos—his old *vaine* again. Steevens.

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[2] ——*he so* takes on—] *To take on*, which is now used for *to grieve*, seems to be used by our author for *to rage*. Perhaps it was applied to any passion. Johnson.

It is used by Nash in *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592, in the same sense: "Some will *take on* like a madman, if they see a pig come to the table." Malone.

[3] ——*Peer-out!*] That is, *appear horns*. Shakspeare is at his old lunes. Johnson.

Shakspeare here refers to the practice of children, when they call on a snail to push forth his horns:

"Peer out, peer out, peer out of your hole,
"Or else I'll beat you black as a coal." Henley.

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at ſtreet end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly ſhamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him; better ſhame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way ſhould he go? how ſhould I beſtow him? Shall I put him into the baſket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the baſket: May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of maſter Ford's brothers watch the door with piſtols,[4] that none ſhall iſſue out; otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere he came. But what make you here?[5]

Fal. What ſhall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always uſe to diſcharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.[6]

[4] ——*watch the door with* piſtols,] This is one of Shakſpeare's anachroniſms. Douce.

Thus, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* Thaliard ſays:

"————if I

"Can get him once within my *piſtol's* length," &c.

and Thaliard was one of the courtiers of Antiochus the third, who reigned 200 years before Chriſt; a period rather too early for the uſe of *piſtols.* Steevens.

[5] *But what make you here?*] i. e. *what do you here?* Malone.

The ſame phraſe occurs in the firſt ſcene of *As you like it:*

"Now, ſir! *what make you here?*" Steevens.

[6] ——*creep into the kiln-hole.*] I ſuſpect, theſe words be-

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will ſeek there, on my word. Neither preſs, coffer, cheſt, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abſtract[7] for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go[8] out in your own ſemblance, you die, ſir John. Unleſs you go out diſguiſed,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we diſguiſe him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwiſe, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good hearts, deviſe ſomething: any extremity, rather than a miſchief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will ſerve him;

long to Mrs. Page. See Mrs. Ford's next ſpeech. That, however, may be a ſecond thought; a correction of her former propoſal: but the other ſuppoſition is more probable. Malone.

[7] —— *an* abſtract ——] i. e. a liſt, an inventory. Steevens.

Rather, a ſhort note or deſcription. So, in *Hamlet*:

"The *abſtract*, and brief chronicle of the times."

Malone.

[8] Mrs. Page. *If you go* &c.] In the firſt folio, by the miſtake of the compoſitor, the name of Mrs. Ford is prefixed to this ſpeech and the next. For the correction now made I am anſwerable. The editor of the ſecond folio put the two ſpeeches together, and gave them both to Mrs. Ford. The threat of danger from *without* aſcertains the firſt to belong to Mrs. Page. See her ſpeech on Falſtaff's re-entrance. Malone.

ſhe's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too:[9] Run up, ſir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, ſweet ſir John: miſtreſs Page and I, will look ſome linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dreſs you ſtraight: put on the gown the while.

[*Exit* Falstaff.

Mrs. Ford. I would, my huſband would meet him in this ſhape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he ſwears, ſhe's a witch; forbade her my houſe, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy huſband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my huſband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good ſadneſs, is he; and talks of the baſket too, howſoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my

[9] —— *her* thrum'd *hat, and her* muffler *too:*] The *thrum* is the end of a weaver's warp, and, we may ſuppoſe, was uſed for the purpoſe of making coarſe hats. So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"O fates, come, come,
"Cut thread and *thrum*."

A *muffler* was ſome part of dreſs that covered the face. So, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"Now is ſhe bare fac'd to be ſeen:—ſtrait on her *Muffler* goes."

Again, in Laneham's account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Kenelworth caſtle, 1575: "—his mother lent him a nu *mufflar* for a napkin, that was tyed to hiz gyrdl for lozyng." Steevens.

The *muffler* was a part of female attire, which only covered the lower half of the face. Douce.

A *thrum'd* hat was made of very coarſe woollen cloth. See Minſheu's Dict. 1617, in v. *Thrum'd* is, *formed of thrums.* Malone.

men to carry the baſket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did laſt time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here preſently: let's go dreſs him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll firſt direct my men, what they ſhall do with the baſket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him ſtraight. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, diſhoneſt varlet! we cannot miſuſe him enough.[1]

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We do not act, that often jeſt and laugh;
'Tis old but true, *Still ſwine eat all the draff.*[2]
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Mrs. Ford, *with two* Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, ſirs, take the baſket again on your ſhoulders; your maſter is hard at door; if he bid you ſet it down, obey him: quickly, deſpatch.
[*Exit.*

1. *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2. *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight[3] again.

[1] —— *miſuſe* him *enough.*] *Him,* which was accidentally omitted in the firſt folio, was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond. Malone.

[2] —— *Still ſwine* &c.] This is a proverbial ſentence. See Ray's Collection. Malone.

[3] —— *of* the *knight*—] The only authentick copy, the firſt folio, reads—"full *of knight.*" The editor of the ſecond—of *the* knight; I think, unneceſſarily. We have juſt had—"hard *at door.*" Malone.

At door, is a frequent provincial ellipſis. *Full of knight* is a phraſe without example; and the preſent ſpeaker (one of Ford's drudges) was not meant for a dealer in groteſque language. I therefore read with the ſecond folio. Steevens.

1. *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear ſo much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, maſter Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the baſket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:——You, youth in a baſket, come out here![4]—O, you panderly raſcals! there's a knot, a ging,[5] a pack, a conſpiracy againſt me: Now ſhall the devil be ſhamed. What! wife, I ſay! come, come forth; behold what honeſt clothes you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes![6] Maſter Ford, you are not to go looſe any longer; you muſt be pinioned.

[4] You, *youth in a baſket, come out here!*] This reading I have adopted from the early quarto. The folio has only—"Youth in a baſket!" Malone.

[5] ——*a* ging,] Old copy—*gin*. *Ging* was the word intended by the poet, and was anciently uſed for *gang*. So, in Ben Jonſon's *New Inn*, 1631:

"The ſecret is, I would not willingly
"See or be ſeen to any of this *ging*,
"Eſpecially the lady."

Again, in *The Alchemiſt*, 1610:

"——Sure he has got
"Some baudy picture to call all this *ging*;
"The friar and the boy, or the new motion," &c.

Malone.

The ſecond folio [1632] (ſo ſeverely cenſured by Mr. Malone, and yet ſo often quoted by him as the ſource of emendations,) reads—*ging*. Milton, in his *Smectymnuus*, employs the ſame word: "—I am met with a whole *ging* of words and phraſes not mine." See edit. 1753, Vol. I. p. 119. Steevens.

[6] ——*this* paſſes!] The force of the phraſe I did not underſtand, when a former impreſſion of Shakſpeare was prepared; and therefore gave theſe two words as part of an imperfect ſen-

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, maſter Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So ſay I too, ſir.—Come hither, miſtreſs Ford; miſtreſs Ford, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her huſband!—I ſuſpect without cauſe, miſtreſs, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witneſs, you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, ſirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the baſket.*

Page. This paſſes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not aſhamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I ſhall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreaſonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the baſket, I ſay.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Maſter Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my houſe yeſterday in this

tence. One of the obſolete ſenſes of the verb, *to paſs*, is *to go beyond bounds.*

So, in *Sir Clyomon, &c. Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599:

"I have ſuch a deal of ſubſtance here when Brian's men
are ſlaine,
"That it *paſſeth*. O that I had while to ſtay!"

Again, in the tranſlation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595: "This *paſſeth!* that I meet with none, but thus they vexe me with ſtrange ſpeeches." Steevens.

baſket: Why may not he be there again? In my houſe I am ſure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealouſy is reaſonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he ſhall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, maſter Ford; this wrongs you.[7]

Eva. Maſter Ford, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealouſies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I ſeek for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeek, ſhow no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-ſport; let them ſay of me, As jealous as Ford, that ſearched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.[8] Satisfy me once more; once more ſearch with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, miſtreſs Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my huſband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

[7] —— *this* wrongs *you*.] This is below your character, unworthy of your underſtanding, injurious to your honour. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Bianca, being ill treated by her rugged ſiſter, ſays:

"You *wrong* me much, indeed you *wrong* yourſelf."

JOHNSON.

[8] —— *his wife's* leman.] *Leman*, i. e. *lover*, is derived from *leef*, Dutch, *beloved*, and *man*. STEEVENS.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my houſe? She comes of errands, does ſhe? We are ſimple men; we do not know what's brought to paſs under the profeſſion of fortune-telling. She works by charms,[9] by ſpells, by the figure, and ſuch daubery[1] as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.——Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down I ſay.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, ſweet huſband;—good gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old woman.[2]

[9] *She works by charms,* &c.] Concerning ſome *old woman of Brentford,* there are ſeveral ballads; among the reſt, *Julian of Brentford's laſt Will and Teſtament,* 1599. Steevens.

This without doubt was the perſon here alluded to; for in the early quarto Mrs. Ford ſays—" my maid's aunt, *Gillian* of *Brentford,* hath a gown above." So alſo, in *Weſtward Hoe,* a comedy, 1607: " I doubt that old hag, *Gillian of Brentford,* has *bewitched* me." Malone.

Mr. Steevens, perhaps, has been miſled by the vague expreſſion of the Stationers' book. *Iyl of Breyntford's Teſtament,* to which he ſeems to allude, was written by Robert, and printed by William Copland, long before 1599. But this, the only publication, it is believed, concerning the above lady, at preſent known, is certainly *no ballad.* Ritson.

Julian of Brainford's Teſtament is mentioned by Laneham in his letter from *Killingwoorth Caſtle,* 1575, amongſt many other works of eſtabliſhed notoriety. Henley.

[1] ——*ſuch* daubery—] *Dauberies* are *counterfeits*; *diſguiſes.* So, in *King Lear,* Edgar ſays: " I cannot *daub* it further."

Again, in *K. Richard III:*

" So ſmooth he *daub'd* his vice with ſhew of virtue."

Steevens.

Perhaps rather—ſuch *groſs falſhood,* and *impoſition.* In our author's time a *dauber* and a *plaſterer* were ſynonymous. See Minſheu's Dict. in v. " To lay it on with a *trowel*" was a phraſe of that time, applied to one who uttered a groſs lie. Malone.

[2] ——*let him* not *ſtrike the old woman.*] *Not,* which was inadvertently omitted in the firſt folio, was ſupplied by the ſecond. Malone.

Enter FALSTAFF *in women's clothes, led by Mrs.* PAGE.

MRS. PAGE. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

FORD. I'll *prat* her:——Out of my door, you witch! [*beats him*] you rag,[3] you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon![4] out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

MRS. PAGE. Are you not aſhamed? I think, you have killed the poor woman.

MRS. FORD. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

FORD. Hang her, witch!

EVA. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I ſpy a great peard under her muffler.[5]

[3] ——*you* rag,] This opprobrious term is again uſed in *Timon of Athens*: "—thy father, that poor *rag*—." Mr. Rowe unneceſſarily diſmiſſed this word, and introduced *hag* in its place. MALONE.

[4] ——*ronyon!*] *Ronyon*, applied to a woman, means, as far as can be traced, much the ſame with *ſcall* or *ſcab* ſpoken of a man. JOHNSON.

From *Rogneux*, Fr. So, in *Macbeth*:

"Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed *ronyon* cries."

Again, in *As you like it*: "the *roynish* clown." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*I ſpy a great* peard *under her* muffler.] One of the marks of a ſuppoſed witch was a *beard*.

So, in *The Duke's Miſtreſs*, 1638:

"——a chin, without all controverſy, good
"To go a fiſhing with; a *witches beard* on't."

See alſo *Macbeth*, Act I. ſc. iii.

The *muffler* (as I have learnt ſince our laſt ſheet was worked off) was a thin piece of linen that covered the lips and chin. See the figures of two market-women, at the bottom of G.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beſeech you, follow; ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſy: if I cry out thus upon no trail,[6] never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Page, Ford, Shallow, *and* Evans.

Mrs. Page. Truſt me, he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the maſs, that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hang o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious ſervice.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witneſs of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

Hoefnagle's curious plate of Nonſuch, in *Braunii Civitates Orbis Terrarum*; Part V. Plate I. See likewiſe the bottom of the view of Shrewſbury, &c. *ibid.* Part VI. Plate II. where the female peaſant ſeems to wear the ſame article of dreſs. See alſo a country-woman at the corner of Speed's map of England.

Steevens.

As the ſecond ſtratagem, by which Falſtaff eſcapes, is much the groſſer of the two, I wiſh it had been practiſed firſt. It is very unlikely that Ford, having been ſo deceived before, and knowing that he had been deceived, would ſuffer him to eſcape in ſo ſlight a diſguiſe. Johnson.

[6] ——cry *out thus upon no* trail,] The expreſſion is taken from the hunters. *Trail* is the ſcent left by the paſſage of the game. *To cry out,* is to *open* or *bark.* Johnson.

So, in *Hamlet:*

"How cheerfully on the falſe *trail* they *cry:*
"Oh! this is counter, ye falſe Daniſh *dogs!*"

Steevens.

Mrs. Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſs is, ſure, ſcared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee ſimple, with fine and recovery,[7] he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again.[8]

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our huſbands how we have ſerved him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your huſband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight ſhall be any further afflicted, we two will ſtill be the miniſters.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly ſhamed: and, methinks, there would be no period[9] to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publickly ſhamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, ſhape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

[7] —— *if the devil have him not in* fee-ſimple, *with* fine *and* recovery,] Our author had been long enough in an attorney's office, to learn that *fee-ſimple* is the *largeſt eſtate*, and *fine and recovery* the *ſtrongeſt aſſurance*, known to Engliſh law. Ritson.

[8] —— *in the way of* waſte, *attempt us again.*] i. e. he will not make further attempts to ruin us, by corrupting our virtue, and deſtroying our reputation. Steevens.

[9] —— *no* period—] Shakſpeare ſeems, by no period, to mean, *no proper cataſtrophe.* Of this Hanmer was ſo well perſuaded, that he thinks it neceſſary to read—no *right* period. Steevens.

Our author often uſes *period*, for *end* or *concluſion.* So, in *King Richard III:*

"O, let me make the *period* to my curſe." Malone.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter HOST *and* BARDOLPH.

BARD. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

HOST. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

BARD. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.[1]

HOST. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my houses a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off;[2] I'll sauce them: Come. [*Exeunt.*

[1] ——*I'll call* them *to you.*] Old copy—I'll call *him.* Corrected in the third folio. MALONE.

[2] —— *they must* come off;] *To come off,* is, *to pay.* In this sense it is used by Massinger, in *The Unnatural Combat,* Act IV. sc. ii. where a wench, demanding money of the father to keep his bastard, says: "*Will you come off, sir?*" Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it,* 1612:

"Do not your gallants *come off* roundly then?"

Again, in Heywood's *If you know not me you know Nobody,* 1633, p. 2: "—and then if he will not *come off,* carry him to the compter." Again, in *A Trick to catch the Old One,* 1608:

"Hark in thine ear:—will he *come off,* think'st thou, and pay my debts?"

Again, in *The Return from Parnassus,* 1606:

"It is his meaning I should *come off.*"

Again, in *The Widow,* by Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, 1652: "I am forty dollars better for that: an 'twould

SCENE IV.

A Room in Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs.* PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

EVA. 'Tis one of the peſt diſcretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

PAGE. And did he ſend you both theſe letters at an inſtant?

MRS. PAGE. Within a quarter of an hour.

come off quicker, 'twere nere a whit the worſe for me." Again, in *A merye Jeſt of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date: "Therefore *come of* lightly, and geve me my mony."

STEEVENS.

"They muſt *come off*, (ſays mine hoſt,) I'll ſauce them." This paſſage has exerciſed the criticks. It is altered by Dr. Warburton; but there is no corruption, and Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted it. The quotation, however, from Maſſinger, which is referred to likewiſe by Mr. Edwards in his Canons of Criticiſm, ſcarcely ſatisfied Mr. Heath, and ſtill leſs Mr. Capell, who gives us, "They muſt *not* come off." It is ſtrange that any one, converſant in old language, ſhould heſitate at this phraſe. Take another quotation or two, that the difficulty may be effectually removed for the future. In John Heywood's play of *The Four P's*, the *pedlar* ſays:

"——If you be willing to buy,
"Lay down money, *come off* quickly."

In *The Widow*, by Jonſon, Fletcher, and Middleton: "—if he will *come off* roundly, he'll ſet him free too." And again, in *Fennor's Comptor's Commonwealth*: "—except I would *come off* roundly, I ſhould be bar'd of that priviledge," &c.

FARMER.

The phraſe is uſed by Chaucer, *Friar's Tale*, 338 edit. Urry:

"*Come off* and let me riden haſtily,
"Give me twelve pence; I may no longer tarie."

TYRWHITT.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will ſuſpect the ſun with cold,[3]
Than thee with wantonneſs: now doth thy honour ſtand,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as éxtreme in ſubmiſſion,
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick ſport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they ſpoke of.

Page. How! to ſend him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never come.

Eva. You ſay, he has been thrown into the

[3] *I rather will ſuſpect the* ſun *with* cold,] Thus the modern editions. The old ones read—with *gold*, which may mean, I rather will ſuſpect the ſun can be a thief, or be *corrupted by a bribe*, than thy honour can be betrayed to wantonneſs. Mr. Rowe ſilently made the change, which ſucceeding editors have as ſilently adopted. A thought of a ſimilar kind occurs in *Henry IV.* P. I:

"Shall the bleſſed *ſun* of heaven prove a *micher?*"

I have not, however, diſplaced Mr. Rowe's emendation; as a zeal to preſerve old readings, without diſtinction, may ſometimes prove as injurious to our author's reputation, as a deſire to introduce new ones, without attention to the quaintneſs of phraſeology then in uſe. Steevens.

So, in *Weſtward for Smelts*, a pamphlet which Shakſpeare certainly had read: "I anſwere in the behalfe of one, who is *as free from diſloyaltie, as is the ſunne from darkneſs, or the fire from* cold." A huſband is ſpeaking of his wife. Malone.

rivers; and has been grievouſly peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come; methinks, his fleſh is puniſhed, he ſhall have no deſires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Deviſe but how you'll uſe him when he comes,
And let us two deviſe to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windſor foreſt,
Doth all the winter time, at ſtill midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blaſts the tree, and takes the cattle;[4]
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a chain
In a moſt hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of ſuch a ſpirit; and well you know,
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed eld[5]

[4] —— *and* takes *the cattle*;] To *take*, in Shakſpeare, ſignifies to ſeize or ſtrike with a diſeaſe, to blaſt. So, in *Lear*:

" —— Strike her young bones,
" Ye *taking* airs, with lameneſs." Johnson.

So, in Markham's *Treatiſe of Horſes*, 1595, chap. 8: "Of a horſe that is *taken*. A horſe that is bereft of his feeling, mooving or ſtyrring, is ſaid to be *taken*, and in ſooth ſo he is, in that he is arreſted by ſo villainous a diſeaſe; yet ſome farriors, not well underſtanding the ground of the diſeaſe, conſter the word *taken*, to be ſtricken by ſome planet or evil-ſpirit, which is falſe," &c. Thus our poet:

" —— No planets *ſtrike*, no fairy *takes*." Tollet.

[5] —— *idle-headed* eld—] *Eld* ſeems to be uſed here, for what our poet calls in *Macbeth*—the *olden time*. It is employed in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, to expreſs *age* and *decrepitude*:

" —— doth beg the alms
" Of palſied *eld*." Steevens.

I rather imagine it is uſed here for *old perſons*. Malone.

Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falſtaff at that oak ſhall meet with us,
Diſguiſed like Herne, with huge horns on his head.[6]

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this ſhape: When you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewiſe have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little ſon,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dreſs
Like urchins, ouphes,[7] and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a ſudden,
As Falſtaff, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once

[6] *Diſguiſed like Herne, with huge horns on his head.*] This line, which is not in the folio, was properly reſtored from the old quarto by Mr. Theobald. He at the ſame time introduced another: "We'll ſend him word to meet us in the field;" which is clearly unneceſſary, and indeed improper: for the word *field* relates to two preceding lines of the quarto, which have not been introduced:

"Now, for that Falſtaff has been ſo deceiv'd,
"As that he dares not meet us in the *houſe*,
"We'll ſend him word to meet us in the *field*."

Malone.

[7] —— *urchins, ouphes,*] The primitive ſignification of *urchin* is a hedge-hog. In this ſenſe it is uſed in *The Tempeſt*. Hence it comes to ſignify any thing little and dwarfiſh. *Ouph* is the Teutonick word for a *fairy* or *goblin*. Steevens.

With ſome diffuſed ſong;[8] upon their ſight,
We two in great amazedneſs will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight;[9]

[8] *With ſome* diffuſed *ſong*;] A *diffuſed ſong* ſignifies a ſong that ſtrikes out into wild ſentiments beyond the bounds of nature, ſuch as thoſe whoſe ſubject is fairy land. WARBURTON.

Diffuſed may mean *confuſed*. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 553: "Rice quoth he, (i. e. Cardinal Wolſey,) ſpeak you Welch to him: I doubt not but thy ſpeech ſhall be more *diffuſe* to him, than his French ſhall be to thee." TOLLET.

By *diffuſed ſong*, Shakſpeare may mean ſuch unconnected ditties as mad people ſing. Kent, in *K. Lear*, when he has determined to aſſume an appearance foreign to his own, declares his reſolution to *diffuſe his ſpeech*, i. e. to give it a wild and irregular turn. STEEVENS.

With ſome diffuſed *ſong*;] i. e. wild, irregular, diſcordant. That this was the meaning of the word, I have ſhown in a note on another play by a paſſage from one of Greene's pamphlets, in which he calls a dreſs of which the different parts were made after the faſhions of different countries, "a *diffuſed* attire." MALONE.

[9] *And, fairy-like,* to-pinch *the unclean knight*;] This uſe of *to* in compoſition with verbs, is very common in Gower and Chaucer, but muſt have been rather antiquated in the time of Shakſpeare. See, Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, B. IV. fol. 7:

"All *to-tore* is myn araie."

And Chaucer, *Reeve's Tale*, 1169:

"——mouth and noſe *to-broke*."

The conſtruction will otherwiſe be very hard. TYRWHITT.

I add a few more inſtances, to ſhow that this uſe of the prepoſition *to* was not entirely antiquated in the time of our author. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV. c. 7:

"With briers and buſhes all *to-rent* and ſcratched."

Again, B. V. c. 8:

"With locks all looſe, and raiment all *to-tore*."

Again, B. V. c. 9:

"Made of ſtrange ſtuffe, but all *to-worne* and ragged,
"And underneath the breech was all *to-torne* and jagged."

Again, in *The Three Lords of London*, 1590:

"The poſt at which he runs, and all *to-burns* it."

And aſk him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their ſo ſacred paths he dares to tread,
In ſhape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed fairies pinch him ſound,[1]
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all preſent ourſelves; dis-horn the ſpirit,
And mock him home to Windſor.

Ford. The children muſt
Be practiſed well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes alſo,[2] to burn the knight with my taber.

Again, in Philemon Holland's Tranſlation of the 10th Book of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* ch. 74: "—ſhee againe to be quit with them, will all *to-pinch* and nip both the fox and her cubs."
STEEVENS.

The editor of Gawin Douglas's Tranſlation of the *Æneid*, fol. Edinb. 1710, obſerves, in his *General Rules for the Underſtanding the Language*, that *to* prefixed, in ancient writers, has little or no ſignificancy, but with *all* put before it, ſignifies *altogether*. Since, Milton has "were *all to*-ruffled." See *Comus*, v. 380. Warton's edit. It is not likely that this practice was become antiquated in the time of Shakſpeare, as Mr. Tyrwhitt ſuppoſes. HOLT WHITE.

[1] ——*pinch him* ſound,] i. e. *ſoundly*. The adjective uſed as an adverb. The modern editors read—*round*. STEEVENS.

[2] *I will teach the children their behaviours*; and I will be like a jack-an-apes alſo,] The idea of this ſtratagem, &c. might have been adopted from part of the entertainment prepared by Thomas Churchyard for Queen Elizabeth at Norwich: "And theſe boyes, &c. were to play by a deuiſe and degrees the *Phayries*, and to daunce (as neere as could be ymagined) like the *Phayries*. Their attire, and comming ſo ſtrangely out, I know made the Queenes highneſſe ſmyle and laugh withall, &c. *I ledde the yong fooliſhe Phayries a daunce*, &c. and as I heard ſaid, it was well taken." STEEVENS.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan ſhall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That ſilk will I go buy;—and in that time[3]
Shall maſter Slender ſteal my Nan away, [*Aſide.*
And marry her at Eton.——Go, ſend to Falſtaff ſtraight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpoſe: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties,[4]
And tricking for our fairies.[5]

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleaſures, and fery honeſt knaveries.

[*Exeunt* Page, Ford, *and* Evans.

Mrs. Page. Go, miſtreſs Ford,
Send Quickly to ſir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs.* Ford.

[3] *That ſilk will I go buy;—and in* that time—] Mr. Theobald, referring *that time* to the time of buying the ſilk, alters it to *tire*. But there is no need of any change; *that time* evidently relating to the time of the maſk with which Falſtaff was to be entertained, and which makes the whole ſubject of this dialogue. Therefore the common reading is right. Warburton.

[4] —— *properties,*] *Properties* are little incidental neceſſaries to a theatre, excluſive of ſcenes and dreſſes. So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*: "—a ſhoulder of mutton for a *property*." See *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act I. ſc. ii. Steevens.

[5] —— tricking *for our fairies.*] To *trick*, is to dreſs out. So, in *Milton*:

"Not *trick'd* and frounc'd as ſhe was wont,
"With the Attic boy to hunt;
"But kerchief'd in a homely cloud." Steevens.

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host *and* SIMPLE.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin?[6] speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed;[7] 'tis painted

[6] ——*what,* thick-skin?] I meet with this term of abuse in Warner's *Albion's England,* 1602, Book VI. chap. 30:

"That he, so foul a *thick-skin,* should so fair a lady catch."

The eleventh Book, however, of Pliny's *Nat Hist.* (I shall quote from P. Holland's Translation, 1601, p. 346,) will best explain the meaning of this term of obloquy: "—men also, who are *thicke skinned,* be more grosse of sence and understanding," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*standing-bed, and* truckle-bed;] The usual furniture of chambers in that time was a standing-bed, under which was a *trochle, truckle,* or *running* bed. In the standing-bed lay the master, and in the truckle bed the servant. So, in Hall's *Account of a Servile Tutor:*

"He lieth in the *truckle-bed,*
"While his young master lieth o'er his head." JOHNSON.

about with the ſtory of the prodigal, freſh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll ſpeak like an *Anthropophaginian*[8] unto thee: Knock, I ſay.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be ſo bold as ſtay, ſir, till ſhe come down: I come to ſpeak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully ſir John! ſpeak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine hoſt, thine Epheſian,[9] calls.

Fal. [*above.*] How now, mine hoſt?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar[1] tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her deſcend,

So, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

"When I lay in a *trundle-bed* under my tutor."

And here the tutor has the upper bed. Again, in Heywood's *Royal King*, &c. 1637: "—ſhew theſe gentlemen into a cloſe room with *ſtanding-bed* in't, and a *truckle* too." Steevens.

[8] ——*Anthropophaginian*—] i. e. a cannibal. See *Othello*, Act I. ſc. iii. It is here uſed as a ſounding word to aſtoniſh *Simple*. *Epheſian*, which follows, has no other meaning. Steevens.

[9] ——*thine* Epheſian,] This was a cant term of the time. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. ii: "*P. Henry*. What company? *Page*. *Epheſians*, my lord, of the old church." See the note there. Malone.

Hanmer ſuppoſes *Epheſian* to be a deſigned blunder for *Ephæſtion*. Steevens.

[1] ——*Bohemian-Tartar*—] The French call a *Bohemian* what we call a *Gypſey*; but I believe the Hoſt means nothing more than, by a wild appellation, to inſinuate that Simple makes a ſtrange appearance. Johnson.

In Germany there were ſeveral companies of vagabonds, &c. called *Tartars* and Zigens. "Theſe were the ſame in my opinion," ſays Mezeray, "as thoſe the French call *Bohemians*, and the Engliſh Gypſies." Bulteel's Tranſlation of Mezeray's *Hiſtory of France*, under the year 1417. Tollet.

bully, let her deſcend; my chambers are honourable: Fye! privacy? fye!

Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. There was, mine hoſt, an old fat woman even now with me; but ſhe's gone.

SIM. Pray you, ſir, was't not the wiſe woman of Brentford?[2]

FAL. Ay, marry, was it, muſcle-ſhell;[3] What would you with her?

SIM. My maſter, ſir, my maſter Slender, ſent to her, ſeeing her go thorough the ſtreets, to know, ſir, whether one Nym, ſir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

FAL. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

SIM. And what ſays ſhe, I pray, ſir?

FAL. Marry, ſhe ſays, that the very ſame man, that beguiled maſter Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

SIM. I would, I could have ſpoken with the woman herſelf; I had other things to have ſpoken with her too, from him.

FAL. What are they? let us know.

[2] ——*wiſe woman of Brentford?*] In our author's time female dealers in palmiſtry and fortune-telling were uſually denominated *wiſe women*. So the perſon from whom Heywood's play of *The Wiſe Woman of Hogsden*, 1638, takes its title, is employed in anſwering many ſuch queſtions as are the objects of *Simple's* enquiry. REED.

This appellation occurs alſo in our verſion of the Bible: "Her *wiſe ladies anſwered* her, yea ſhe returned anſwer to herſelf." *Judges*, v. 29. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*muſcle-ſhell*;] He calls poor Simple *muſcle-ſhell*, becauſe he ſtands with his mouth open. JOHNSON.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, ſir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dieſt.[4]

Sim. Why, ſir, they were nothing but about miſtreſs Anne Page; to know, if it were my maſter's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, ſir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; ſay, the woman told me ſo.

Sim. May I be ſo bold to ſay ſo, ſir?

Fal. Ay, ſir Tike; who more bold?[5]

Sim. I thank your worſhip: I ſhall make my maſter glad with theſe tidings. [*Exit* Simple.

Host. Thou art clerkly,[6] thou art clerkly, ſir John: Was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine hoſt; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before

[4] Simp. *I may not* conceal *them, ſir.*
Fal. Conceal *them, or thou dieſt.*] In both theſe inſtances Dr. Farmer thinks we ſhould read—*reveal.* Steevens.

Simp. *I may* &c.] In the old copy this ſpeech is given to Falſtaff. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. I mention this error, becauſe it juſtifies other ſimilar corrections that have been made. Malone.

[5] *Ay, ſir Tike; who more bold?*] In the firſt edition, it ſtands: "I Tike, who more bolde." And ſhould plainly be read here, Ay, *ſir Tike,* &c. Farmer.

The folio reads—Ay, ſir, *like,* &c. Malone.

[6] —— *clerkly,*] i. e. ſcholar-like. So, in Sidney's *Arcadia,* Lib. III:

"Lanquet, the ſhepheard beſt ſwift Iſter knew
"For *clearkly* reed," &c.

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Act II. ſc. i:

"——'tis very *clerkly* done." Steevens.

in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.[7]

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, ſir! cozenage! meer cozenage!

Host. Where be my horſes? ſpeak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for ſo ſoon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a ſlough of mire; and ſet ſpurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Fauſtuſes.[8]

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not ſay, they be fled; Germans are honeſt men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine hoſt?

Host. What is the matter, ſir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three couzin germans, that has cozened all the

[7] ——*I* paid *nothing for it neither, but was* paid *for my learning.*] He alludes to the beating which he had juſt received. The ſame play on words occurs in *Cymbeline,* Act V: "—ſorry you have *paid* too much, and ſorry that you are *paid* too much." STEEVENS.

To *pay,* in our author's time, often ſignified to *beat.* So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "—ſeven of the eleven I *paid.*" MALONE.

[8] ——*like three* German *devils, three* Doctor Fauſtuſes.] *John Fauſt,* commonly called *Doctor Fauſtus,* was a *German.*

Marlow's play on this ſubject had ſufficiently familiarized Bardolph's ſimile to our author's audience. STEEVENS.

hoſts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horſes and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wiſe, and full of gibes and vlouting-ſtogs; and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozened: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

CAIUS. Vere is mine *Hoſt de Jarterre?*

HOST. Here, maſter doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

CAIUS. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany:* by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

HOST. Hue and cry, villain, go:—aſſiſt me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [*Exeunt* Hoſt *and* BARDOLPH.

FAL. I would, all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened, and beaten too. If it ſhould come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been waſhed and cudgeled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fiſhermen's boots with me; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creſt-fallen as a dried pear.[9] I never proſpered ſince I foreſwore

[9] —— creſt-fallen *as a* dried pear.] To aſcertain the propriety of this ſimilitude, it may be obſerved that *pears,* when they are *dried,* become flat, and loſe the erect and oblong form that, in their natural ſtate, diſtinguiſhes them from apples. STEEVENS.

myſelf at *primero*.[1] Well, if my wind were but long enough to ſay my prayers,[2] I would repent.—

Enter Miſtreſs QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

QUICK. From the two parties, forſooth.

FAL. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and ſo they ſhall be both beſtowed! I have

[1] ——*primero.*] A game at cards. JOHNSON.

Primero was in Shakſpeare's time the faſhionable game. In the Earl of Northumberland's letters about the powder plot, Joſc. Percy was playing at *primero* on Sunday, when his uncle, the conſpirator, called on him at Eſſex Houſe. This game is again mentioned in our author's *Henry VIII.* PERCY.

"*Primero* and *primaviſta*, two games of cards. *Primum et primum viſum*, that is, firſt, and firſt ſeene, becauſe he that can ſhow ſuch an order of cardes, wins the game." See Minſheu's DICT. 1617. REED.

In the *Sydney Papers*, Vol. II. p. 83, is the following account of an altercation that happened between our poet's generous patron, and one Willoughby, at this game:—"The quarrel of my Lord Southampton to Ambroſe Willoughby grew upon this: That he, with Sir Walter Rawley and Mr. Parker, being at *primero* in the preſence-chamber, the queen was gone to bed; and he being there, as ſquire of the body, deſired him to give over. Soon after he ſpoke to them againe, that if they would not leave, he would call in the guard to pull down the bord; which Sir Walter Rawley ſeeing, put up his money, and went his wayes; but my Lord Southampton took exceptions at hym, and told hym, he would remember yt: and ſo finding hym between the Tennis-Court wall and the garden, ſtrooke him; and Willoughby pull'd of ſome of his lockes." This happened in the beginning of 1598. MALONE.

The manner of playing at this game may be ſeen in an Epigram quoted in Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. V. p. 168, edit. 1780. See alſo Vol. X. p. 368, and Vol. XII. p. 396. REED.

[2] —— *to ſay my prayers,*] Theſe words were reſtored from the early quarto by Mr. Pope. They were probably omitted in the folio on account of the Stat. 3 Jac. I. ch. 21. MALONE.

ſuffered more for their ſakes, more, than the villainous inconſtancy of man's diſpoſition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they ſuffered? Yes, I warrant; ſpecioufly one of them; miſtreſs Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myſelf into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman,[3] deliver'd me, the knave conſtable had ſet me i' the ſtocks, i' the common ſtocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your chamber: you ſhall hear how things go; and, I war-

[3] —— *action of an* old *woman,*] What! was it any dexterity of wit in Sir John Falſtaff to counterfeit the action of an *old* woman, in order to eſcape being apprehended for a *witch?* Surely, one would imagine, this was the readieſt means to bring him into ſuch a ſcrape: for none but *old* women have ever been ſuſpected of being *witches.* The text muſt certainly be reſtored *a wood* woman, a crazy, frantick woman; one too wild, and ſilly, and unmeaning, to have either the malice or miſchievous ſubtlety of a witch in her. Theobald.

This emendation is received by Sir Thomas Hanmer, but rejected by Dr. Warburton. To me it appears reaſonable enough. Johnson.

I am not certain that this change is neceſſary. Falſtaff, by counterfeiting ſuch weakneſs and infirmity, as would naturally be pitied in an old woman, averted the puniſhment to which he would otherwiſe have been ſubjected, on the ſuppoſition that he was a witch. Steevens.

The reading of the old copy is fully ſupported by what Falſtaff ſays afterwards to Ford: "I went to her, Maſter Brook, as you ſee, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Maſter Brook, like a poor *old* woman." Malone.

rant, to your content. Here is a letter will ſay ſomewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not ſerve heaven well,[4] that you are ſo croſſed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton *and* Hoſt.

Host. Maſter Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me ſpeak: Aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loſs.

Host. I will hear you, maſter Fenton; and I will, at the leaſt, keep your counſel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection
(So far forth as herſelf might be her chooſer,)
Even to my wiſh: I have a letter from her
Of ſuch contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof[5] ſo larded with my matter,

[4] *Sure, one of you does not ſerve heaven well,* &c.] The great fault of this play is the frequency of expreſſions ſo profane, that no neceſſity of preſerving character can juſtify them. There are laws of higher authority than thoſe of criticiſm.

Johnson.

[5] *The mirth* whereof—] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope and all the ſubſequent editors read—The mirth *whereof*'s ſo larded, &c. but the old reading is the true one, and the phraſeology that

That neither, ſingly, can be manifeſted,
Without the ſhow of both;—wherein fat Falſtaff
Hath a great ſcene:[6] the image of the jeſt[7]
[*Showing the letter.*
I'll ſhow you here at large. Hark, good mine hoſt:
To-night at Herne's oak, juſt 'twixt twelve and one,
Muſt my ſweet Nan preſent the fairy queen;
The purpoſe why, is here;[8] in which diſguiſe,

of Shakſpeare's age. *Whereof* was formerly uſed as we now uſe *thereof*; "—the mirth *thereof* being ſo larded," &c. So, in *Mount Tabor, or Private Exerciſes of a Penitent Sinner*, 8vo. 1639: "In the mean time [they] cloſely conveyed under the cloaths wherewithal he was covered, a vizard, like a ſwine's ſnout, upon his face, with three wire chains faſtened thereunto, the other end *whereof being* holden ſeverally by thoſe three ladies; who fall to ſinging again," &c. MALONE.

[6] —— wherein *fat Falſtaff*
Hath a great ſcene:] The firſt folio reads:
"Without the ſhow of both: fat Falſtaff," &c.
I have ſupplied the word that was probably omitted at the preſs, from the early quarto, where, in the correſponding place, we find—
"*Wherein* fat Falſtaff hath a mighty ſcare [*ſcene*]."
The editor of the ſecond folio, to ſupply the metre, arbitrarily reads—
"Without the ſhew of both:—fat *Sir John* Falſtaff—."
MALONE.

[7] —— *the* image *of the jeſt*—] *Image* is *repreſentation*. So, in *K. Richard III:*
"And liv'd by looking on his *images*."
Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:—"The *image* of it gives me content already." STEEVENS.

Theſe words allude to a cuſtom ſtill in uſe, of hanging out painted repreſentations of ſhows.
So, in *Buſſy d'Ambois:*
"——like a monſter
"Kept onely to ſhow men for goddeſſe money:
"That falſe hagge often paints him in her cloth
"Ten times more monſtrous than he is in troth."
HENLEY.

[8] —— *is here*;] i. e. in the letter. STEEVENS.

While other jeſts are ſomething rank on foot,[9]
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: ſhe hath conſented:
Now, ſir,
Her mother, even ſtrong againſt that match,[1]
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are taſking of their minds,[2]
And at the deanery, where a prieſt attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, ſeemingly obedient, likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the doctor;—Now, thus it reſts:
Her father means ſhe ſhall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She ſhall go with him:—her mother hath intended,
The better to denote[3] her to the doctor,

[9] *While other jeſts are ſomething rank on foot,*] i. e. while they are hotly purſuing other merriment of their own.
STEEVENS.

[1] —— even *ſtrong againſt that match,*] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read—*ever*, but perhaps without neceſſity. *Even* ſtrong, is *as ſtrong, with a ſimilar degree of ſtrength.* So, in *Hamlet*, "—*even* chriſtian" is *fellow* chriſtian.
STEEVENS.

[2] —— taſking *of their minds,*] So, in *K. Henry V:*
"—— ſome things of weight
"That *taſk* our thoughts concerning us and France."
STEEVENS.

[3] —— *to* denote—] In the MSS. of our author's age *n* and *u* were formed ſo very much alike, that they are ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable. Hence it was, that in the old copies of theſe plays one of theſe letters is frequently put for the other. From the cauſe aſſigned, or from an accidental inverſion of the letter *n* at the preſs, the firſt folio in the preſent inſtance reads—*deuote*, u being conſtantly employed in that copy inſtead of *v*. The ſame miſtake has happened in ſeveral other places. Thus, in

(For they muſt all be maſk'd and vizarded,)
That, quaint in green,[4] ſhe ſhall be looſe enrob'd,
With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given conſent to go with him.

Host. Which means ſhe to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good hoſt, to go along with me:
And here it reſts,—that you'll procure the vicar
To ſtay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Much Ado about Nothing, 1623, we find, "he is *turu'd* orthographer," inſtead of *turn'd*. Again, in *Othello*:—"to the contemplation, mark, and *deuotement* of her parts," inſtead of *denotement*. Again, in *King John*: This *expeditious* charge, inſtead of *expedition's*. Again, ibid: *involuerable* for *invulnerable*. Again, in *Hamlet*, 1605, we meet with this very word put by an error of the preſs for *denote*:

"Together with all forms, modes, ſhapes of grief,
"That can *deuote* me truly."

The preſent emendation, which was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens, is fully ſupported by a ſubſequent paſſage, quoted by him: "the white will *decipher* her well enough." Malone.

[4] ——quaint *in green*,] ——may mean fantaſtically dreſt in green. So, in Milton's *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle*:

"——left the place,
"And my *quaint* habits, breed aſtoniſhment."

Quaintneſs, however, was anciently uſed to ſignify *graceſulneſs*. So, in Greene's *Dialogue between a He and She Coney-Catcher*, 1592: "I began to think what a handſome man he was, and wiſhed that he would come and take a night's lodging with me, ſitting in a dump to think of the *quaintneſs* of his perſonage." In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act III. ſc. i. *quaintly* is uſed for *ingeniouſly*:

"——a ladder *quaintly* made of cords." Steevens.

In *Daniel's Sonnets*, 1594, it is uſed for *fantaſtick*:

"Prayers prevail not with a *quaint* diſdayne." Malone.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff *and Mrs.* Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling;—go.——I'll hold:[5] This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers,[6] either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince.[7] [*Exit Mrs.* Quickly.

[5] —— *I'll* hold:] I suppose he means—I'll *keep* the appointment. Or he may mean—I'll *believe*. So, in *K. Henry VIII:* "Did you not of late days hear," &c.—"Yes, but *held* it not." Steevens.

[6] —— *they say, there is* divinity in odd numbers,] Alluding to the Roman adage—

—— *numero deus impare gaudet.* Virgil, *Ecl.* viii. Steevens.

[7] —— *hold up your head, and* mince.] To *mince* is to walk with affected delicacy. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"—— turn two *mincing* steps
"Into a manly stride." Steevens.

Enter FORD.

How now, maſter Brook? Maſter Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

FORD. Went you not to her yeſterday, ſir, as you told me you had appointed?

FAL. I went to her, maſter Brook, as you ſee, like a poor old man: but I came from her, maſter Brook, like a poor old woman. That ſame knave, Ford her huſband, hath the fineſt mad devil of jealouſy in him, maſter Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievouſly, in the ſhape of a woman; for in the ſhape of man, maſter Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; becauſe I know alſo, life is a ſhuttle.[8] I am in haſte; go along with me; I'll tell you all, maſter Brook. Since I plucked geeſe,[9] played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you ſtrange things of this knave Ford: on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, maſter Brook! follow. [*Exeunt.*

[8] —— *becauſe I know alſo,* life is a ſhuttle.] An alluſion to the ſixth verſe of the ſeventh chapter of the Book of *Job*: "My days are ſwifter than a weaver's *ſhuttle,*" &c. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *Since I* plucked geeſe,] To ſtrip a living gooſe of his feathers, was formerly an act of puerile barbarity. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Windſor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

PAGE. Come, come; we'll couch i' the caſtle-ditch, till we ſee the light of our fairies.—Remember, ſon Slender, my daughter.[1]

SLEN. Ay, forſooth; I have ſpoke with her, and we have a nay-word,[2] how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; ſhe cries, *budget*;[3] and by that we know one another.

SHAL. That's good too: but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget?* the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath ſtruck ten o'clock.

PAGE. The night is dark; light and ſpirits will become it well. Heaven proſper our ſport! No man means evil but the devil,[4] and we ſhall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] —— *my* daughter.] The word *daughter* was inadvertently omitted in the firſt folio. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond. MALONE.

[2] —— *a nay-word,*] i. e. a watch-word. Mrs. Quickly has already uſed it in this ſenſe. STEEVENS.

[3] —— mum; *ſhe cries,* budget;] Theſe words appear to have been in common uſe before the time of our author. "And now if a man call them to accomptes, and aſke the cauſe of al theſe their tragical and cruel doings, he ſhall have a ſhort anſwer with *mum budget,* except they will peradventure allege this," &c. *Oration againſt the unlawful Inſurrections of the Proteſtants,* bl. l. 8vo. 1615, ſign. C 8. REED.

[4] —— *No* man *means evil but the devil,*] This is a double blunder; for ſome, of whom this was ſpoke, were women. We ſhould read then, *No* ONE *means.* WARBURTON.

SCENE III.

The Street in Windſor.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Dr.* CAIUS.

MRS. PAGE. Maſter doctor, my daughter is in green: when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and deſpatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two muſt go together.

CAIUS. I know vat I have to do; Adieu.

MRS. PAGE. Fare you well, ſir. [*Exit* CAIUS.] My huſband will not rejoice ſo much at the abuſe of Falſtaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

MRS. FORD. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Hugh? [5]

There is no blunder. In the ancient interludes and moralities, the beings of ſupreme power, excellence, or depravity, are occaſionally ſtyled *men*. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Dogberry ſays: "God's a good *man*." Again, in an Epitaph, part of which has been borrowed as an abſurd one, by Mr. Pope and his aſſociates, who were not very well acquainted with ancient phraſeology:

"Do all we can,
"Death is a *man*
"That never ſpareth none."

Again, in *Jeronimo, or The Firſt Part of the Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

"You're the laſt *man* I thought on, ſave the *devil*."

STEEVENS.

[5] —— *and the Welch devil,* Hugh?] The former impreſſions read—*the Welch devil,* Herne? But Falſtaff was to repreſent Herne, and he was no Welchman. Where was the attention or ſagacity of our editors, not to obſerve that Mrs. Ford is en-

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak,[6] with obſcured lights; which, at the very inſtant of Falſtaff's and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chooſe but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Againſt ſuch lewdſters, and their lechery,
Thoſe that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Windſor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, *and Fairies.*

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you; Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

quiring for [Sir *Hugh*] Evans by the name of the Welch devil? Dr. Thirlby likewiſe diſcovered the blunder of this paſſage.
Theobald.

I ſuppoſe only the letter *H.* was ſet down in the MS. and therefore, inſtead of *Hugh,* (which ſeems to be the true reading,) the editors ſubſtituted *Herne.* Steevens.

So, afterwards: "Well ſaid, fairy *Hugh.*" Malone.

[6] ——*in a* pit *hard by* Herne's oak,] An *oak,* which may be that alluded to by Shakſpeare, is ſtill ſtanding cloſe to a *pit* in Windſor foreſt. It is yet ſhown as the *oak of Herne.* Steevens.

SCENE V.

Another part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF *diſguiſed, with a buck's head on.*

FAL. The Windſor bell hath ſtruck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods aſſiſt me:—Remember, Jove, thou waſt a bull for thy Europa; love ſet on thy horns.—O powerful love! that, in ſome reſpects, makes a beaſt a man; in ſome other, a man a beaſt.—You were alſo, Jupiter, a ſwan, for the love of Leda;—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a gooſe?—A fault done firſt in the form of a beaſt;—O Jove, a beaſtly fault! and then another fault in the ſemblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor men do?[7] For me, I am here a Windſor ſtag; and the fatteſt, I think, i' the foreſt: Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piſs my tallow?[8] Who comes here? my doe?

[7] —— *When gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor men do?*] Shakſpeare had perhaps in his thoughts the argument which Cherea employed in a ſimilar ſituation. *Ter. Eun.* Act III. ſc. v:

" —————— Quia conſimilem luſerat
" Jam olim ille ludum, impendio magis animus gaudebat mihi
" Deum ſeſe in hominem convertiſſe, atque per alienas tegulas
" Veniſſe clanculum per impluvium, fucum factum mulieri.
" At quem deum? qui templa cœli ſumma ſonitu concutit.
" *Ego homuncio hoc non facerem?* Ego vero illud ita feci, ac lubens."

A tranſlation of Terence was publiſhed in 1598.

The ſame thought is found in Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580:—" I think in thoſe days love was well ratified on earth, when luſt was ſo full authorized by the gods in heaven." MALONE.

[8] —— *Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to* piſs my tallow?] This, I find, is technical. In Turberville's

Enter Mrs. FORD *and Mrs.* PAGE.

MRS. FORD. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

FAL. My doe with the black ſcut?—Let the ſky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*; hail kiſſing-comfits, and ſnow eringoes; let there come a tempeſt of provocation,[9] I will ſhelter me here. [*Embracing her.*

Booke of Hunting, 1575: "During the time of their rut, the harts live with ſmall ſuſtenance.—The red muſhroome helpeth well to make them *pyſſe their greace*, they are then in ſo vehement heate," &c. FARMER.

In Ray's *Collection of Proverbs*, the phraſe is yet further explained: "*He has piſs'd his tallow.* This is ſpoken of bucks who grow lean after rutting-time, and may be applied to men."

The phraſe, however, is of French extraction. Jacques de Fouilloux in his quarto volume entitled *La Venerie*, alſo tells us that ſtags in rutting time live chiefly on large red muſhrooms, "qui aident fort à leur faire *piſſer le ſuif.*" STEEVENS.

[9] *Let the ſky rain* potatoes;—*hail* kiſſing-comfits, *and ſnow* eringoes; *let there come a* tempeſt *of provocation,*] *Potatoes*, when they were firſt introduced in England, were ſuppoſed to be ſtrong provocatives. See Mr. Collins's note on a paſſage in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act V. ſc. ii.

Kiſſing-comfits were ſugar-plums, perfumed to make the breath ſweet.

Monſieur Le Grand D'Auſſi, in his *Hiſtoire de la vie privée des Français*, Vol. II. p. 273, obſerves—"Il y avait auſſi de petits drageoirs qu'on portait en poche pour avoir, dans le jour, de quoi ſe *parfumer la bouche.*"

So, alſo in Webſter's *Ducheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"—— Sure your piſtol holds
"Nothing but perfumes or *kiſſing comfits.*"

In *Swetnan Arraign'd*, 1620, theſe confections are called—"*kiſſing-cauſes.*"—"Their very breath is ſophiſticated with amber-pellets, and *kiſſing-cauſes.*"

Again, in *A Very Woman*, by Maſſinger:

"*Comfits* of ambergris to help our *kiſſes.*"

For eating theſe, Queen Mab may be ſaid, in *Romeo and Juliet*, to *plague their lips with bliſters.*

Mrs. Ford. Miſtreſs Page is come with me, ſweetheart.

Fal. Divide mé like a bribe-buck,[1] each a haunch: I will keep my ſides to myſelf, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walk,[2] and my horns I

Eringoes, like potatoes, were eſteemed to be ſtimulatives. So, (ſays the late Mr. Henderſon,) in Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

"Whoſe root th' *eringo* is, the reines that doth inflame,
"So ſtrongly to performe the Cytherean game."

But Shakſpeare, very probably, had the following artificial *tempeſt* in his thoughts, when he put the words on which this note is founded into the mouth of Falſtaff.

Holinſhed informs us, that in the year 1583, for the entertainment of Prince Alaſco, was performed "a verie ſtatelie tragedie named *Dido,* wherein the queen's banket (with Æneas' narration of the deſtruction of Troie) was lively deſcribed in a marchpaine patterne,—*the tempeſt wherein it hailed ſmall confects, rained roſe-water, and ſnew an artificial kind of ſnow,* all ſtrange, marvellous and abundant."

Brantome alſo, deſcribing an earlier feaſt given by the Vidam of Chartres, ſays—"Au deſſert, il y eut un *orage artificiel* qui, pendant une demie heure entiere, fit tomber une *pluie* d'eaux odorantes, & un *grêle de dragées.*" Steevens.

[1] *Divide me like a* bribe-buck,] i. e. (as Mr. Theobald obſerves,) a buck ſent for a bribe. He adds, that the old copies, miſtakingly, read—*brib'd*-buck. Steevens.

Cartwright, in his *Love's Convert,* has an expreſſion ſomewhat ſimilar:

"Put off your mercer with your *fee-buck* for that ſeaſon."
M. Mason.

[2] —— *my* ſhoulders *for the* fellow *of this* walk,] Who the *fellow* is, or why he keeps his *ſhoulders* for him, I do not underſtand. Johnson.

A *walk* is that diſtrict in a foreſt, to which the juriſdiction of a particular keeper extends. So, in Lodge's *Roſalynde,* 1592: "Tell me, foreſter, under whom maintaineſt thou thy *walke?*"
Malone.

To the keeper the *ſhoulders* and *humbles* belong as a perquiſite.
Grey.

So, in *Friar Bacon,* and *Friar Bungay,* 1599:

"Butter and cheeſe, and *humbles* of a deer,
"Such as poor keepers have within their lodge."

bequeath your huſbands. Am I a woodman?[3] ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conſcience; he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome! [*Noiſe within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noiſe?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our ſins!

Fal. What ſhould this be?

Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Page. } Away, away. [*They run off.*

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damned, leſt the oil that is in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; he would never elſe croſs me thus.

Again, in Holinſhed, 1586, Vol. I. p. 204: "The keeper, by a cuſtom——hath the ſkin, head, *umbles*, chine and *ſhoulders*." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *a woodman?*] A *woodman* (ſays Mr. Reed, in a note on *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act IV. ſc. iii.) was an attendant on the officer, called *Forreſter*. See Manwood on the *Foreſt Laws*, 4to. 1615, p. 46. It is here, however, uſed in a wanton ſenſe, for one who chooſes female game as the objects of his purſuit.

In its primitive ſenſe I find it employed in an ancient MS. entitled *The Boke of Huntyng, that is cleped Mayſter of Game*: "And wondre ye not though I ſey *wodemanly*, for it is a poynt of a *wodemannys* crafte. And though it be wele fittyng to an hunter to kun do it, yet natheles it longeth more to a *wodemannys* crafte," &c. A woodman's calling is not very accurately defined by any author I have met with. STEEVENS.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *like a ſatyr*; *Mrs.* QUICKLY, *and* PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dreſſed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*[4]

QUICK. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-ſhine revellers, and ſhades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed deſtiny,[5]
Attend your office, and your quality.[6]——

[4] This ſtage-direction I have formed on that of the old quarto, corrected by ſuch circumſtances as the poet introduced when he new-modelled his play. In the folio there is no direction whatſoever. Mrs. Quickly and Piſtol ſeems to have been but ill ſuited to the delivery of the ſpeeches here attributed to them; nor are either of thoſe perſonages named by Ford in a former ſcene, where the intended plot againſt Falſtaff is mentioned. It is highly probable, (as a modern editor has obſerved,) that the performer who had repreſented Piſtol, was afterwards, from neceſſity, employed among the fairies; and that his name thus crept into the copies. He here repreſents *Puck*, a part which in the old quarto is given to Sir Hugh. The introduction of Mrs. Quickly, however, cannot be accounted for in the ſame manner; for in the firſt ſketch in quarto, ſhe is particularly deſcribed as *the Queen of the Fairies*; a part which our author afterwards allotted to Anne Page. MALONE.

[5] *You* orphan-*heirs of fixed deſtiny*,] But why *orphan-heirs?* Deſtiny, whom they ſucceeded, was yet in being. Doubtleſs the poet wrote:

" *You* ouphen *heirs of fixed deſtiny.*"

i. e. you *elves*, who miniſter, and ſucceed in ſome of the works of deſtiny. They are called in this play, both before and afterwards, *ouphes*; here *ouphen*; *en* being the plural termination of Saxon nouns. For the word is from the Saxon Alfenne, *lamiæ, dæmones*. Or it may be underſtood to be an adjective, as *wooden, woollen, golden*, &c. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton corrects *orphan* to *ouphen*; and not without plauſibility, as the word *ouphes* occurs both before and afterwards. But, I fancy, in acquieſcence to the vulgar doctrine, the addreſs in this line is to a part of the *troop*, as mortals by birth, but adopted by the fairies: *orphans* in reſpect of their

Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, liſt your names; ſilence, you airy toys.[7]

Cricket, to Windſor chimnies ſhalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd,[8] and hearths unſwept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:[9]
Our radiant queen hates ſluts, and ſluttery.

real parents, and now only dependent on *deſtiny* herſelf. A few lines from Spenſer will ſufficiently illuſtrate this paſſage:

" The man whom *heavens* have *ordaynd* to bee
" The ſpouſe of *Britomart* is *Arthegall.*
" He wonneth in the land of *Fayeree,*
" Yet is no *Fary* borne, ne ſib at all
" To elfes, but ſprong of ſeed terreſtriall,
" And whilome by falſe *Faries* ſtolen away,
" Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall," &c.

Edit. 1590. B. III. ſt. 26. FARMER.

Dr. Warburton objects to their being *heirs* to Deſtiny, who was ſtill in being. But Shakſpeare, I believe, uſes *heirs*, with his uſual laxity, for *children*. So, to *inherit* is uſed in the ſenſe of to *poſſeſs*. MALONE.

[6] —— *quality.*] i. e. *fellowſhip*. See *The Tempeſt*: " Ariel, and all his *quality*." STEEVENS.

[7] *Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.*

Piſt. *Elves, liſt your names; ſilence, you airy toys.*] Theſe two lines were certainly intended to rhyme together, as the preceding and ſubſequent couplets do; and accordingly, in the old editions, the final words of each line are printed, *oyes* and *toyes*. This, therefore, is a ſtriking inſtance of the inconvenience, which has ariſen from modernizing the orthography of Shakſpeare.

TYRWHITT.

[8] *Where fires thou find'ſt* unrak'd,] i. e. unmade up, by covering them with fuel, ſo that they may be found alight in the morning. This phraſe is ſtill current in ſeveral of our midland counties. So, in Chapman's verſion of the ſixteenth Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:

" —— ſtill *rake* up all thy fire
" In fair cool words:—" STEEVENS.

[9] —— *as* bilberry:] The *bilberry* is the *whortleberry*. Fairies were always ſuppoſed to have a ſtrong averſion to ſluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he, that ſpeaks to them, ſhall die:
I'll wink and couch: No man their works muſt eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*

Eva. Where's *Pede?* [1]—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere ſhe ſleep, has thrice her prayers ſaid,
Raiſe up the organs of her fantaſy,[2]
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy;

Thus, in the old ſong of *Robin Good-Fellow*. See Dr. Percy's *Reliques*, &c. Vol. III:

" When houſe or hearth doth ſluttiſh lye,
" I pinch the maidens black and blue," &c.

STEEVENS.

[1] Evans. *Where's* Bede? *&c.*] Thus the firſt folio. The quartos—*Pead.*—It is remarkable that, throughout this metrical buſineſs, Sir Hugh appears to drop his Welch pronunciation, though he reſumes it as ſoon as he ſpeaks in his own character. As Falſtaff, however, ſuppoſes him to be a Welch Fairy, his peculiarity of utterance muſt have been preſerved on the ſtage, though it be not diſtinguiſhed in the printed copies. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*Go you, and where you find a maid,*—
Raiſe *up the organs of her fantaſy*;] The ſenſe of this ſpeech is—that ſhe, who had performed her religious duties, ſhould be ſecure againſt the illuſion of fancy; and have her ſleep, like that of infancy, undiſturbed by diſordered dreams. This was then the popular opinion, that evil ſpirits had a power over the fancy; and, by that means, could inſpire wicked dreams into thoſe who, on their going to ſleep, had not recommended themſelves to the protection of heaven. So Shakſpeare makes Imogen, on her lying down, ſay:

" *From fairies, and the tempters of the night,*
" *Guard me, beſeech ye!*"

As this is the ſenſe, let us ſee how the common reading expreſſes it:

Raiſe *up the organs of her fantaſy*;

i. e. inflame her imagination with ſenſual ideas; which is juſt the contrary to what the poet would have the ſpeaker ſay. We cannot therefore but conclude he wrote:

REIN *up the organs of her fantaſy*;

But thoſe as ſleep, and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides, and ſhins.

Quick. About, about;
Search Windſor caſtle, elves, within and out:

i. e. *curb* them, that ſhe be no more diſturbed by irregular imaginations, than children in their ſleep. For he adds immediately:

Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy.

So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"Do not give dalliance
"Too much the *rein*."

And, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"I give my ſenſual race the *rein*."

To give the rein, being juſt the contrary to *rein up*. The ſame thought he has again in *Macbeth*:

"——Merciful powers!
"Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts that nature
"Gives way to in repoſe." Warburton.

This is highly plauſible; and yet, *raiſe up the organs of her fantaſy*, may mean, *elevate her ideas above ſenſuality, exalt them to the nobleſt contemplation.*

Mr. Malone ſuppoſes the ſenſe of the paſſage, collectively taken, to be as follows. Steevens.

Go you, and wherever you find a maid aſleep, that hath thrice prayed to the Deity, *though*, in conſequence of her innocence, ſhe ſleep as ſoundly as an infant, elevate her fancy, and amuſe her tranquil mind with ſome delightful viſion; but thoſe whom you find aſleep, without having previouſly thought on their ſins, and prayed to heaven for forgiveneſs, pinch, &c. It ſhould be remembered that thoſe perſons who ſleep very ſoundly, ſeldom dream. Hence the injunction to "raiſe up the organs of her fantaſy," "Sleep ſhe," &c. i. e. *though* ſhe ſleep as ſound, &c.

The fantaſies with which the mind of the virtuous maiden is to be amuſed, are the reverſe of thoſe with which Oberon diſturbs Titania in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"There ſleeps Titania;—
"With the juice of this I'll ſtreak her eyes,
"And make her full of *hateful fantaſies*."

Dr. Warburton, who appears to me to have totally miſunderſtood this paſſage, reads—*Rein* up, &c. in which he has been followed, in my opinion too haſtily, by the ſubſequent editors. Malone.

Strew good luck, ouphes, on every ſacred room ;[3]
That it may ſtand till the perpetual doom,
In ſtate as wholeſome,[4] as in ſtate 'tis fit ;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.[5]
The ſeveral chairs of order look you ſcour
With juice of balm,[6] and every precious flower :
Each fair inſtalment, coat, and ſeveral creſt,
With loyal blazon, evermore be bleſt !
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you ſing,
Like to the Garter's compaſs, in a ring :
The expreſſure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-freſh than all the field to ſee ;

[3] ——*on every ſacred room* ;] See Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, v. 3482, edit. Tyrwhitt : " On four halves of the hous aboute," &c. MALONE.

[4] *In ſtate as* wholeſome,] *Wholeſome* here ſignifies *integer*. He wiſhes the caſtle may ſtand in its preſent ſtate of perfection, which the following words plainly ſhow :

——*as in ſtate 'tis fit*. WARBURTON.

[5] *Worthy the owner,* and *the owner it.*] *And* cannot be the true reading. The context will not allow it ; and his court to Queen Elizabeth directs us to another :

——as *the owner it.*

For, ſure, he had more addreſs than to content himſelf with wiſhing a thing *to be*, which his complaiſance muſt ſuppoſe actually *was*, namely, the worth of the owner. WARBURTON.

Surely this change is unneceſſary. The fairy wiſhes that the caſtle and its owner, *till the day of doom*, may be worthy of each other. Queen Elizabeth's worth was not devolvable, as we have ſeen by the conduct of her fooliſh ſucceſſor. The prayer of the fairy is therefore ſufficiently reaſonable and intelligible without alteration. STEEVENS.

[6] *The ſeveral chairs of order look you ſcour*
With juice of balm, &c.] It was an article of our ancient luxury, to rub tables, &c. with aromatic herbs. Thus, in the Story of *Baucis and Philemon*, Ovid. *Met.* VIII :

" ——————menſam ——
" —— æquatam *Mentha* abſterſere virenti."

Pliny informs us, that the Romans did the ſame, to drive away evil ſpirits. STEEVENS.

And, *Hony ſoit qui mal y penſe*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like ſapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,[7]
Buckled below fair knight-hood's bending knee:
Fairies uſe flowers for their charactery.[8]

[7] *In emerald tufts, flowers* purple, *blue, and white*;
Like ſapphire, pearl, and *rich embroidery*,] Theſe lines are moſt miſerably corrupted. In the words—*Flowers purple, blue and white*—the *purple* is left uncompared. To remedy this, the editors, who ſeem to have been ſenſible of the imperfection of the compariſon, read—AND *rich embroidery*; that is, according to them, as the blue and white flowers are compared to ſapphire and pearl, the *purple* is compared to *rich embroidery*. Thus, inſtead of mending one falſe ſtep, they have made two, by bringing *ſapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery*, under one predicament. The lines were wrote thus by the poet:

In emerald tufts, flowers purfled, *blue, and white*;
Like ſapphire, pearl, in *rich embroidery*.

i. e. let there be blue and white flowers *worked* on the greenſward, like ſapphire and pearl *in* rich embroidery. To *purfle*, is to over-lay with tinſel, gold thread, &c. ſo our anceſtors called a certain lace of this kind of work a *purfling-lace*. 'Tis from the French *pourfiler*. So, Spenſer:

" —— ſhe was yclad,
" All in a ſilken camus, lilly white,
" *Purfled* upon, with many a folded plight."

The change of *and* into *in*, in the ſecond verſe, is neceſſary. For flowers worked, or *purfled* in the graſs, were not like ſapphire and pearl ſimply, but ſapphire and pearl in embroidery. How the corrupt reading *and* was introduced into the text, we have ſhown above. WARBURTON.

Whoever is convinced by Dr. Warburton's note, will ſhow he has very little ſtudied the manner of his author, whoſe ſplendid incorrectneſs in this inſtance, as in ſome others, is ſurely preferable to the inſipid regularity propoſed in its room. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *charactery*.] For the matter with which they make letters. JOHNSON.

So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" All the *charactery* of my ſad brows."

i. e. all that ſeems to be written on them.

Again, in Ovid's *Banquet of Sence*, by Chapman, 1595:

" Wherein was writ in ſable *charectry*." STEEVENS.

Away; diſperſe: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of cuſtom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand;[9] yourſelves in order ſet:
And twenty glow-worms ſhall our lanterns be,
To guide our meaſure round about the tree.
But, ſtay; I ſmell a man of middle earth.[1]

Bullokar, in his *Engliſh Expoſitor improved by R. Browne*, 12mo. ſays that *charactery* is "a writing by characters in ſtrange marks." In 1588 was printed—"*Charactery*, an arte of ſhorte, ſwift, and ſecrete writing, by character. Invented by Timothie Brighte, Doctor of Phiſike." This ſeems to have been the firſt book upon ſhort-hand writing printed in England. DOUCE.

[9] —— *lock hand* in hand;] The metre requires us to read—"lock hands." Thus Milton, who perhaps had this paſſage in his mind, when he makes Comus ſay:

"Come, *knit hands*, and beat the ground
"In a light fantaſtic round." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *of* middle earth.] Spirits are ſuppoſed to inhabit the ethereal regions, and fairies to dwell under ground; men therefore are in a middle ſtation. JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

"And win the fayreſt mayde *of middle erde*."

Again, in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, fol. 26:

"Adam, for pride loſt his price
"In *mydell erth*."

Again, in the MSS. called *William and the Werwolf*, in the library of King's College, Cambridge, p. 15:

"And ſaide God that madeſt man, and all *middel erthe*."

Ruddiman, the learned compiler of the Gloſſary to Gawin Douglas's Tranſlation of the *Æneid*, affords the following illuſtration of this conteſted phraſe: "It is yet in uſe in the North of Scotland among old people, by which we underſtand *this earth in which we live, in oppoſition to the grave*: Thus they ſay, *There's no man in middle erd is able to do it*, i. e. *no man alive, or on this earth*, and ſo it is uſed by our author. But the reaſon is not ſo eaſy to come by; perhaps it is becauſe they

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy! leſt he transform me to a piece of cheeſe!

Pist. Vile worm,[2] thou waſt o'er-look'd even in thy birth.[3]

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:[4]
If he be chaſte, the flame will back deſcend,
And turn him to no pain;[5] but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.

look upon this life as a *middle ſtate* (as it is) between Heaven and Hell, which laſt is frequently taken for the grave. Or that life is as it were a *middle* betwixt non-entity, before we are born, and death, when we go hence and are no more ſeen; as life is called a coming into the world, and death a going out of it."—Again, among the Addenda to the Gloſſary aforeſaid: "*Myddil erd* is borrowed from the A. S. MIDDAN-EARD, MIDDANGEARD, *mundus*, MIDDANEARDLICE, *mundanus*, SE LAESSA MIDDAN-EARD, *microcoſmus*." STEEVENS.

The author of *The Remarks* ſays, the phraſe ſignifies neither more nor leſs, than the *earth* or *world*, from its imaginary ſituation in the *midſt* or *middle* of the Ptolemaic ſyſtem, and has not the leaſt reference to either ſpirits or fairies. REED.

[2] Vile *worm*,] The old copy reads—*vild*. That *vild*, which ſo often occurs in theſe plays, was not an error of the preſs, but the old ſpelling and the pronunciation of the time, appears from theſe lines of Heywood, in his *Pleaſant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637:

"EARTH. What goddeſs, or how *ſtyl'd?*
"AGE. *Age*, am I call'd.
"EARTH. Hence falſe virago *vild*." MALONE.

[3] ——o'er-look'd *even in thy birth*.] i. e. *ſlighted* as ſoon as born. STEEVENS.

[4] *With trial-fire* &c.] So, Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Faithful Shepherdeſs*:

"In this flame his finger thruſt,
"Which will burn him if he luſt;
"But if not, away will turn,
"As loth unſpotted fleſh to burn." STEEVENS.

[5] *And* turn *him to no pain*;] This appears to have been the common phraſeology of our author's time. So again, in *The Tempeſt*:

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in defire!
About him, fairies; ſing a ſcornful rhyme:
And, as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right; indeed[6] he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

Song. *Fye on ſinful fantaſy!*
Fye on luſt and luxury![7]
Luſt is but a bloody fire,[8]
Kindled with unchaſte deſire,

"————O, my heart bleeds,
"To think of the *teen* that I have *turn'd you to.*"

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
"For bearing arms, for ſtirring up my ſubjects,
"And all the *trouble* thou haſt *turn'd me to.*"

Of this line there is no trace in the original play, on which the Third Part of *K. Henry VI.* was formed. Malone.

[6] Eva. *It is right; indeed* &c.] This ſhort ſpeech, which is very much in character for Sir Hugh, I have inſerted from the old quarto, 1619. Theobald.

I have not diſcarded Mr. Theobald's inſertion, though perhaps the propriety of it is queſtionable. Steevens.

[7] —— *and* luxury!] *Luxury* is here uſed for *incontinence.* So, in *King Lear:* "To't *luxury,* pell-mell, for I lack ſoldiers." Steevens.

[8] *Luſt is but a* bloody fire,] A *bloody fire,* means *a fire in the blood.* In *The Second Part of Henry IV.* Act IV. the ſame expreſſion occurs:

"Led on by *bloody* youth," &c.

i. e. ſanguine youth. Steevens.

In Sonnets by H. C. [Henry Conſtable,] 1594, we find the ſame image:

Fed in heart; whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and ſtar-light, and moonſhine be out.

During this ſong,[9] *the fairies pinch* Falſtaff.[1] *Doctor* Caius *comes one way, and ſteals away a fairy in green*; Slender *another way, and takes off a fairy in white*; *and* Fenton *comes, and ſteals away Mrs.* Anne Page. *A noiſe of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away.* Falſtaff *pulls off his buck's head, and riſes.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs.* PAGE, *and Mrs.* FORD. *They lay hold on him.*

PAGE. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now;
Will none but Herne the hunter ſerve your turn?

MRS. PAGE. I pray you, come; hold up the jeſt no higher:—
Now, good ſir John, how like you Windſor wives?

" *Luſt is a fire,* that for an hour or twaine
" Giveth a ſcorching blaze, and then he dies;
" Love a continual furnace doth maintaine," &c.

So alſo, in *The Tempeſt*:

" —— the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
" *To the fire i' the blood.*" MALONE.

[9] *During this ſong,*] This direction I thought proper to inſert from the old quartos. THEOBALD.

[1] —— *the fairies* pinch *Falſtaff.*] So, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591: " The fairies dance, and, with a ſong, *pinch* him." And, in his *Maid's Metamorphoſis*, 1600, they threaten the ſame puniſhment. STEEVENS.

See you theſe, huſband? do not theſe fair yokes
Become the foreſt better than the town?[2]

Ford. Now, ſir, who's a cuckold now?—Maſter Brook, Falſtaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, maſter Brook: And, maſter Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-baſket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which muſt be paid to maſter Brook;[3] his horſes are arreſted for it, maſter Brook.

[2] *See you theſe, huſband? do not theſe fair* yokes
Become the foreſt better than the town?] Mrs. Page's meaning is this. Seeing the horns (the types of cuckoldom) in Falſtaff's hands, ſhe aſks her huſband, whether thoſe yokes are not more proper in the *foreſt* than in the *town*; i. e. than in his own family. Theobald.

The editor of the ſecond folio changed *yoaks* to—*oaks*.
Malone.

Perhaps, only the printer of the ſecond folio is to blame, for the omiſſion of the letter—*y*. Steevens.

I am confident that *oaks* is the right reading. I agree with Theobald that the words, "See you *theſe*, huſbands?" relate to the buck's horns; but what reſemblance is there between the horns of a buck and a yoak? What connection is there between a yoak and a foreſt? Why, none; whereas, on the other hand, the connection between a foreſt and an oak is evident; nor is the reſemblance leſs evident between a tree and the branches of a buck's horns; they are indeed called branches from that very reſemblance; and the horns of a deer are called in French *les bois*. Though horns are types of cuckoldom, yoaks are not; and ſurely the types of cuckoldom, whatever they may be, are more proper for a town than for a foreſt. I am ſurpriſed that the ſubſequent editors ſhould have adopted an amendment, which makes the paſſage nonſenſe. M. Mason.

I have inſerted Mr. M. Maſon's note, becauſe he appears to think it brings conviction with it. Perhaps, however, (as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me,) he was not aware that the extremities of *yokes* for cattle, as ſtill uſed in ſeveral counties of England, bend upwards, and riſing very high, in ſhape reſemble *horns*.
Steevens.

[3] ——*to maſter* Brook;] We ought rather to read with the old quarto—"which muſt be paid to maſter *Ford*;" for as

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an aſs.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And theſe are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltineſs of my mind, the ſudden ſurprize of my powers, drove the groſſneſs of the foppery into a received belief, in deſpite of the teeth of all rhyme and reaſon, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent,[4] when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falſtaff, ſerve Got, and leave your deſires, and fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford, to mortify Falſtaff, addreſſes him throughout his ſpeech by the name of *Brook*, the deſcribing himſelf by the ſame name creates a confuſion. A modern editor plauſibly enough reads—"which muſt be paid *too*, Maſter Brook;" but the firſt ſketch ſhows that *to* is right; for the ſentence, as it ſtands in the quarto, will not admit *too*. Malone.

[4] ——*how wit may be made a* Jack-a-lent,] A *Jack o' Lent* appears to have been ſome puppet which was thrown at in Lent, like Shrove-tide cocks.

So, in the old comedy of *Lady Alimony*, 1659:

"—— throwing cudgels
"At *Jack-a-lents*, or Shrove-cocks."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Tamer Tamed*:

"—— if I forfeit,
"Make me a *Jack o' Lent*, and break my ſhins
"For untagg'd points, and counters."——

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub*:

"—— on an Aſh-Wedneſday,
"Where thou didſt ſtand ſix weeks the *Jack o' Lent*,
"For boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee."

Steevens.

Ford. Well ſaid, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealouſies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never miſtruſt my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good Engliſh.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the ſun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent ſo groſs o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize?[5] 'tis time I were choked with a piece of toaſted cheeſe.

Eva. Seeſe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seeſe and putter! have I lived to ſtand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of Engliſh? This is enough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, ſir John, do you think, though we would have thruſt virtue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and have given ourſelves without ſcruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as Satan?

[5] ——*a coxcomb of* frize?] i. e. a fool's cap made out of Welch materials. Wales was famous for this cloth. So, in *K. Edward I.* 1599: "Enter Lluellin, alias Prince of Wales, &c. with ſwords and bucklers, and *frieze* jerkins." Again: "Enter Suſſex, &c. with a mantle of *frieze*." "—my boy ſhall weare a mantle of this country's weaving, to keep him warm."

STEEVENS.

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and ſack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and ſwearings, and ſtarings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the ſtart of me; I am dejected; I am not able to anſwer the Welch flannel:[6] ignorance itſelf is a plummet o'er me:[7] uſe me as you will.

[6] —— *the Welch* flannel;] The very word is derived from a *Welch* one, ſo that it is almoſt unneceſſary to add that *flannel* was originally the manufacture of Wales. In the old play of *K. Edward I.* 1599: "Enter Hugh ap David, Guenthian his wench in *flannel,* and Jack his novice."

Again:

"Here's a wholeſome Welch wench,
"Lapt in her *flannel,* as warm as wool." Steevens.

[7] —— ignorance itſelf *is a* plummet o'er *me*:] Though this be perhaps not unintelligible, yet it is an odd way of confeſſing his dejection. I ſhould wiſh to read:

——*ignorance itſelf* has a plume o' *me.*

That is, I am ſo depreſſed, that ignorance itſelf plucks me, and decks itſelf with the ſpoils of my weakneſs. Of the preſent reading, which is probably right, the meaning may be, I am ſo enfeebled, that *ignorance itſelf* weighs me down and oppreſſes me. Johnson.

"Ignorance itſelf, ſays Falſtaff, is a *plummet* o'er me." If any alteration be neceſſary, I think, "Ignorance itſelf is a *planet* o'er me," would have a chance to be right. Thus Bobadil excuſes his cowardice: "Sure I was ſtruck with a *planet,* for I had no power to touch my *weapon.*" Farmer.

As Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, there is a paſſage in this very play which tends to ſupport Dr. Farmer's amendment.

"I will awe him with my cudgel; it ſhall hang *like a meteor* o'er the cuckold's horns: Maſter Brook, thou ſhalt know, I will *predominate* over the peaſant."

Dr. Farmer might alſo have countenanced his conjecture by

Ford. Marry, ſir, we'll bring you to Windſor, to one maſter Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you ſhould have been a pander: over and above that you have ſuffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, huſband,[8] let that go to make amends:
Forgive that ſum, and ſo we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at laſt.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to-night at my houſe; where I will deſire thee to laugh at my wife,[9] that now laughs at

a paſſage in *K. Henry VI.* where Queen Margaret ſays, that Suffolk's face

"——rul'd like a wandering *planet over* me."

STEEVENS.

Perhaps Falſtaff's meaning may be this: "Ignorance itſelf is a plummet *o'er me:* i. e. *above me*;" ignorance itſelf is not ſo low as I am, by the length of a *plummet line.* TYRWHITT.

Ignorance *itſelf is a* plummet o'er me—i. e. ſerves to point out my obliquities. This is ſaid in conſequence of Evans's laſt ſpeech. The alluſion is to the examination of a carpenter's work by the *plummet* held over it; of which line Sir Hugh is here repreſented as the *lead.* HENLEY.

I am ſatisfied with the old reading. MALONE.

[8] Mrs. Ford. *Nay, huſband,*] This and the following little ſpeech I have inſerted from the old quartos. The retrenchment, I preſume, was by the players. Sir John Falſtaff is ſufficiently puniſhed, in being diſappointed and expoſed. The expectation of his being proſecuted for the twenty pounds, gives the concluſion too tragical a turn. Beſides, it is *poetical juſtice* that Ford ſhould ſuſtain this loſs, as a fine for his unreaſonable jealouſy. THEOBALD.

[9] ——*laugh at my wife,*] The two plots are excellently connected, and the tranſition very artfully made in this ſpeech. JOHNSON.

thee: Tell her, maſter Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: If Anne Page be my daughter, ſhe is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [*Aſide.*

Enter Slender.

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, ſon? have you deſpatched?

Slen. Deſpatched!—I'll make the beſt in Gloceſterſhire know on't; would I were hanged, la, elſe.

Page. Of what, ſon?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry miſtreſs Anne Page, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been i' the church, I would have ſwinged him, or he ſhould have ſwinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never ſtir, and 'tis a poſt-maſter's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think ſo, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you ſhould know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white,[1] and cry'd, *mum*,

[1] ——*in* white,] The old copy, by the inadvertence of either the author or tranſcriber, reads—in *green*; and in the two ſubſequent ſpeeches of Mrs. Page, inſtead of *green* we find *white*. The corrections, which are fully juſtified by what has preceded, (ſee p. 191,) were made by Mr. Pope. Malone.

and ſhe cryed *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a poſtmaſter's boy.

Eva. Jeſhu! Maſter Slender, cannot you ſee but marry boys?[2]

Page. O, I am vexed at heart: What ſhall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpoſe; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, ſhe is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is miſtreſs Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paiſan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raiſe all Windſor. [*Exit* Caius.

Ford. This is ſtrange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart miſgives me: Here comes maſter Fenton.

Enter Fenton *and* Anne Page.

How now, maſter Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

[2] ——*marry boys?*] This and the next ſpeech are likewiſe reſtorations from the old quarto. Steevens.

Page. Now, miſtreſs? how chance you went not with maſter Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with maſter doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her:[3] Hear the truth of it.
You would have married her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, She and I, long ſince contracted,
Are now ſo ſure, that nothing can diſſolve us.
The offence is holy, that ſhe hath committed:
And this deceit loſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein ſhe doth evitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:—
In love, the heavens themſelves do guide the ſtate;
Money buys lands, and wives are ſold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy?[4] Fenton, heaven give thee joy!

[3] —— amaze *her*;] i. e. confound her by your queſtions. So, in *Cymbeline*, Act IV. ſc. iii:

"I am *amaz'd* with matter."

Again, in Goulart's *Memorable Hiſtories*, &c. 4to. 1607: "I have ſeene two men (the father and the ſonne) have their bodies ſo *amazed* and deaded with thunder," &c. Steevens.

[4] Page. *Well, what remedy?*] In the firſt ſketch of this play, which, as Mr. Pope obſerves, is much inferior to the latter performance, the only ſentiment of which I regret the omiſſion, occurs at this critical time. When Fenton brings in his wife, there is this dialogue:

Mrs. Ford. *Come, Mrs. Page, I muſt be bold with you.*
'Tis pity to part love that is ſo true.

What cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all ſorts of deer are chas'd.[5]

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.[6]

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muſe no further:—
Maſter Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!—
Good huſband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this ſport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be ſo:—Sir John,

Mrs. Page. [Aſide.] *Although that I have miſs'd in my intent,*
Yet I am glad my huſband's match is croſs'd.
——Here Fenton, take her.——
Eva. *Come, maſter Page, you muſt needs agree.*
Ford. *I' faith, ſir, come, you ſee your wife is pleas'd.*
Page. *I cannot tell, and yet my heart is eas'd;*
And yet it doth me good the doctor miſs'd.
Come hither, Fenton, and come hither daughter. JOHNSON.

[5] *——all ſorts of deer are chas'd.*] Young and old, does as well as bucks. He alludes to Fenton's having juſt *run down* Anne Page. MALONE.

[6] *I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.*] I have no doubt but this line, ſuppoſed to be ſpoken by Evans, is miſplaced, and ſhould come in after that ſpoken by Falſtaff, which being intended to rhyme with the laſt line of Page's ſpeech, ſhould immediately follow it; and then the paſſage will run thus:

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, Heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.
Fal. When night-dogs run, all ſorts of deer are chac'd.
Evans. I will dance and eat plums, &c. M. MASON.

I have availed myſelf of Mr. M. Maſon's very judicious remark, which had alſo been made by Mr. Malone, who obſerves that Evans's ſpeech—"I will dance," &c. was reſtored from the firſt quarto by Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

To maſter Brook you yet ſhall hold your word;
For he, to-night, ſhall lie with miſtreſs Ford.[7]

[*Exeunt.*

[7] Of this play there is a tradition preſerved by Mr. Rowe, that it was written at the command of Queen Elizabeth, who was ſo delighted with the character of Falſtaff, that ſhe wiſhed it to be diffuſed through more plays; but ſuſpecting that it might pall by continued uniformity, directed the poet to diverſify his manner, by ſhewing him in love. No taſk is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakſpeare knew what the Queen, if the ſtory be true, ſeems not to have known—that by any real paſſion of tenderneſs, the ſelfiſh craft, the careleſs jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falſtaff muſt have ſuffered ſo much abatement, that little of his former caſt would have remained. Falſtaff could not love, but by ceaſing to be Falſtaff. He could only counterfeit love, and his profeſſions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleaſure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having perhaps in the former plays completed his own idea, ſeems not to have been able to give Falſtaff all his former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the perſonages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and diſcriminated, than perhaps can be found in any other play.

Whether Shakſpeare was the firſt that produced upon the Engliſh ſtage the effect of language diſtorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide.* This mode of forming ridiculous characters can confer praiſe only on him who originally diſcovered it, for it requires not much of either wit or judgement: its ſucceſs muſt be derived almoſt wholly from the player, but its power in a ſkilful mouth, even he that deſpiſes it, is unable to reſiſt.

The conduct of this drama is deficient; the action begins and ends often, before the concluſion, and the different parts might change places without inconvenience; but its general power, that power by which all works of genius ſhall finally be tried, is ſuch, that perhaps it never yet had reader or ſpectator who did not think it too ſoon at the end. JOHNSON.

* In *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584, is the character of an *Italian* merchant, very ſtrongly marked by foreign pronunciation. Dr. *Dodypoll*, in the comedy which bears his name, is, like *Caius*, a French phyſician. This piece appeared at leaſt a year before *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The hero of it ſpeaks ſuch another jargon as the antagoniſt of Sir Hugh, and like him is cheated of his miſtreſs. In ſeveral other pieces, more ancient than the earlieſt of Shakſpeare's, provincial characters are introduced.

STEEVENS.

The ſtory of *The Two Lovers of Piſa*, from which (as Dr. Farmer has obſerved) Falſtaff's adventures in this play ſeem to have been taken, is thus related in *Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie*, bl. l. no date. [Entered in the Stationers' Books, June 16, 1590.]

"In Piſa, a famous cittie of Italye, there liued a gentleman of good linage and lands, feared as well for his wealth, as honoured for his vertue; but indeed well thought on for both: yet the better for his riches. This gentleman had one onelye daughter called Margaret, who for her beauty was liked of all, and deſired of many: but neither might their ſutes, nor her own preuaile about her father's reſolution, who was determyned not to marrye her, but to ſuch a man as ſhould be able in abundance to maintain the excellency of her beauty. Diuers young gentlemen proffered large feoffments, but in vaine: a maide ſhee muſt bee ſtill: till at laſt an olde doctor in the towne, that profeſſed phiſicke, became a ſutor to her, who was a welcome man to her father, in that he was one of the welthieſt men in all Piſa. A tall ſtrippling he was, and a proper youth, his age about foureſcore; his head as white as milke, wherein for offence ſake there was left neuer a tooth: but it is no matter; what he wanted in perſon he had in the purſe; which the poore gentlewoman little regarded, wiſhing rather to tie herſelf to one that might fit her content, though they liued meanely, then to him with all the wealth in Italye. But ſhee was yong and forceſt to follow her father's direction, who vpon large couenants was content his daughter ſhould marry with the doctor, and whether ſhe like him or no, the match was made vp, and in ſhort time ſhe was married. The poore wench was bound to the ſtake, and had not onely an old impotent man, but one that was ſo jealous, as none might enter into his houſe without ſuſpicion, nor ſhe doo any thing without blame: the leaſt glance, the ſmalleſt countenance, any ſmile, was a manifeſt inſtance to him, that ſhee thought of others better than himſelfe; thvs he himſelfe liued in a hell, and tormented his wife in as ill perplexitie. At laſt it chaunced, that a young gentleman of the citie comming by her houſe, and ſeeing her looke out at her window, noting her rare and excellent proportion, fell in loue with her, and that ſo extreamelye, as his paſſion had no means till her fauour might mittigate his heartſicke content. The young man that was ignorant in amorous matters, and had neuer been vſed to courte anye gentlewoman, thought to reueale his paſſions to ſome one freend, that might give him counſaile for the winning of her loue; and thinking experience was the ſureſt maiſter, on a daye ſeeing the olde doctor walking in the churche, (that was Margarets huſband,) little knowing who he was, he thought

this the fitteſt man to whom he might diſcouer his paſſions, for that hee was olde and knewe much, and was a phyſition that with his drugges might help him forward in his purpoſes: ſo that ſeeing the old man walke ſolitary, he ioinde vnto him, and after a curteous ſalute, told him he was to impart a matter of great import vnto him; wherein if hee would not onely be ſecrete, but endeauour to pleaſure him, his pains ſhould be euery way to the full conſidered. You muſt imagine, gentleman, quoth Mutio, for ſo was the doctors name, that men of our profeſſion are no blabs, but hold their ſecrets in their hearts' bottome; and therefore reueale what you pleaſe, it ſhall not onely be concealed, but cured; if either my art or counſaile may do it. Upon this Lionello, (ſo was the young gentleman called,) told and diſcourſt vnto him from point to point how he was falne in loue with a gentlewoman that was married to one of his profeſſion; diſcouered her dwelling and the houſe; and for that he was vnacquainted with the woman, and a man little experienced in loue matters, he required his favour to further him with his aduiſe. Mutio at this motion was ſtung to the hart, knowing it was his wife hee was fallen in love withal: yet to conceale the matter, and to experience his wiue's chaſtity, and that if ſhe plaide falſe, he might be reuenged on them both, he diſſembled the matter, and anſwered, that he knewe the woman very well, and commended her highly; but ſaide, ſhe had a churle to her huſband, and therefore he thought ſhee would bee the more tractable: trie her man, quoth hee; fainte hart neuer woonne fair lady; and if ſhee will not bee brought to the bent of your bowe, I will provide ſuch a potion as ſhall diſpatch all to your owne content; and to giue you further inſtructions for opportunitie, knowe that her huſband is foorth euery afternoone from three till ſixe. Thus farre I have aduiſed you, becauſe I pitty your paſſions as my ſelfe being once a louer: but now I charge thee, reueale it to none whomſoever, leſt it doo diſparage my credit, to meddle in amorous matters. The young gentleman not onely promiſed all carefull ſecrecy, but gaue him harty thanks for his good counſell, promiſing to meete him there the next day, and tell him what newes. Then hee left the old man, who was almoſt mad for feare his wife ſhould any way play falſe. He ſaw by experience, braue men came to beſiege the caſtle, and ſeeing it was in a woman's cuſtodie, and had ſo weake a gouernor as himſelfe, he doubted it would in time be deliuered up: which feare made him almoſt franticke, yet he driude of the time in great torment, till he might heare from his riual. Lionello, he haſtes him home, and ſutes him in his brauerye, and goes down towards the houſe of Mutio, where he ſees her at her windowe, whom he courted

with a paſſionate looke, with ſuch an humble ſalute, as ſhee might perceiue how the gentleman was affectionate. Margaretta looking earneſtly upon him, and noting the perfection of his proportion, accounted him in her eye the flower of all Piſa; thinkte herſelfe fortunate if ſhe might haue him for her freend, to ſupply thoſe defaultes that ſhe found in Mutio. Sundry times that afternoone he paſt by her window, and he caſt not vp more louing lookes, then he receiued gratious fauours: which did ſo incourage him, that the next daye betweene three and ſixe hee went to her houſe, and knocking at the doore, deſired to ſpeake with the miſtris of the houſe, who hearing by her maid's deſcription what he was, commaunded him to come in, where ſhe interteined him with all curteſie.

"The youth that neuer before had giuen the attempt to couet a ladye, began his exordium with a bluſhe; and yet went forward ſo well, that he diſcourſt vnto her howe he loued her, and that if it might pleaſe her ſo to accept of his ſeruice, as of a freende euer vowde in all duetye to bee at her commaunde, the care of her honour ſhould bee deerer to him then his life, and hee would bee ready to priſe her diſcontent with his bloud at all times.

"The gentlewoman was a little coye, but before they part they concluded that the next day at foure of the clock hee ſhould come thither and eate a pound of cherries, which was reſolued on with a ſuccado des labras; and ſo with a loath to depart they took their leaues. Lionello, as joyfull a man as might be, hyed him to the church to meete his olde doctor, where hee found him in his olde walke. What newes, ſyr, quoth Mutio? How haue you ſped? Even as I can wiſhe, quoth Lionello; for I haue been with my miſtreſſe, and haue found her ſo tractable, that I hope to make the old peaſant her huſband look broad-hedded by a pair of browantlers. How deepe this ſtrooke into Mutio's hart, let them imagine that can conjecture what ielouſie is; inſomuch that the olde doctor aſkte, when ſhould be the time: marry, quoth Lionello, to morrow at foure of the clocke in the afternoone; and then maiſter doctor, quoth hee, will I dub the olde ſquire knight of the forked order.

"Thus they paſt on in chat, till it grew late; and then Lyonello went home to his lodging, and Mutio to his houſe, couering all his ſorrowes with a merrye countenance, with full reſolution to revenge them both the next day with extremitie. He paſt the night as patiently as he could, and the next day after dinner awaye hee went, watching when it ſhould bee four of the clocke. At the houre juſtly came Lyonello, and was intertained with all curteſie: but ſcarſe had they kiſt, ere the maide cried out to her miſtreſſe that her maiſter was at the

doore; for he haſted, knowing that a horne was but a litle while in grafting. Margaret at this alarum was amazed, and yet for a ſhifte chopt Lyonello into a great driefatte full of feathers, and ſat her downe cloſe to her woorke: by that came Mutio in blowing; and as though he came to looke ſomewhat in haſte, called for the keyes of his chambers, and looked in euery place, ſearching ſo narrowlye in eurye corner of the houſe, that he left not the very priuie vnſearcht. Seeing he could not finde him, hee ſaide nothing, but fayning himſelf not well at eaſe, ſtayde at home, ſo that poore Lionello was faine to ſtaye in the drifatte till the old churle was in bed with his wife: and then the maide let him out at a backe doore, who went home with a flea in his eare to his lodging.

"Well, the next daye he went again to meete his doctor, whome hee found in his woonted walke. What news, quoth Mutio? How have you ſped?* A poxe of the old ſlaue, quoth Lionello, I was no ſooner in, and had giuen my miſtreſſe one kiſſe, but the iealous aſſe was at the door; the maide ſpied him, and, cryed, *her maiſter:* ſo that the poore gentlewoman for very ſhifte, was faine to put me in a driefatte of feathers that ſtoode in an olde chamber, and there I was faine to tarrie while he was in bed and aſleepe, and then the maide let me out, and I departed.

"But it is no matter; 'twas but a chaunce; and I hope to crye quittance with him ere it be long. As how, quoth Mutio? Marry thus, quoth Lionello: ſhe ſent me woord by her maide this daye, that upon Thurſday next the old churle ſuppeth with a patient of his a mile out of Piſa, and then I feare not but to quitte him for all. It is well, quoth Mutio; fortune bee your freende. I thank you, quoth Lionello; and ſo after a little more prattle they departed.

"To be ſhorte, Thurſday came; and about ſixe of the clocke foorth goes Mutio, no further than a freendes houſe of his, from whence hee might deſcrye who went into his houſe. Straight he ſawe Lionello enter in; and after goes hee, inſomuch that hee was ſcarſelye ſitten downe, before the mayde cryed out againe, *my maiſter comes.* The good wife that before had provided for afterclaps, had found out a priuie place between two ſeelings of a plauncher, and there ſhe thruſt Lionello; and her huſband came ſweting. What news, quoth ſhee, drives you home againe ſo ſoone, huſband? Marrye, ſweete wife, (quoth he,) a fearfull dreame that I had this night, which came to my remembrance; and that was this: Methought there was a villeine that came ſecretly into my houſe with a naked poinard

* See *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, p. 151.

in his hand, and hid himſelfe; but I could not finde the place: with that mine noſe bled, and I came backe; and by the grace of God I will ſeek euery corner in the houſe for the quiet of my minde. Marry I pray you doo, huſband, quoth ſhe. With that he lockt in all the doors, and began to ſearch euery chamber, euery hole, euery cheſt, euery tub, the very well; he ſtabd every featherbed through, and made hauocke, like a mad man, which made him thinke all was in vaine, and hee began to blame his eies that thought they ſaw that which they did not. Upon this he reſte halfe lunaticke, and all night he was very wakefull; that towards the morning he fell into a dead ſleepe, and then was Lionello conueighed away.

" In the morning when Mutio wakened, hee thought how by no means hee ſhould bee able to take Lyonello tardy; yet he laid in his head a moſt dangerous plot, and that was this. Wife, quoth he, I muſt the next Monday ride to Vycenſa to viſit an olde patient of mine; till my returne, which will be ſome ten dayes, I will have thee ſtay at our little graunge houſe in the countrey. Marry very well content, huſband, quoth ſhe: with that he kiſt her, and was verye pleaſant, as though he had ſuſpected nothing, and away hee flinges to the church, where he meetes Lionello. What ſir, quoth he, what newes? Is your miſtreſſe yours in poſſeſſion? No, a plague of the old ſlaue, quoth he: I think he is either a witch, or els woorkes by magick: for I can no ſooner enter in the doors, but he is at my backe, and ſo he was again yeſternight; for I was not warm in my ſeat before the maide cried, *my maiſter comes*; and then was the poore ſoule faine to conueigh me between two ſeelings of a chamber in a fit place for the purpoſe: wher I laught hartely to myſelf, too ſee how he ſought euery corner, ranſackt euery tub, and ſtabd every featherbed,—but in vaine; I was ſafe enough till the morning, and then when he was faſt aſleepe, I lept out. Fortune frowns on you, quoth Mutio: Ay, but I hope, quoth Lionello, this is the laſt time, and now ſhee will begin to ſmile; for on Monday next he rides to Vicenſa, and his wyfe lyes at a grange houſe a little of the towne, and there in his abſence I will revenge all forepaſſed misfortunes. God ſend it be ſo, quoth Mutio; and took his leaue. Theſe two louers longed for Monday, and at laſt it came. Early in the morning Mutio horſt himſelfe, and his wife, his maide, and a man, and no more, and away he rides to his grange houſe; where after he had brok his faſt he took his leaue, and away towards Vicenſa. He rode not far ere by a falſe way he returned into a thicket, and there with a company of cuntry peaſants lay in an ambuſcade to take the young gentleman. In the afternoon comes Lionello gallopping; and aſſoon as he came

within ſight of the houſe, he ſent back his horſe by his boy, & went eaſily afoot, and there at the very entry was entertained by Margaret, who led him up ye ſtaires, and conuaid him into her bedchamber, ſaying he was welcome into ſo mean a cottage: but quoth ſhe, now I hope fortune ſhal not envy the purity of our loues. Alas, alas, miſtris (cried the maid,) heer is my maiſter, and 100 men with him, with bils and ſtaues. We are betraid, quoth Lionel, and I am but a dead man. Feare not, quoth ſhe, but follow me; and ſtraight ſhe carried him downe into a lowe parlor, where ſtoode an old rotten cheſt full of writinges. She put him into that, and couered him with old papers and euidences, and went to the gate to meet her huſband. Why ſignior Mutio, what means this hurly burly, quoth ſhe? Vile and ſhameleſſe ſtrumpet as thou art, thou ſhalt know by and by, quoth he. Where is thy loue? All we haue watcht him, & ſeen him enter in: now quoth he, ſhal neither thy tub of feathers nor thy ſeeling ſerue, for periſh he ſhall with fire, or els fall into my hands. Doo thy worſt, iealous foole, quoth ſhe; I aſk thee no fauour. With that in a rage he beſet the houſe round, and then ſet fire on it. Oh! in what a perplexitie was poore Lionello, that was ſhut in a cheſt, and the fire about his eares? And how was Margaret paſſionat, that knew her louer in ſuch danger? Yet ſhe made light of the matter, and as one in a rage called her maid to her and ſaid: Come on, wench; ſeeing thy maiſter mad with iealouſie hath ſet the houſe and al my liuing on fire, I will be reuenged vpon him; help me heer to lift this old cheſt where all his writings and deeds are; let that burne firſt; and aſſoon as I ſee that on fire, I will walk towards my freends: for the old foole wil be beggard, and I will refuſe him. Mutio that knew al his obligations and ſtatutes lay there, puld her back, and bad two of his men carry the cheſt into the feeld, and ſee it were ſafe; himſelf ſtanding by and ſeeing his houſe burnd downe, ſticke and ſtone. Then quieted in his minde he went home with his wife, and began to flatter her, thinking aſſuredly yt he had burnd her paramour; cauſing his cheſt to be carried in a cart to his houſe at Piſa. Margaret impatient went to her mothers, and complained to her and to her brethren of the iealouſie of her huſband; who maintained her it be true, and deſired but a daies reſpite to proue it. Wel, hee was bidden to ſupper the next night at her mothers, ſhe thinking to make her daughter and him freends againe. In the meane time he to his woonted walk in the church, & there *præter expectationem* he found Lionello walking. Wondring at this, he ſtraight enquires, what news? What newes, maiſter doctor, quoth he, and he fell in a great laughing: in faith yeſterday I ſcapt a ſcowring; for, ſyrrah, I went to the grange

houſe, where I was appointed to come, and I was no ſooner gotten vp the chamber, but the magicall villeine her huſband beſet the houſe with bils and ſtaues, and that he might be ſure no ſeeling nor corner ſhould ſhrowde me, he ſet the houſe on fire, and ſo burnt it to the ground. Why, quoth Mutio, and how did you eſcape? Alas, quoth he, wel fare a woman's wit! She conueighed me into an old cheſte full of writings, which ſhe knew her huſband durſt not burne; and ſo was I ſaued and brought to Piſa, and yeſternight by her maide let home to my lodging. This, quoth he, is the pleaſanteſt ieſt that ever I heard; and vpon this I haue a ſute to you. I am this night bidden foorth to ſupper; you ſhall be my gueſt; onelye I will craue ſo much favour, as after ſupper for a pleaſant ſporte to make relation what ſucceſſe you haue had in your loues. For that I will not ſticke, quothe he; and ſo he carried Lionello to his mother-in-lawes houſe with him, and diſcourſed to his wiues brethren who he was, and how at ſupper he would diſcloſe the whole matter: for quoth he, he knowes not that I am Margarets huſband. At this all the brethren bad him welcome, & ſo did the mother too; and Margaret ſhe was kept out of ſight. Supper-time being come, they fell to their victals, & Lionello was carrowſt vnto by Mutio, who was very pleaſant, to draw him to a merry humor, that he might to the ful diſcourſe the effect & fortunes of his loue. Supper being ended, Mutio requeſted him to tel to the gentleman what had hapned between him & his miſtreſſe. Lionello with a ſmiling countenance began to deſcribe his miſtreſſe, the houſe and ſtreet where ſhe dwelt, how he fell in loue with her, and how he vſed the counſell of this doctor, who in al his affaires was his ſecretarye. Margaret heard all this with a greate feare; & when he came at the laſt point ſhe cauſed a cup of wine to be giuen him by one of her ſiſters wherein was a ring that he had giuen Margaret. As he had told how he eſcapt burning, and was ready to confirm all for a troth, the gentlewoman drunke to him; who taking the cup, and ſeeing the ring, hauing a quick wit and a reaching head, ſpide the fetch, and perceiued that all this while this was his louers huſband, to whome he had reuealed theſe eſeapes. At this drinking ye wine, and ſwallowing the ring into his mouth, he went forward: Gentlemen, quoth he, how like you of my loues and my fortunes? Wel, quoth the gentlemen; I pray you is it true? As true, quoth he, as if I would be ſo ſimple as to reueal what I did to Margaret's huſband: for know you, gentlemen, that I knew this Mutio to be her huſband whom I notified to be my louer; and for yt he was generally known through Piſa to be a iealous fool, therefore with theſe tales I brought him into this paradice, which indeed are follies

of mine own braine: for truſt me, by the faith of a gentleman, I neuer ſpake to the woman, was never in her companye, neither doo I know her if I ſee her. At this they all fell in a laughing at Mutio, who was aſhamed that Lionello had ſo ſcoft him: but all was well,—they were made friends; but the ieſt went ſo to his hart, that he ſhortly after died, and Lionello enioyed the ladye: and for that they two were the death of the old man, now are they plagued in purgatory, and he whips them with nettles."

It is obſervable that in the foregoing novel (which, I believe, Shakſpeare had read,) there is no trace of the buck-baſket.—In the firſt tale of *The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers*, (of which I have an edition printed in 1684, but the novels it contains had probably appeared in Engliſh in our author's time,) a young ſtudent of Bologne is taught by an old doctor how to make love; and his firſt eſſay is practiſed on his inſtructors wife. The jealous huſband having tracked his pupil to his houſe, enters unexpectedly, fully perſuaded that he ſhould detect the lady and her lover together; but the gallant is protected from his fury by being concealed *under a heap of linen half-dried*; and afterwards informs him, (not knowing that his tutor was likewiſe his miſtreſs's huſband,) what a lucky eſcape he had. It is therefore, I think, highly probable that Shakſpeare had read both ſtories. MALONE.

Sir Hugh Evans.] See p. 7, and 8.

The queſtion whether prieſts were formerly knights in conſequence of being called *Sir*, ſtill remains to be decided. Examples that thoſe of the *lower* claſs were ſo called are very numerous; and hence it may be fairly inferred that *they* at leaſt were not knights, nor is there perhaps a ſingle inſtance of the order of knighthood being conferred upon eccleſiaſtics of any degree.

Having caſually, however, met with a note in Dyer's Reports, which ſeems at firſt view not only to contain ſome authority for the cuſtom of *knighting prieſts* by Abbots, in conſequence of a charter granted to the Abbot of Reading for that purpoſe, but likewiſe the opinion of two learned judges, founded thereupon, that prieſts *were anciently knights*, I have been induced to enter a little more fully upon this diſcuſſion, and to examine the validity of thoſe opinions. The extract from Dyer is a marginal note in p. 216. B. in the following words: "Trin. 3 Jac. *Blanc le Roy* Holcraft and Gibbons, *cas* Popham *dit que il ad view un ancient charter grant al Abbot de Reading per Roy d'Angliterre*, a fair knight, *ſur que ſon conceit fuit que l'Abbot fait*, eccleſiaſtical perſons, knights, *d'illonque come a*

luy le noſmes de Sir John and *Sir* Will. *que eſt done al aſcun* Clerks *a ceſt jour fuit derive quel opinion* Coke Attorney-General *applaud diſont que fueront milites cæleſtes & milites terreſtres.*" It is proper to mention here that all the reports have been diligently ſearched for this caſe of Holcraft and Gibbons, in hopes of finding ſome further illuſtration, but without ſucceſs.

The charter then above-mentioned appears upon further enquiry to have been the foundation charter of Reading Abbey, and to have been granted by Henry I. in 1125. The words of it referred to by Chief Juſtice Popham, and upon which he founded his opinion, are as follow: "*Nec faciat milites niſi in ſacra veſte Chriſti, in qua parvulos ſuſcipere modeſte caveat, Maturos autem ſeu diſcretos tam* clericos *quam laicos provide ſuſcipiat.*" This paſſage is likewiſe cited by Selden in his notes upon Eadmer, p. 206, and to illuſtrate the word "*clericos*" he refers to Mathew Paris for an account of a prieſt called John Gateſdene, who was created a knight by Henry III. but not until after he had reſigned all his benefices, "as he ought to have done," ſays the hiſtorian, who in another place relating the diſgrace of Peter de Rivallis, Treaſurer to Henry III. (See p. 405, edit. 1640,) has clearly ſhown how incompatible it was that the clergy ſhould bear arms, as the profeſſion of a knight required; and as a further proof may be added the well known ſtory, related by the ſame hiſtorian, of Richard I. and the warlike Biſhop of Beauvais. I conceive then that the word "*clericos*" refers to ſuch of the clergy who ſhould apply for the order of knighthood under the uſual reſtriction of quitting their former profeſſion; and from Selden's note upon the paſſage it may be collected that this was his own opinion; or it may poſſibly allude to thoſe particular knights who were conſidered as religious or eccleſiaſtical, ſuch as the knights of the order of St. John of Jeruſalem, &c. concerning whom ſee Aſhmole's Order of the Garter, p. 49, 51.

With reſpect to the cuſtom of eccleſiaſtics conferring the order of knighthood, it certainly prevailed in this country before the conqueſt, as appears from Ingulphus, and was extremely diſliked by the Normans; and therefore at a council held at Weſtminſter in the third year of Henry I. it was ordained, "*Ne Abbates faciant milites.*" See Eadmeri Hiſt. 68. and Selden's note, p. 207. However it appears that notwithſtanding this prohibition, which may at the ſame time ſerve to ſhow the great improbability that the order of knighthood was conferred *upon* eccleſiaſtics, ſome of the ceremonies at the creation of knights ſtill continued to be performed by Abbots, as the taking the ſword from the altar, &c. which may be ſeen at large

in Selden's Titles of Honour, Part II. chap. v. and Dugd. Warw. 531, and accordingly this charter, which is dated twenty-three years after the council at Weſtminſter, amongſt other things directs the Abbot, "Nec faciat milites *niſi in ſacra veſte Chriſti*," &c. Lord Coke's acquieſcence in Popham's opinion is founded upon a ſimilar miſconception, and his quaint remark "*que fueront milites cæleſtes & milites terreſtres*," can only excite a ſmile. The marginal quotation from Fuller's Church Hiſtory, B. VI. p. 352. "Moe Sirs than knights" referred to in a former note by Sir J. Hawkins, certainly means—"that theſe Sirs were not knights," and Fuller accounts for the title by ſuppoſing them ungraduated prieſts.

Before I diſmiſs this comment upon the opinions of the learned judges, I am bound to obſerve that Popham's opinion is alſo referred to, but in a very careleſs manner, in Godbold's Reports, p. 399, in theſe words: "Popham once Chief Juſtice of this court ſaid that he had ſeen a commiſſion directed unto a biſhop to knight all the *parſons* within his dioceſe, and that was the cauſe that they were called Sir John, Sir Thomas, and ſo they continued to be called until the reign of Elizabeth." The idea of knighting *all the parſons* in a dioceſe is too ludicrous to need a ſerious refutation; and the inaccuracy of the aſſertion, that the title *Sir* laſted till the reign of Elizabeth, thereby implying that it then ceaſed, is ſufficiently obvious, not only from the words of Popham in the other quotation "que eſt done al aſcuns clerks *ceſt jour*," but from the proof given by Sir John Hawkins of its exiſtence at a much later period.

Having thus, I truſt, refuted the opinion that the title of *Sir* was given to prieſts in conſequence of their being *knights*, I ſhall venture to account for it in another manner.

This cuſtom then was moſt probably borrowed from the French, amongſt whom the title *Domnus* is often appropriated to eccleſiaſtics, more particularly to the Benedictines, Carthuſians, and Ciſtercians. It appears to have been originally a title of honour and reſpect, and was perhaps at firſt, in this kingdom as in France, applied to particular orders, and became afterwards general as well among the ſecular as the regular clergy. The reaſon of preferring *Domnus* to *Dominus* was, that the latter belonged to the ſupreme Being, and the other was conſidered as a ſubordinate title, according to an old verſe:

"*Cœleſtem Dominum, terreſtrem dicito Domnum.*"

Hence, *Dom*, *Damp*, *Dan*, *Sire*, and, laſtly, Sir; for authorities are not wanting to ſhow that all theſe titles were given to eccleſiaſtics: but I ſhall forbear to produce them, having, I fear, already treſpaſſed too far upon the readers patience with this long note. DOUCE.

"And ſundry other Heathen nations had their *Prieſts* inſtead of Princes, as Kings to gouerne, as Preſbiter Iohn is at this preſent: and to this day the high Courts of Parliament in England do conſiſt by ancient cuſtome of calling to that honorable Court of the Lords ſpirituall and temporall, vnderſtood by the Lords ſpirituall, the Archbiſhops and Biſhops, as the moſt ancient inueſted Barrons (and ſome of them Earles and others Graces) of this land, & therefore alwaies firſt in place next vnder our Soueraigne King, Queene, Emperor & Empreſſe, Lord & Lady (for there is no difference of ſexe in Regall Maieſty.) This being ſo, and that by the lawes Armoriall, Ciuill, and of armes, a *Prieſt* in his place in ciuill conuerſation is alwayes before any Eſquire, as being *a Knights fellow* by his holy orders: & the third of the three *ſyrs*, which only were in requeſt of old (no Barron, Vicount, Earle nor Marqueſſe being then in vſe) to wit, *Sir* King, *Sir* Knight, and Sir *Prieſt*; this word *Dominus* in Latine being a nowne ſubſtantive common to them all, as *Dominus* meus Rex, *Dominus* meus Joab, Dominus *Sacerdos:* and afterwards when honors began to take their ſubordination one vnder another, & titles of princely dignity to be hereditarie to ſucceeding poſterity (which hapned vpon the fall of the Romane Empire) then *Dominus* was in Latine applied to all noble & generous harts, euen from the King to the meaneſt *Prieſt* or temporall perſon of gentle bloud, coate-armor perfect, & ancetry. But *Sir* in Engliſh was reſtraind to theſe foure, *Sir* Knight, Sir *Prieſt*, *Sir* Graduate, & in common ſpeech *Sir* Eſquire: ſo as alwayes ſince diſtinction of titles were, Sir *Prieſt* was euer the ſecond. And, if a *Prieſt* or Graduate be a Doctor of Diuinity or Preacher allowed, then is his place before any ordinary Knight; if higher aduanced & authoriſed, then doth his place allow him a congie with eſteeme to be had of him accordingly."

A Decacordon of Ten Qvodlibeticall Qveſtions concerning Religion and State, &c. Newly imprinted, 1602, *p.* 53.

Todd.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:*

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

* TWELFTH-NIGHT.] There is great reaſon to believe, that the ſerious part of this Comedy is founded on ſome old tranſlation of the ſeventh hiſtory in the fourth volume of Belleforeſt's *Hiſtoires Tragiques.* Belleforeſt took the ſtory, as uſual, from Bandello. The comic ſcenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakſpeare. It is not impoſſible, however, that the circumſtances of the Duke ſending his Page to plead his cauſe with the Lady, and of the Lady's falling in love with the Page, &c. might be borrowed from the Fifth Eglog of Barnaby Googe, publiſhed with his other original Poems in 1563:

" A worthy *Knyght* dyd love her longe,
" And for her ſake dyd feale
" The panges of love, that happen ſtyl
" By frowning fortune's wheale.
" He had a *Page*, Valerius named,
" Whom ſo muche he dyd truſte,
" That all the ſecrets of his hart
" To hym declare he muſte.
" And made hym all the onely meanes
" To ſue for his redreſſe,
" And to entreate for grace to her
" That cauſed his diſtreſſe.
" *She whan as firſt ſhe ſaw his page*
" *Was ſtraight with hym in love,*
" *That nothynge coulde Valerius face*
" *From Claudia's mynde remove.*
" By hym was Fauſtus often harde,
" By hym his ſutes toke place,
" By hym he often dyd aſpyre
" To ſe his Ladyes face.
" This paſſed well, tyll at the length
" Valerius ſore did ſewe,
" With many teares beſechynge her
" His mayſter's gryefe to rewe.
" And tolde her that yf ſhe wolde not
" Releaſe his mayſter's payne,
" *He never wolde attempte her more*
" *Nor ſe her ones agayne,*" &c.

Thus alſo concludes the firſt ſcene of the third act of the play before us:

" And ſo adieu, good madam; never more
" Will I my maſter's tears to you deplore," &c.

I offer no apology for the length of the foregoing extract, the book from which it is taken, being ſo uncommon, that only one copy, except that in my own poſſeſſion, has hitherto oc-

curred. Even Dr. Farmer, the late Rev. T. Warton, Mr. Reed, and Mr. Malone, were unacquainted with this Collection of Googe's Poetry.

Auguſt 6, 1607, a Comedy called *What you will*, (which is the ſecond title of this play,) was entered at Stationers' Hall by Tho. Thorpe. I believe, however, it was Marſton's play with that name. Ben Jonſon, who takes every opportunity to find fault with Shakſpeare, ſeems to ridicule the conduct of *Twelfth Night* in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, at the end of Act III. ſc. vi. where he makes *Mitis* ſay, "That the argument of his comedy might have been of ſome other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a counteſs, and that counteſs to be in love with the duke's ſon, and the ſon in love with the lady's waiting maid: *ſome ſuch croſs wooing, with a clown to their ſerving man*, better than be thus near and familiarly allied to the time."

STEEVENS.

I ſuppoſe this comedy to have been written in 1614. If however the foregoing paſſage was levelled at *Twelfth-Night*, my ſpeculation falls to the ground. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Orſino, *duke of* Illyria.
Sebaſtian, *a young gentleman, brother to* Viola.
Antonio, *a ſea captain, friend to* Sebaſtian.
A ſea captain, friend to Viola.
Valentine, } *gentlemen attending on the duke.*
Curio, }
Sir Toby Belch, *uncle of* Olivia.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.
Malvolio, *ſteward to* Olivia.
Fabian, } *ſervants to* Olivia.
Clown, }

Olivia, *a rich counteſs.*
Viola, *in love with the duke.*
Maria, Olivia's *woman.*

Lords, Prieſts, Sailors, Officers, Muſicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a city in Illyria; *and the ſea-coaſt near it.*

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; *Muſicians attending.*

DUKE. If muſick be the food of love, play on,
Give me exceſs of it; that, ſurfeiting,[1]
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.———
That ſtrain again;—it had a dying fall:[2]

[1] *Give me* exceſs *of it; that,* ſurfeiting, &c.] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"And now *exceſs* of it will make me *ſurfeit.*"

STEEVENS.

[2] *That ſtrain again; it had a dying fall:*
O, it came o'er my ear like the ſweet ſouth,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, *and giving odour.*] Milton, in his *Paradiſe Loſt,* B. IV. has very ſucceſsfully introduced the ſame image:

"——now gentle gales,
"Fanning their odoriferous wings, diſpenſe
"Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they *ſtole*
"Thoſe balmy ſpoils." STEEVENS.

That ſtrain *again; it had* a dying fall:] Hence Pope, in his *Ode on Saint Cecilia's Day:*

O, it came o'er my ear like the ſweet ſouth,[3]
That breathes upon a bank of violets,[4]
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the ſea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch ſoever,[5]
But falls into abatement and low price,

"The *ſtrains* decay,
"And melt away,
"In *a dying, dying fall.*"

Again, Thomſon, in his *Spring*, v. 722, ſpeaking of the nightingale:

"——Still at every *dying fall*
"Takes up the lamentable *ſtrain.*" HOLT WHITE.

[3] ——*the ſweet* ſouth,] The old copy reads—ſweet *ſound*, which Mr. Rowe changed into *wind*, and Mr. Pope into *ſouth*. The thought might have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. I: "——more *ſweet* than a *gentle South*-weſt wind, which comes creeping over *flowery* fields," &c. This work was publiſhed in 1590. STEEVENS.

I ſee no reaſon for diſturbing the text of the old copy, which reads—*Sound*. The wind, from whatever quarter, would produce a ſound in breathing on the violets, or elſe the ſimile is falſe. Beſides, *ſound* is a better relative to the antecedent, *ſtrain*. DOUCE.

[4] *That breathes upon a bank of* violets,] Here Shakſpeare makes the ſouth ſteal odour from the violet. In his 99th *Sonnet*, the violet is made the thief:

"The forward violet thus did I chide:
"Sweet thief, whence didſt thou ſteal thy ſweet that ſmells,
"If not from my love's breath?" MALONE.

[5] *Of what* validity *and pitch ſoever,*] *Validity* is here uſed for *value*. MALONE.

So, in *King Lear*:

"No leſs in ſpace, *validity*, and pleaſure." STEEVENS.

Even in a minute! ſo full of ſhapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantaſtical.[6]

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, ſo I do, the nobleſt that I have:
O, when mine eyes did ſee Olivia firſt,
Methought, ſhe purg'd the air of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my deſires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me.[7]—How now? what news from her?

[6] *That it alone is* high-fantaſtical.] High-fantaſtical, *means* fantaſtical to the height.

So, in *All's well that ends well:*

" My *high-repented* blames
" Dear ſovereign, pardon me." STEEVENS.

[7] *That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart;*
And my deſires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me.] This image evidently alludes to the ſtory of Acteon, by which Shakſpeare ſeems to think men cautioned againſt too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. Acteon, who ſaw Diana naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds, repreſents a man, who indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman that he cannot gain, has his heart torn with inceſſant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of Sir Francis Bacon, who, in his *Wiſdom of the Ancients*, ſuppoſes this ſtory to warn us againſt enquiring into the ſecrets of princes, by ſhewing, that thoſe who know that which for reaſons of ſtate is to be concealed, will be detected and deſtroyed by their own ſervants.

JOHNSON.

This thought, (as I learn from an anonymous writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine,*) is borrowed from the 5th ſonnet of Daniel:

" Whilſt youth and error led my wand'ring mind,
" And ſette my thoughts in heedles waies to range,
" All unawares, a goddeſſe chaſte I finde,
" (Diana like) to worke my ſuddaine change.

Enter VALENTINE.

VAL. So pleaſe my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this anſwer:
The element itſelf, till ſeven years heat,[8]
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloiſtreſs, ſhe will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to ſeaſon
A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep freſh,
And laſting, in her ſad remembrance.

DUKE. O, ſhe, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,

" For her no ſooner had mine eye bewraid,
" But with diſdaine to ſee mee in that place,
" With faireſt hand the ſweet unkindeſt maid
" Caſts water-cold diſdaine upon my face:
" *Which turn'd my ſport into a hart's deſpaire,*
" *Which ſtill is chac'd, while I have any breath,*
" *By mine own thoughts, ſette on me by my faire;*
" *My thoughts, like hounds, purſue me to my death.*
" Thoſe that I foſter'd of mine own accord,
" Are made by her to murder thus theyr lord."

See Daniel's *Delia & Roſamond*, augmented, 1594.
STEEVENS.

[8] *The element itſelf, till ſeven years* heat,] *Heat* for *heated*. The air, till it ſhall have been warmed by ſeven revolutions of the ſun, ſhall not, &c. So, in *King John*:

" The iron of itſelf, though *heat* red hot—."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

" —— And this report
" Hath ſo *exaſperate* the king—." MALONE.

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the nineteenth *Odyſſey*:

" —— When the ſun was ſet,
" And darkneſs roſe, they ſlept till days fire *het*
" Th' enlighten'd earth." STEEVENS.

How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft,
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections [9] elſe
That live in her! [1] when liver, brain, and heart,
Theſe ſovereign thrones, [2] are all ſupplied, and fill'd,
(Her ſweet perfections,) [3] with one ſelf king! [4]—

[9] ——*the* flock *of all affections*——] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "—has the *flock* of unſpeakable virtues." STEEVENS.

[1] *O, ſhe, that hath a heart of that fine frame,*
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elſe
That live in her!] Dr. Hurd obſerves, that *Simo*, in the *Andrian* of Terence, reaſons on his ſon's concern for *Chryſis* in the ſame manner:

"Nonnunquam conlacrumabat: placuit tum id mihi.
"Sic cogitabam: hic parvæ conſuetudinis
"Causâ mortem hujus tam fert familiariter:
"Quid ſi ipſe amâſſet? quid mihi hic faciet patri?"

STEEVENS.

[2] Theſe *ſovereign thrones,*] We ſhould read—three *ſovereign thrones*. This is exactly in the manner of Shakſpeare. So, afterwards, in this play: *Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and ſpirit, do give thee* fivefold *blazon*. WARBURTON.

[3] (*Her ſweet perfections,*)] *Liver, brain,* and *heart,* are admitted in poetry as the reſidence of *paſſions, judgement,* and *ſentiments*. Theſe are what Shakſpeare calls, *her ſweet perfections,* though he has not very clearly expreſſed what he might deſign to have ſaid. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*with one* ſelf *king!*] Thus the original copy. The editor of the ſecond folio, who in many inſtances appears to have been equally ignorant of our author's language and metre, reads—ſelf-*ſame* king; a reading, which all the ſubſequent editors have adopted. The verſe is not defective. *Perfections* is here uſed as a quadriſyllable. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:

"Methinks I feel this youth's *perfections*."

Self-king means *ſelf-ſame* king; one and the ſame king. So, in *King Richard II*:

"——that *ſelf*-mould that faſhion'd thee,
"Made him a man." MALONE.

Away before me to ſweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Sea-coaſt.

Enter VIOLA,[5] Captain, *and* Sailors.

VIO. What country, friends, is this?
CAP. Illyria, lady.[6]
VIO. And what ſhould I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elyſium.[7]
Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you, ſailors?

In my opinion, the reading of the ſecond folio ought to be adopted, as it improves both the language and the metre.

Malone has proved, that in *Richard II.* the word *ſelf* is uſed to ſignify—*ſame*; but there it is a licentious expreſſion. Once more he accuſes the editor of the ſecond folio as ignorant of Shakſpeare's language and metre. It is ſurely rather hardy in a commentator, at the cloſe of the 18th century, to pronounce that an editor in 1632, but 16 years after the death of Shakſpeare, was totally ignorant of his language and metre; and it happens unfortunately, that in both the paſſages on which Mr. Malone has preferred this accuſation, the ſecond folio is clearly a correction of the firſt, which is the caſe with ſome other paſſages in this very play. M. MASON.

[5] *Enter* Viola,] *Viola* is the name of a lady in the fifth book of *Gower de Confeſſione Amantis.* STEEVENS.

[6] *Illyria, lady.*] The old copy reads—"*This is* Illyria, lady." But I have omitted the two firſt words, which violate the metre, without improvement of the ſenſe. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *in* Illyria?
My brother he is in Elyſium.] There is ſeemingly a play upon the words—*Illyria* and *Elyſium*. DOUCE.

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourſelf were
ſaved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and ſo, perchance,
may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with
chance,
Aſſure yourſelf, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and that poor number ſaved with you,[8]
Hung on our driving boat, I ſaw your brother,
Moſt provident in peril, bind himſelf
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a ſtrong maſt, that lived upon the ſea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could ſee.

Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's gold:
Mine own eſcape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerves for authority,
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name.[9]

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orſino.

[8] ——*and* that *poor number ſaved with you,*] We ſhould rather read—*this* poor number. The old copy has *thoſe*. The ſailors who were ſaved, enter with the captain. Malone.

[9] *A noble duke, in nature,*
As in his name.] I know not whether the nobility of the name is compriſed in *duke*, or in *Orſino*, which is, I think, the name of a great Italian family. Johnson.

Ursini - Roman princes

Vio. Orſino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And ſo is now,
Or was ſo very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas freſh
In murmur, (as, you know, what great ones do,
The leſs will prattle of,) that he did ſeek
The love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's ſhe?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died ſome twelvemonth ſince; then leaving her
In the protection of his ſon, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo died: for whoſe dear love,
They ſay, ſhe hath abjur'd the company
And ſight of men.

Vio. O, that I ſerved that lady:[1]
And might not be delivered to the world,[2]
Till I had made mine own occaſion mellow,
What my eſtate is.

[1] *They ſay, ſhe hath abjur'd the company*
And ſight of men.
O, that I ſerved that lady:]
The old copy reads:
They ſay ſhe hath abjur'd the ſight
And company of men.
O, that I ſerved that lady;
By the change I have made in the *ordo verborum*, the metre of three lines is regulated, and an anticlimax prevented. STEEVENS.

[2] *And might not be delivered to the world,*] I wiſh I might not be *made public* to the world, with regard to the *ſtate* of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a *ripe opportunity* for my deſign.

Viola ſeems to have formed a very deep deſign with very little premeditation: ſhe is thrown by ſhipwreck on an unknown coaſt, hears that the prince is a bachelor, and reſolves to ſupplant the lady whom he courts. JOHNSON.

Cap. That were hard to compaſs;
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kind of ſuit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft cloſe in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou haſt a mind that ſuits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteouſly,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For ſuch diſguiſe as, haply, ſhall become
The form of my intent. I'll ſerve this duke;[3]
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an eunuch to him,[4]
It may be worth thy pains; for I can ſing,

[3] ——*I'll ſerve this duke*;] Viola is an excellent ſchemer, never at a loſs; if ſhe cannot ſerve the lady, ſhe will ſerve the duke. Johnson.

[4] *Thou ſhalt preſent me as an* eunuch *to him*,] This plan of Viola's was not purſued, as it would have been inconſiſtent with the plot of the play. She was preſented to the duke as a *page*, but not as a *eunuch*. M. Mason.

The uſe of *Evirati*, in the ſame manner as at preſent, ſeems to have been well known at the time this play was written, about 1600. Burney.

When the practice of caſtration (which originated certainly in the eaſt) was firſt adopted, ſolely for the purpoſe of improving the voice, I have not been able to learn. The firſt regular opera, as Dr. Burney obſerves to me, was performed at Florence in 1600: "till about 1635, muſical dramas were only performed occaſionally in the palaces of princes, and conſequently before that time eunuchs could not abound. The firſt eunuch that was ſuffered to ſing in the Pope's chapel, was in the year 1600."

So early, however, as 1604, eunuchs are mentioned by one of our poet's contemporaries, as excelling in ſinging:

"Yes, I can ſing, fool, if you'll bear the burthen; and I can play upon inſtruments ſcurvily, as gentlemen do. O that I had been *gelded!* I ſhould then have been a fat fool for a chamber, *a ſqueaking fool* for a tavern, and a private fool for all the ladies." *The Malcontent*, by J. Marſton, 1604. Malone.

And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of muſick,
That will allow me very worth his ſervice.[5]
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit;
Only ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not ſee!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *and* Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am ſure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By by troth, ſir Toby, you muſt come in earlier o'nights; your couſin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.[6]

Mar. Ay, but you muſt confine yourſelf within the modeſt limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myſelf no finer than I am: theſe clothes are good enough to drink in, and ſo be theſe boots too; an they be not, let them hang themſelves in their own ſtraps.

[5] *That will* allow *me*—] To *allow* is to *approve.* So, in *King Lear,* Act II. ſc. iv:

" ——if your ſweet ſway
" *Allow* obedience——" Steevens.

[6] ——*let her except before excepted.*] A ludicrous uſe of the formal *law phraſe.* Farmer.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yeſterday; and of a fooliſh knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man[7] as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpoſe?

Sir To. Why, he has three thouſand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all theſe ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fye, that you'll ſay ſo! he plays o' the viol-de-gambo,[8] and ſpeaks three or four languages

[7] —— *as* tall *a man*—] *Tall* means *ſtout, courageous.* So, in *Wily Beguiled:*

"Ay, and he is a *tall fellow,* and a man of his hands too."

Again:

"If he do not prove himſelf as *tall* a man as he." STEEVENS.

[8] —— *viol-de-gambo,*] The *viol-de-gambo* ſeems, in our author's time, to have been a very faſhionable inſtrument. In *The Return from Parnaſſus,* 1606, it is mentioned, with its proper derivation:

"Her *viol-de-gambo* is her beſt content,
"For '*twixt her legs* ſhe holds her inſtrument."
COLLINS.

So, in the Induction to the *Mal-content,* 1604:

"—— come ſit *between my legs* here.

"No indeed, couſin; the audience will then take me for a *viol-de-gambo,* and think that you play upon me."

In the old dramatic writers, frequent mention is made of a *caſe of viols,* conſiſting of a *viol-de-gambo,* the tenor and the treble.

See Sir John Hawkins's *Hiſt. of Muſick,* Vol. IV. p. 32, n. 338, wherein is a deſcription of a *caſe* more properly termed a *cheſt of viols.* STEEVENS.

word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almoſt natural:[9] for, beſides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the guſt he hath in quarelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are ſcoundrels, and ſubſtractors, that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a paſſage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coyſtril,[1] that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a pariſh-top.[2] What,

[9] *He hath indeed,*—almoſt *natural:*] Mr. Upton propoſes to regulate this paſſage differently:

He hath indeed, *all*, *moſt* natural. Malone.

[1] ——*a coyſtril,*] i. e. a coward cock. It may, however, be a *keyſtril*, or a baſtard hawk; a kind of ſtone-hawk. So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

" ———— as dear
" As ever *coyſtril* bought ſo little ſport." Steevens.

A *coyſtril* is a paltry groom, one only fit to carry arms, but not to uſe them. So, in Holinſhed's *Deſcription of England*, Vol. I. p. 162: " *Coſterels*, or bearers of the armes of barons or knights." Vol. III. p. 248: " So that a knight with his eſquire and *coiſtrell* with his two horſes." P. 272: " women lackies, and *coiſterels*, are conſidered as the unwarlike attendants on an army." So again, in p. 127, and 217 of his *Hiſtory of Scotland*. For its etymology, ſee *Couſtille* and *Couſtillier* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*. Tollet.

[2] ——*like a* pariſh-top.] This is one of the cuſtoms now laid aſide. A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in froſty weather, that the peaſants may be kept warm by exerciſe, and out of miſchief, while they could not

wench? Caſtiliano vulgo;[3] for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

work. The ſame compariſon is brought forward in the *Night Walker* of Fletcher:

"And dances like a *town-top*, and reels and hobbles."

STEEVENS.

"To ſleep like a *town-top*," is a proverbial expreſſion. A top is ſaid to *ſleep*, when it turns round with great velocity, and makes a ſmooth humming noiſe. BLACKSTONE.

[3] —— Caſtiliano *vulgo*;] We ſhould read *volto*. In Engliſh, put on your *Caſtilian* countenance; that is, your grave, ſolemn looks. WARBURTON.

Caſtiliano vulgo;] I meet with the word *Caſtilian* and *Caſtilians* in ſeveral of the old comedies. It is difficult to aſſign any peculiar propriety to it, unleſs it was adopted immediately after the defeat of the Armada, and became a cant term capriciouſly expreſſive of jollity or contempt. *The Hoſt*, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, calls Caius a *Caſtilian-king Urinal*; and in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, one of the characters ſays: "Ha! my *Caſtilian* dialogues!" In an old comedy called *Look about you*, 1600, it is joined with another toper's exclamation very frequent in Skakſpeare:

"And *Rivo* will he cry, and *Caſtile* too."

So again, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"Hey, *Rivo Caſtiliano*, man's a man."

Again, in *The Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London*, 1590:

"Three Cavaliero's *Caſtilianos* here," &c.

Cotgrave, however, informs us, that *Caſtille* not only ſignifies the nobleſt part of Spain, but *contention, debate, brabling, altercation.* Ils ſont en *Caſtille. There is a jarre betwixt them*; and prendre la *Caſtille* pour autruy: To undertake another man's quarrel. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has not attempted to explain *vulgo*, nor perhaps can the proper explanation be given, unleſs ſome incidental application of it may be found in connection with *Caſtiliano*, where the context defines its meaning. Sir Toby here, having juſt declared that he would perſiſt in drinking the health of his niece, as long as there was *a paſſage in his throat*, and drink in Illyria, at the ſight of Sir Andrew, demands of Maria, with a banter, *Caſtiliano vulgo.* What this was, may be probably inferred from a ſpeech in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, 4to. 1610: "—Away, firke, *ſcower thy throat*, thou ſhalt waſh it with *Gaſtilian licuor.*" HENLEY.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet ſir Andrew!

Sir And. Bleſs you, fair ſhrew.

Mar. And you too, ſir.

Sir To. Accoſt, ſir Andrew, accoſt.[4]

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good miſtreſs Accoſt, I deſire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, ſir.

Sir And. Good Miſtreſs Mary Accoſt,——

Sir To. You miſtake, knight: accoſt, is, front her, board her,[5] woo her, aſſail her.

[4] Accoſt, *ſir Andrew*, accoſt.] To *accoſt*, had a ſignification in our author's time that the word now ſeems to have loſt. In the ſecond part of *The Engliſh Dictionary*, by H. C. 1655, in which the reader "who is deſirous of a more refined and elegant ſpeech," is furniſhed with *hard* words, "*to draw near*," is explained thus: "To *accoſt*, appropriate, appropinquate." See alſo Cotgrave's *Dict.* in verb. *accoſter*. MALONE.

[5] ——board *her*,] "I hinted that *bourd* was the better reading. Mr. Steevens ſuppoſed it ſhould then be *bourd with* her; but to the authorities which I have quoted for that reading in Jonſon, *Catiline*, Act I. ſc. iv. we may add the following:

"I'll *bourd* him ſtraight; how now Cornelio?"
All Fools, Act V. ſc. i.

"He brings in a paraſite that flowteth, and *bourdeth* them thus." *Naſh's Lenten Stuff*, 1599.

"I can *bourd* when I ſee occaſion."
'Tis Pity ſhe's a Whore, p. 38. WHALLEY.

I am ſtill unconvinced that *board* (the naval term) is not the proper reading. It is ſufficiently familiar to our author in other places. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act II. ſc. i:

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accoſt?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part ſo, ſir Andrew, 'would thou might'ſt never draw ſword again.

Sir And. An you part ſo, miſtreſs, I would I might never draw ſword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you ſhall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, ſir, thought is free:[6] I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, ſweet heart? what's your metaphor?

"——unleſs he knew ſome ſtrain in me, that I know not myſelf, he would never have *boarded* me in this fury.

"Mrs. Ford. *Boarding*, call you it? I'll be ſure to keep him above deck," &c. &c. Steevens.

Probably *board her* may mean no more than *ſalute her, ſpeak to her*, &c. Sir Kenelm Digby, in his *Treatiſe of Bodies*, 1643, fo. Paris, p. 253, ſpeaking of a blind man, ſays: "He would at the firſt *aboard* of a ſtranger, as ſoone as he ſpoke to him, frame a right apprehenſion of his ſtature, bulke, and manner of making." Reed.

To *board* is certainly to *accoſt*, or *addreſs*. So, in the *Hiſtory of Celeſtina the Faire*, 1596: "—whereat Alderine ſomewhat diſpleaſed for ſhe would verie faine have knowne who he was, *boorded* him thus." Ritson.

[6] *Fair lady*, do you think you have fools in hand!——

Mar. *Now, ſir*, thought is free:] There is the ſame pleaſantry in Lyly's *Euphues*, 1581: "None (quoth ſhe) can judge of wit but they that have it; why then (quoth he) *doeſt thou think me a fool? Thought is free*, my Lord, quoth ſhe."

Holt White.

Mar. It's dry, ſir.[7]

Sir And. Why, I think ſo; I am not ſuch an aſs, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jeſt?

Mar. A dry jeſt, ſir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, ſir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit* Maria.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of canary: When did I ſee thee ſo put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unleſs you ſee canary put me down: Methinks, ſometimes I have no more wit than a Chriſtian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

[7] *It's dry, ſir.*] What is the jeſt of *dry hand*, I know not any better than Sir Andrew. It may poſſibly mean, a hand with no money in it; or, according to the rules of phyſiognomy, ſhe may intend to inſinuate, that it is not a lover's hand, a moiſt hand being vulgarly accounted a ſign of an amorous conſtitution. Johnson.

So, in *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606: "But to ſay you had a dull eye, a ſharp noſe (the viſible marks of a ſhrew); a *dry hand*, which is the *ſign of a bad liver*, as he ſaid you were, being *toward a huſband* too; this was intolerable."

Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635: "Of all *dry-fiſted* knights, I cannot abide that he ſhould touch me." Again, in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1606: "Let her marry a man of a melancholy complexion, ſhe ſhall not be much troubled by him. My huſband has a *hand* as *dry* as his brains," &c. The Chief Juſtice likewiſe, in *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.* enumerates a *dry hand* among the characteriſticks of debility and age. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Charmian ſays: "—if an *oily palm* be not *a fruitful prognoſtication*, I cannot ſcratch mine ear." All theſe paſſages will ſerve to confirm Dr. Johnſon's latter ſuppoſition. Steevens.

Sir To. No queſtion.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forſwear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, ſir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy?* do or not do? I would I had beſtowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Paſt queſtion; for thou ſeeſt, it will not curl by nature.[8]

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a diſtaff; and I hope to ſee a houſewife take thee between her legs, and ſpin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be ſeen; or, if ſhe be, it's four to one ſhe'll none of me: the count himſelf, here hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; ſhe'll not match above her degree, neither in eſtate, years, nor wit; I have heard her ſwear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll ſtay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the ſtrangeſt mind i' the world; I delight in maſques and revels ſometimes altogether.

[8] —— *it will not* curl by *nature.*] The old copy reads—*cool my* nature. The emendation was made by Theobald. Steevens.

Sir To. Art thou good at theſe kick-ſhaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatſoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.[9]

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? wherefore have theſe gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take duſt, like miſtreſs Mall's picture?[1]

[9] ——*and yet I will not compare with an old man.*] This is intended as a ſatire on that common vanity of old men, in preferring their own times, and the paſt generation, to the preſent. WARBURTON.

This ſtroke of pretended ſatire but ill accords with the character of the fooliſh knight. *Ague-cheek*, though willing enough to arrogate to himſelf ſuch experience as is commonly the acquiſition of age, is yet careful to exempt his perſon from being compared with its bodily weakneſs. In ſhort, he would ſay with Falſtaff:—"*I am old in nothing but my underſtanding.*" STEEVENS.

[1] ——*miſtreſs* Mall's *picture?*] The real name of the woman whom I ſuppoſe to have been meant by *Sir Toby*, was *Mary Frith*. The appellation by which ſhe was generally known, was *Mall Cutpurſe*. She was at once an *hermaphrodite*, a proſtitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of ſtolen goods, &c. &c. On the books of the Stationers' Company, Auguſt 1610, is entered—"A Booke called the Madde Prancks of Merry *Mall* of the Bankſide, with her Walks in Man's Apparel, and to what Purpoſe. Written by John Day." Middleton and Decker wrote a comedy, of which ſhe is the heroine. In this, they have given a very flattering repreſentation of her, as they obſerve in their preface, that "it is the excellency of a writer, to leave things better than he finds them."

why doſt thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk ſhould be

The title of this piece is—*The Roaring Girl, or Moll Cutpurſe; as it hath been lately acted on the Fortune Stage, by the Prince his Players,* 1611. The frontiſpiece to it contains a full length of her in man's clothes, ſmoaking tobacco. Nathaniel Field, in his *Amends for Ladies,* (another comedy, 1618,) gives the following character of her:

" ——— Hence lewd impudent,
" I know not what to term thee; man or woman;
" For nature, ſhaming to acknowledge thee
" For either, hath produc'd thee to the world
" Without a ſex: Some ſay, that thou art woman;
" Others, a man: to many thou art both
" Woman and man; but I think rather neither;
" Or, man, or horſe, as Centaurs old were feign'd."

A life of this woman was likewiſe publiſhed, 12mo. in 1662, with her portrait before it in a male habit; an ape, a lion, and an eagle by her. As this extraordinary perſonage appears to have partook of both ſexes, the *curtain* which *Sir Toby* mentions would not have been unneceſſarily drawn before ſuch a picture of her as might have been exhibited in an age, of which neither too much delicacy or decency was the characteriſtick.

STEEVENS.

In our author's time, I believe, curtains were frequently hung before pictures of any value. So, in *Vittoria Corombona,* a tragedy, by Webſter, 1612:

" I yet but draw the *curtain*;—now to your *picture.*"

MALONE.

See a further account of this woman in Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays,* edit. 1780, Vol. VI. p. 1. Vol. XII. p. 398.

REED.

Mary Frith was born in 1584, and died in 1659. In a MS. letter in the Britiſh Muſeum, from John Chamberlain to Mr. Carleton, dated Feb. 11, 1611-12, the following account is given of this woman's doing penance: " This laſt Sunday *Moll Cutpurſe,* a notorious baggage that uſed to go in man's apparel, and challenged the field of diverſe gallants, was brought to the ſame place, [St. Paul's Croſs,] where ſhe wept bitterly, and ſeemed very penitent; but it is ſince doubted ſhe was maudlin drunk, being diſcovered to have tippel'd of three quarts of ſack before ſhe came to her penance. She had the daintieſt preacher or ghoſtly father that ever I ſaw in the pulpit, one Radcliffe of

a jig; I would not ſo much as make water, but in a ſink-a-pace.[2] What doſt thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent conſtitution of thy leg, it was formed under the ſtar of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured ſtock.[3] Shall we ſet about ſome revels?

Brazen-Noſe College in Oxford, a likelier man to have led the revels in ſome inn of court, than to be where he was. But the beſt is, he did extreme badly, and ſo wearied the audience, that the beſt part went away, and the reſt tarried rather to hear Moll Cutpurſe than him." Malone.

It is for the ſake of correcting a miſtake of Dr. Grey, that I obſerve this is the character alluded to in the ſecond of the following lines; and not *Mary Carleton*, the German Princeſs, as he has very erroneouſly and unaccountably imagined:

" A bold virago ſtout and tall,
" As Joan of France, or *Engliſh Mall*."

Hudibras, P. I. c. iii.

The latter of theſe lines is borrowed by Swift in his *Baucis and Philemon*. Ritson.

[2] —— *a* ſink-a-pace.] i. e. a *cinque-pace*; the name of a dance, the meaſures whereof are regulated by the number five. The word occurs elſewhere in our author. Sir J. Hawkins.

So, in Sir John Harrington's *Anatomie of the Metamorphoſed Ajax*: " —the laſt verſe diſordered their mouthes, and was like a tricke of xvii in a *ſinkapace*." Steevens.

[3] —— flame-*coloured* ſtock.] The old copy reads—*a damned coloured ſtock*. *Stockings* were in Shakſpeare's time called *ſtocks*. So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

" Or would my ſilk *ſtock* ſhould loſe his gloſs elſe."

Again, in one of Heywood's *Epigrams*, 1562:

" Thy upper *ſtocks*, be they ſtuft with ſilke or flocks,
" Never become thee like a nether paire of *ſtocks*."

The ſame ſolicitude concerning the furniture of the legs makes part of maſter Stephen's character in *Every Man in his Humour*:

" I think my leg would ſhow well in a ſilk hoſe."

Steevens.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. Malone.

Sir To. What ſhall we do elſe? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's ſides and heart.[4]

Sir To. No, ſir; it is legs and thighs. Let me ſee thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Valentine, *and* Viola *in man's attire.*

Val. If the duke continue theſe favours towards you, Ceſario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no ſtranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in queſtion the continuance of his love: Is he inconſtant, ſir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who ſaw Ceſario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Ceſario,
Thou know'ſt no leſs but all; I have unclaſp'd

[4] Taurus? *that's ſides and heart.*] Alluding to the medical aſtrology ſtill preſerved in almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body to the predominance of particular conſtellations. Johnson.

To thee the book even of my ſecret ſoul: [5]
Therefore, good youth, addreſs thy gait unto her;
Be not deny'd acceſs, ſtand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her ſorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do ſpeak with her, my lord; What then?

Duke. O, then unfold the paſſion of my love,
Surpriſe her with diſcourſe of my dear faith:
It ſhall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aſpect.

Vio. I think not ſo, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they ſhall yet belie thy happy years,
That ſay, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more ſmooth, and rubious; thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a woman's part. [6]
I know, thy conſtellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myſelf am beſt,
When leaſt in company:—Proſper well in this,

[5] ——*I have* unclaſp'd
To thee the book *even of my* ſecret *ſoul:*] So, in *The Firſt Part of K. Henry IV:*
"And now I will *unclaſp* a *ſecret book.*" STEEVENS.

[6] ——*a woman's part.*] That is, thy proper part in a play would be a woman's. Women were then perſonated by boys. JOHNSON.

And thou ſhalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my beſt,
To woo your lady: yet, [*Aſide.*] a barful ſtrife![7]
Whoe'er I woo, myſelf would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter MARIA, *and* Clown.[8]

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou haſt been, or I will not open my lips, ſo wide as a briſtle may enter, in way of thy excuſe: my lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colours.[9]

[7] ——*a* barful *ſtrife!*] i. e. a conteſt full of impediments. STEEVENS.

[8] *Clown.*] As this is the firſt *Clown* who makes his appearance in the plays of our author, it may not be amiſs, from a paſſage in *Tarleton's News out of Purgatory*, to point out one of the ancient dreſſes appropriated to the character: "—I ſaw one attired in ruſſet, with a button'd cap on his head, a bag by his ſide, and a ſtrong bat in his hand; ſo artificially attired for a *clowne*, as I began to call Tarleton's woonted ſhape to remembrance." STEEVENS.

Such perhaps was the dreſs of the Clown in this comedy, in *All's well that ends well*, &c. The Clown, however, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, (as an anonymous writer has obſerved,) is only the tapſter of a brothel, and probably was not ſo apparelled. MALONE.

[9] ——*fear no colours.*] This expreſſion frequently occurs in the old plays. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Sejanus*. The perſons converſing are Sejanus, and Eudemus the phyſician to the Princeſs Livia:

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten anſwer:[1] I can tell thee where that ſaying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good miſtreſs Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to ſay in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wiſdom, that have it; and thoſe that are fools, let them uſe their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged, for being ſo long abſent: or, to be turned away;[2] is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let ſummer bear it out.[3]

" *Sej.* You miniſter to a royal lady then?
" *Eud.* She is, my lord, and fair.
" *Sej.* That's underſtood
" Of all their ſex, who are or would be ſo;
" And thoſe that would be, phyſick ſoon can make 'em:
" For thoſe that are, their beauties *fear no colours.*"

Again, in *The Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:

" —— are you diſpoſed, ſir? ——
" Yes indeed: I *fear no colours*; change ſides, Richard."
STEEVENS.

[1] ——lenten *anſwer*:] A *lean*, or as we now call it, a *dry* anſwer. JOHNSON.

Surely a *lenten* anſwer, rather means a *ſhort* and *ſpare* one, like the commons in *Lent*. So, in *Hamlet*: " —what *lenten* entertainment the players ſhall receive from you." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*or*, to *be turn'd away*;] The editor of the ſecond folio omitted the word *to*, in which he has been followed by all ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

[3] ——*and*, *for* turning away, *let* ſummer *bear it out.*] This ſeems to be a pun from the nearneſs in the pronunciation of *turning away* and *turning of whey*.

Mar. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neither; but I am reſolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break,[4] the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaſkins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if ſir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's fleſh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuſe wiſely, you were beſt. [*Exit.*

I found this obſervation among ſome papers of the late Dr. Letherland, for the peruſal of which, I am happy to have an opportunity of returning my particular thanks to Mr. Glover, the author of *Medea* and *Leonidas*, by whom, before, I had been obliged only in common with the reſt of the world.

I am yet of opinion that this note, however ſpecious, is wrong, the literal meaning being eaſy and appoſite. *For turning away, let ſummer bear it out.* It is common for unſettled and vagrant ſerving-men, to grow negligent of their buſineſs towards ſummer; and the ſenſe of the paſſage is: "*If I am turned away, the advantages of the approaching ſummer will bear out, or ſupport all the inconveniencies of diſmiſſion; for I ſhall find employment in every field, and lodging under every hedge.*"

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*if one* (point) *break,*] *Points* were metal hooks, faſtened to the hoſe or breeches, (which had then no opening or buttons,) and going into ſtraps or eyes fixed to the doublet, and thereby keeping the hoſe from falling down. BLACKSTONE.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "Their *points* being broken,—down fell their hoſe." Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——mingle eyes
"With one that ties his *points?*" STEEVENS.

Enter OLIVIA, *and* MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Thoſe wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am ſure I lack thee, may paſs for a wiſe man: For what ſays Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a fooliſh wit.[5] ——God bleſs thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: beſides, you grow diſhoneſt.

Clo. Two faults, madonna,[6] that drink and good counſel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf; if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing, that's mended, is but patched:[7] virtue, that tranſgreſſes, is but patched with ſin; and ſin, that amends, is but patched with virtue: If that this ſimple ſyllogiſm will ſerve, ſo; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, ſo beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I ſay again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

[5] —— *Better a witty fool, than a fooliſh wit.*] Hall, in his *Chronicle*, ſpeaking of the death of Sir Thomas More, ſays: "that he knows not whether to call him a *fooliſh wiſe man*, or a *wiſe fooliſh man*." JOHNSON.

[6] —— *madonna,*] Ital. miſtreſs, dame. So, *La maddona*, by way of pre-eminence, the *Bleſſed Virgin*. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *Any thing, that's mended, is but* patched:] Alluding to the *patched* or particoloured garment of the fool. MALONE.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to ſay, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterioufly, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I muſt catechize you for it, madonna; Good my mouſe of virtue, anſwer me.

Oli. Well, ſir, for want of other idleneſs, I'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'ſt thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his ſoul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his ſoul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's ſoul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and ſhall do, till the pangs of death ſhake him: Infirmity, that decays the wiſe, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God ſend you, ſir, a ſpeedy infirmity, for the better encreaſing your folly! Sir Toby will be ſworn, that I am no fox; but he will not paſs his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How ſay you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcal; I ſaw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a ſtone. Look you now, he's out of his guard

already; unleſs you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gagged. I proteſt, I take theſe wiſe men, that crow ſo at theſe ſet kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.[8]

Oli. O, you are ſick of ſelf-love, Malvolio, and taſte with a diſtempered appetite. To be generous, guiltleſs, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no ſlander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known diſcreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leaſing, for thou ſpeakeſt well of fools![9]

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much deſires to ſpeak with you.

Oli. From the count Orſino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

[8] —— *no better than the* fools' zanies.] i. e. *fools' baubles,* which had upon the top of them the *head of a fool.* Douce.

[9] *Now* Mercury *endue thee with* leaſing, *for thou ſpeakeſt well of fools!*] This is a ſtupid blunder. We ſhould read, *with* pleaſing, i. e. with eloquence, make thee a gracious and powerful ſpeaker, for Mercury was the god of orators as well as cheats. But the firſt editors, who did not underſtand the phraſe, *endue thee with pleaſing,* made this fooliſh correction; more excuſable, however, than the laſt editor's, who, when this emendation was pointed out to him, would make one of his own; and ſo, in his Oxford edition, reads, *with learning*; without troubling himſelf to ſatisfy the reader how the firſt editor ſhould blunder in a word ſo eaſy to be underſtood as *learning,* though they well might in the word *pleaſing,* as it is uſed in this place. Warburton.

I think the preſent reading more humorous: *May Mercury teach thee to lie, ſince thou lieſt in favour of fools!* Johnson.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinſman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he ſpeaks nothing but madman: Fye on him! [*Exit* Maria.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a ſuit from the count, I am ſick, or not at home; what you will, to diſmiſs it. [*Exit* Malvolio.] Now you ſee, ſir, how your fooling grows old, and people diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldeſt ſon ſhould be a fool: whoſe ſkull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a moſt weak *pia mater.*[1]

Enter Sir Toby Belch.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, couſin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here[2]—A plague o'theſe pickle-herrings!—How now, ſot?

[1] ——*a moſt weak* pia mater.] The *pia mater* is the membrane that immediately covers the ſubſtance of the brain. So, in Philemon Holland's Tranſlation of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, Book XXIV. chap. 8: "—the fine pellicle called *pia mater*, which lappeth and enfoldeth the braine." Edit. 1601, p. 185. Steevens.

[2] '*Tis a gentleman* here—] He had before ſaid it was a gentleman. He was aſked, what gentleman? and he makes this reply; which, it is plain, is corrupt, and ſhould be read thus:

'*Tis a gentleman*-heir.

i. e. ſome lady's eldeſt ſon juſt come out of the nurſery; for this was the appearance Viola made in men's clothes. See the character Malvolio draws of him preſently after. Warburton.

Can any thing be plainer than that Sir Toby was going to deſcribe the gentleman, but was interrupted by the effects of his *pickle-herring?* I would print it as an imperfect ſentence. Mr. Edwards has the ſame obſervation. Steevens.

Clo. Good ſir Toby,——

Oli. Couſin, couſin, how have you come ſo early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, ſay I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a mad-man: one draught above heat [3] makes him a fool; the ſecond mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and ſeek the coroner, and let him ſit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool ſhall look to the madman. [*Exit* Clown.

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow ſwears he will ſpeak with you. I told him you were ſick; he takes on him to underſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you: I told him you were aſleep; he ſeems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. What is to be ſaid to him, lady? he's fortified againſt any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he ſhall not ſpeak with me.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation may be right: yet Dr. Warburton's reading is not ſo ſtrange, as it has been repreſented. In Broome's *Jovial Crew*, Scentwell ſays to the gypſies: "We muſt find a young *gentlewoman-heir* among you." Farmer.

[3] —— *above heat* —] i. e. above the ſtate of being warm in a proper degree. Steevens.

Mal. He has been told ſo; and he ſays, he'll ſtand at your door like a ſheriff's poſt,[4] and be the ſupporter of a bench, but he'll ſpeak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll ſpeak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what perſonage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peaſcod, or a codling when 'tis almoſt an apple:[5]

[4] ——*ſtand at your door like a* ſheriff's poſt,] It was the cuſtom for that officer to have large *poſts* ſet up at his door, as an indication of his office: the original of which was, that the king's proclamations, and other public acts, might be affixed thereon, by way of publication. So, Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour:*

" ——— put off
" To the Lord Chancellor's tomb, or the *Shrives poſts.*"

So again, in the old play called *Lingua:*

" Knows he how to become a ſcarlet gown? hath he a pair of freſh *poſts* at his door?" Warburton.

Dr. Letherland was of opinion, that " by this poſt is meant a poſt to mount a horſe from, a horſe-block, which, by the cuſtom of the city, is ſtill placed at the ſheriff's door."

In the *Contention for Honour and Riches,* a maſque by Shirley, 1633, one of the competitors ſwears:

" By the *Shrive's poſt,*" &c.

Again, in *A Woman never vex'd,* com. by Rowley, 1632:

" If e'er I live to ſee thee *ſheriff* of London,
" I'll gild thy painted *poſts* cum privilegio." Steevens.

[5] ——*or a* codling *when 'tis almoſt an* apple:] A *codling* anciently meant an *immature apple.* So, in Ben Jonſon's *Alchemiſt:*

" Who is it, Dol?
" A fine young *quodling.*"

The fruit at preſent ſtyled a *codling,* was unknown to our gardens in the time of Shakſpeare. Steevens.

'tis with him e'en ſtanding water,[6] between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he ſpeaks very ſhrewiſhly; one would think, his mother's milk were ſcarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orſino's embaſſy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the houſe, which is ſhe?

Oli. Speak to me, I ſhall anſwer for her? Your will?

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the houſe, for I never ſaw her: I would be loath to caſt away my ſpeech; for, beſides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me ſuſtain no ſcorn; I am very comptible,[7] even to the leaſt ſiniſter uſage.

[6] ——*'tis with him* e'en *ſtanding water,*] The old copy has—*in.* The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. In the firſt folio *e'en* and *in* are very frequently confounded. Malone.

[7] ——*I am very* comptible,] *Comptible* for ready to call to account. Warburton.

Viola ſeems to mean juſt the contrary. She begs ſhe may not be treated with ſcorn, becauſe ſhe is very ſubmiſſive, even to lighter marks of reprehenſion. Steevens.

Oli. Whence came you, ſir?

Vio. I can ſay little more than I have ſtudied, and that queſtion's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modeſt aſſurance, if you be the lady of the houſe, that I may proceed in my ſpeech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I ſwear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the houſe?

Oli. If I do not uſurp myſelf, I am.

Vio. Moſt certain, if you are ſhe, you do uſurp yourſelf; for what is yours to beſtow, is not yours to reſerve. But this is from my commiſſion: I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to ſtudy it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were ſaucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reaſon, be brief:[8] 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in ſo ſkipping[9] a dialogue.

[8] ——*If you be* not *mad, be gone; if you have reaſon, be brief:*] The ſenſe evidently requires that we ſhould read:

"If you *be mad,* be gone," &c.

For the words *be mad,* in the firſt part of the ſentence, are oppoſed to *reaſon* in the ſecond. M. Mason.

[9] ——*ſkipping*—] Wild, frolick, mad. Johnson.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"The *ſkipping* king, he ambled up and down," &c.

Steevens.

Mar. Will you hoiſt ſail, ſir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good ſwabber; I am to hull here[1] a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant,[2] ſweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a meſſenger.[3]

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" ——— take pain
" To allay, with ſome cold drops of modeſty,
" Thy *ſkipping* ſpirit." MALONE.

[1] ——*I am to* hull *here*—] To *hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water, without ſails or rudder. So, in Philemon Holland's tranſlation of the 9th Book of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, 1601, p. 239: " —fell to be drowſie and ſleepie, and *hulled* to and fro with the waves, as if it had beene half dead." Again, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634:

" That all theſe miſchiefs *hull* with flagging ſail."
STEEVENS.

[2] ——*ſome mollification for your giant,*] Ladies, in romance, are guarded by giants, who repel all improper or troubleſome advances. Viola, ſeeing the waiting-maid ſo eager to oppoſe her meſſage, intreats Olivia to pacify her giant. JOHNSON.

Viola likewiſe alludes to the diminutive ſize of *Maria*, who is called on ſubſequent occaſions, *little villain, youngeſt wren of nine*, &c. STEEVENS.

So, Falſtaff to his page:

" Sirrah, you *giant*," &c. *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act I.
MALONE.

[3] Oli. *Tell me your mind.*
Vio. *I am a meſſenger.*] Theſe words (which in the old copy are part of Viola's laſt ſpeech) muſt be divided between the two ſpeakers.

Viola growing troubleſome, Olivia would diſmiſs her, and therefore cuts her ſhort with this command, *Tell me your mind.* The other, taking advantage of the ambiguity of the word *mind*, which ſignifies either *buſineſs* or *inclination*, replies as if ſhe had uſed it in the latter ſenſe, *I am a meſſenger.*
WARBURTON.

Oli. Sure, you have ſome hideous matter to deliver, when the courteſy of it is ſo fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeneſs, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as maiden-head: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* Maria.] Now, ſir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be ſaid of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orſino's boſom.

Oli. In his boſom? In what chapter of his boſom?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is hereſy. Have you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good madam, let me ſee your face.

Oli. Have you any commiſſion from your lord to negociate with my face? you are now out of

As a *meſſenger*, ſhe was not to ſpeak her own mind, but that of her employer. M. Mason.

your text: but we will draw the curtain, and ſhew you the picture. Look you, ſir, ſuch a one as I was this preſent: Is't not well done?[4] [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, ſir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

[4] ——*Look you, ſir, ſuch a one as I* was *this preſent: Is't not well done?*] This is nonſenſe. The change of *was* to *wear*, I think, clears all up, and gives the expreſſion an air of gallantry. Viola preſſes to ſee Olivia's face: The other at length pulls off her veil, and ſays: *We will draw the curtain, and ſhew you the* picture. I wear this complexion to-day, I may wear another to-morrow; jocularly intimating, that ſhe *painted.* The other, vext at the jeſt, ſays, "Excellently *done*, if God *did* all." Perhaps, it may be true, what you ſay in jeſt; otherwiſe 'tis an excellent face. *'Tis in grain,* &c. replies Olivia. WARBURTON.

I am not ſatisfied with this emendation. We may read, "Such a one I was. This *preſence*, is't not well done?" i. e. this mien, is it not happily repreſented? Similar phraſeology occurs in *Othello*: "This fortification, ſhall we ſee it?"

STEEVENS.

This paſſage is nonſenſe as it ſtands, and neceſſarily requires ſome amendment. That propoſed by Warburton would make ſenſe of it; but then the alluſion to a picture would be dropped, which began in the preceding part of the ſpeech, and is carried on through thoſe that follow. If we read *preſents*, inſtead of *preſent*, this alluſion will be preſerved, and the meaning will be clear. I have no doubt but the line ſhould run thus:

"Look you, ſir, ſuch *as once* I was, this *preſents*."

Preſents means *repreſents*. So Hamlet calls the pictures he ſhews his mother:

"The counterfeit *preſentment* of two brothers."

She had ſaid before—"But we will draw the curtain, and ſhew you the *picture*;" and concludes with aſking him, if it was *well done*. The ſame idea occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida*, where Pandarus, taking off her veil, ſays:

"Come draw this curtain, and let us ſee your *picture*."

M. MASON.

I ſuſpect, the author intended that Olivia ſhould again cover her face with her veil, before ſhe ſpeaks theſe words. MALONE.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent,[5] whoſe red and white
Nature's own ſweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'ſt ſhe alive,
If you will lead theſe graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.[6]

Oli. O, ſir, I will not be ſo hard-hearted; I will give out divers ſchedules of my beauty: It ſhall be inventoried; and every particle, and utenſil, labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent

[5] *'Tis beauty truly* blent;] i. e. blended, mixed together. *Blent* is the ancient participle of the verb to *blend*. So, in *A Looking Glaſs for London and England*, 1617:

"——the beautiful encreaſe
"Is wholly *blent*."

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. 6:

"——for having *blent*
"My name with guile, and traiterous intent."

STEEVENS.

[6] *If you will lead theſe graces to the grave,*
And leave the world no copy.] How much more elegantly is this thought expreſſed by Shakſpeare, than by Beaumont and Fletcher in their *Philaſter*:

"I grieve ſuch virtue ſhould be laid in earth,
"Without an *heir*."

Shakſpeare has copied himſelf in his 11th Sonnet:

"She carv'd thee for her ſeal, and meant thereby
"Thou ſhould'ſt print more, nor let that *copy* die."

Again, in the 3d Sonnet:

"Die ſingle, and thine image dies with thee."

STEEVENS.

Again, in his 9th Sonnet:

"Ah! if thou iſſueleſs ſhalt hap to die,
"The world will hail thee like a makeleſs wife;
"The world will be thy widow, and ſtill weep
"*That thou no form of thee haſt left behind.*"

Again, in the 13th Sonnet:

"O that you were yourſelf! but, love, you are
"No longer yours than you yourſelf here live:
"Againſt this coming end you ſhould prepare,
"*And your ſweet ſemblance to ſome other give.*"

MALONE.

red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and ſo forth. Were you ſent hither to 'praiſe me?[7]

Vio. I ſee you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and maſter loves you; O, ſuch love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,[8]
With groans that thunder love, with ſighs of fire.[9]

[7] —— *to* 'praiſe *me?*] i. e. to *appraiſe*, or *appretiate* me. The foregoing words, *ſchedules*, and *inventoried*, ſhew, I think, that this is the meaning. So again, in *Cymbeline*: "I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the *catalogue* of his endowments had been *tabled* by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by *items*." MALONE.

Malone's conjecture is ingenious, and I ſhould have thought it the true reading, if the foregoing words, *ſchedule* and *inventoried*, had been uſed by Viola: but as it is Olivia herſelf who makes uſe of them, I believe the old reading is right, though Steevens has adopted that of Malone. Viola has extolled her beauty ſo highly, that Olivia aſks, whether ſhe was ſent there on purpoſe to praiſe her. M. MASON.

[8] —— with *fertile tears,*] *With*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Pope to ſupply the metre. *Tears* is here uſed as a diſſyllable, like *fire*, *hour*, *ſwear*, &c. "With adoration's fertile tears," i. e. with the copious tears that unbounded and adoring love pours forth. MALONE.

To read *tears* as a diſſyllable [i. e. tĕ-ārs] at the end of a verſe, is what no ancient examples have authoriſed, and no human ears can endure. STEEVENS.

[9] *With groans that* thunder *love, with ſighs of fire.*] This line is worthy of Dryden's *Almanzor*, and, if not ſaid in mockery of amorous hyperboles, might be regarded as a ridicule on a paſſage in Chapman's tranſlation of the firſt book of *Homer*, 1598:

"Jove *thunder'd out a ſigh*;"

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
Yet I ſuppoſe him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſs youth;
In voices well divulg'd,[1] free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimenſion, and the ſhape of nature,
A gracious perſon: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his anſwer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my maſter's flame,
With ſuch a ſuffering, ſuch a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no ſenſe,
I would not underſtand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my ſoul within the houſe;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,[2]
And ſing them loud even in the dead of night;

Or, on another in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592:
"The winds of my deepe ſighes
"That thunder ſtill for noughts," &c. STEEVENS.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:
"O, that forc'd *thunder* from his heart did fly!"
MALONE.

[1] *In* voices well divulg'd,] Well ſpoken of by the world.
MALONE.

So, in *Timon*:
"*Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world*
"Voic'd *ſo* regardfully?" STEEVENS.

[2] *Write loyal* cantons *of contemned love,*] The old copy has *cantons*; which Mr. Capell, who appears to have been entirely unacquainted with our ancient language, has changed into *canzons*.—There is no need of alteration. *Canton* was uſed for *canto* in our author's time. So, in *The London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605: "What-do-you-call-him has it there in his third *canton*." Again, in Heywood's Preface *to Britaynes Troy*, 1609: "—in the judicial peruſal of theſe few *cantons*," &c. MALONE.

Holla your name to the reverberate hills,[3]
And make the babbling goſſip of the air[4]
Cry out, Olivia! O, you ſhould not reſt
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you ſhould pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him ſend no more;
Unleſs, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: ſpend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd poſt,[5] lady; keep your purſe;
My maſter, not myſelf, lacks recompenſe.
Love make his heart of flint, that you ſhall love;
And let your fervour, like my maſter's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?

[3] *Holla your name to the* reverberate *hills,*] I have corrected, *reverberant.* THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton well obſerves, that Shakſpeare frequently uſes the adjective paſſive, *actively*. Theobald's emendation is therefore unneceſſary. B. Jonſon, in one of his maſques at court, ſays:

" ——————which ſkill, Pythagoras
" Firſt taught to men by a *reverberate* glaſs."

STEEVENS.

Johnſon, in his *Dictionary*, adopted Theobald's correction. But the following line from T. Heywood's *Troja Britannica*, 1609, canto xi. ſt. 9, ſhows that the original text ſhould be preſerved:

" Give ſhrill *reverberat echoes* and rebounds."

HOLT WHITE.

[4] ——*the babbling goſſip of the air*—] A moſt beautiful expreſſion for an *echo*. DOUCE.

[5] *I am no fee'd* poſt,] *Poſt*, in our author's time, ſignified a meſſenger. MALONE.

Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman.——I'll be ſworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and ſpirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too faſt:—ſoft! ſoft!
Unleſs the maſter were the man.[6]—How now?
Even ſo quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an inviſible and ſubtle ſtealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. Here, madam, at your ſervice.

OLI. Run after that ſame peeviſh meſſenger,
The county's man:[7] he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Deſire him not to flatter with his lord,[8]
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reaſons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

[6] ——*ſoft! ſoft!*
Unleſs the maſter were the man.] Unleſs the dignity of the maſter were added to the merit of the ſervant, I ſhall go too far, and diſgrace myſelf. Let me ſtop in time. MALONE.

Perhaps ſhe means to check herſelf by obſerving,—This is unbecoming forwardneſs on my part, *unleſs I were as much in love with the maſter as I am with the man.* STEEVENS.

[7] *The* county's *man:*] *County* and *count* in old language were ſynonymous. The old copy has *countes*, which may be right: the Saxon genitive caſe. MALONE.

[8] ——*to flatter* with *his lord,*] This was the phraſeology of the time. So, in *King Richard II:*

"Shall dying men flatter *with* thoſe that live."

Many more inſtances might be added. MALONE.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what: and fear to find
Mine eye[9] too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, ſhew thy force: Ourſelves we do not owe;[1]
What is decreed, muſt be; and be this ſo! [*Exit.*

[9] *Mine eye* &c.] I believe the meaning is; I am not miſtreſs of my own actions; I am afraid that my eyes betray me, and flatter the youth without my conſent, with diſcoveries of love. JOHNSON.

Johnſon's explanation of this paſſage is evidently wrong. It would be ſtrange indeed if Olivia ſhould ſay, that ſhe feared her eyes would betray her paſſion, and flatter the youth, without her conſent, with a diſcovery of her love, after ſhe had actually ſent him a ring, which muſt have diſcovered her paſſion more ſtrongly, and was ſent for that very purpoſe.—The true meaning appears to me to be thus: *She fears that her eyes had formed ſo flattering an idea of Ceſario, that ſhe ſhould not have ſtrength of mind ſufficient to reſiſt the impreſſion.* She had juſt before ſaid:

"Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
"With an inviſible and ſubtle ſtealth,
"To creep in at mine eyes."

Which confirms my explanation of this paſſage. M. MASON.

I think the meaning is, I fear that my eyes will ſeduce my underſtanding; that I am indulging a paſſion for this beautiful youth, which my reaſon cannot approve. MALONE.

[1] —— *Ourſelves we do not* owe;] i. e. we are not our own maſters. We cannot govern ourſelves. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— the diſpoſition that I *owe*;" i. e. own, poſſeſs. STEEVENS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Sea-coaſt.

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

ANT. Will you ſtay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

SEB. By your patience, no: my ſtars ſhine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, diſtemper yours; therefore I ſhall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompenſe for your love, to lay any of them on you.

ANT. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

SEB. No, 'ſooth, ſir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you ſo excellent a touch of modeſty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to expreſs myſelf.[2] You muſt know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebaſtian, which I called Rodorigo; my father was that Sebaſtian of Meſſaline,[3] whom I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myſelf, and a ſiſter, both born in an hour. If the

[2] —— *to expreſs myſelf.*] That is, *to reveal myſelf.* JOHNSON.

[3] ——*Meſſaline,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer very judiciouſly offers to read *Metelin,* an iſland in the Archipelago; but Shakſpeare knew little of geography, and was not at all ſolicitous about orthographical nicety. The ſame miſtake occurs in the concluding ſcene of the play:

"Of *Meſſaline*; Sebaſtian was my father." STEEVENS.

heavens had been pleaſed, 'would we had ſo ended! but, you, ſir, altered that; for, ſome hour before you took me from the breach of the ſea,[4] was my ſiſter drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, ſir, though it was ſaid ſhe much reſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with ſuch eſtimable wonder,[5] overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publiſh her, ſhe bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: ſhe is drowned already, ſir, with ſalt water,[6] though I ſeem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, ſir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your ſervant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done,

[4] —— *the* breach *of the ſea,*] i. e. what we now call the *breaking* of the ſea. In Pericles it is ſtyled—"the *rupture* of the ſea." Steevens.

[5] —— *with ſuch* eſtimable wonder,] Theſe words Dr. Warburton calls *an interpolation of the players,* but what did the players gain by it? they may be ſometimes guilty of a joke without the concurrence of the poet, but they never lengthen a ſpeech only to make it longer. Shakſpeare often confounds the active and paſſive adjectives. *Eſtimable wonder* is *eſteeming wonder,* or *wonder and eſteem.* The meaning is, that he could not venture to think ſo highly as others of his ſiſter. Johnson.

Thus Milton uſes *unexpreſſive* notes, for *unexpreſſible,* in his Hymn on the Nativity. Malone.

[6] ——*ſhe is drowned already, ſir, with ſalt water,*] There is a reſemblance between this and another falſe thought in *Hamlet:*

"*Too much of water haſt thou, poor Ophelia,*
"*And therefore I forbid my tears.*" Steevens.

that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother,[7] that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Viola; Malvolio *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.[8]

[7] *I am yet so near the manners of my* mother,] So, in *King Henry V.* Act IV. sc. vi:

"And all my *mother* came into my eyes." Malone.

[8] *Receive it* so.] One of the modern editors reads, with some probability, receive it, *sir*. But the present reading is sufficiently intelligible. Malone.

Vio. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.[9]

Mal. Come, ſir, you peeviſhly threw it to her; and her will is, it ſhould be ſo returned: if it be worth ſtooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outſide have not charm'd her!

"*Receive it* ſo," is, *underſtand* it ſo. Thus, in the third Act of this play, Olivia ſays to Viola:

"To one of your *receiving*
"Enough is ſhewn—." STEEVENS.

[9] *She took* the *ring of me; I'll none of it.*] This paſſage has been hitherto thus pointed; which renders it, as it appears to me, quite unintelligible. The following punctuation:

She took the ring of me!—I'll none of it,

was ſuggeſted by an ingenious friend, and certainly renders the line leſs exceptionable: yet I cannot but think there is ſome corruption in the text. Had our author intended ſuch a mode of ſpeech, he would probably have written:

She took a *ring of me!—I'll none of it.*

Malvolio's anſwer ſeems to intimate that Viola had ſaid ſhe had not given any ring. We ought, therefore, perhaps to read:

She took no *ring of me!—I'll none of it.*

So afterwards: "I left *no* ring with her." Viola expreſsly denies her having given Olivia any ring. How then can ſhe aſſert, as ſhe is made to do by the old regulation of the paſſage, that the lady had received one from her?

Since I wrote the above, it has occurred to me that the latter part of the line may have been corrupt, as well as the former: our author might have written:

She took this *ring of me!*—She'*ll none of it!*

So before: "—he left *this* ring;—tell him, I'll none of it." And afterwards: "None of my lord's ring!"—Viola may be ſuppoſed to repeat the ſubſtance of what Malvolio has ſaid. Our author is ſeldom ſtudious on ſuch occaſions to uſe the very words he had before employed. MALONE.

I do not perceive the neceſſity of the change recommended. Viola finding the ring ſent after her, accompanied by a fiction, is prepared to meet it with another. This lady, as Dr. Johnſon has obſerved, is an excellent ſchemer; ſhe is never at a loſs, or taken unprepared. STEEVENS.

She made good view of me; indeed, ſo much,
That, ſure,[1] methought, her eyes had loſt her tongue,[2]
For ſhe did ſpeak in ſtarts diſtractedly.
She loves me, ſure; the cunning of her paſſion
Invites me in this churliſh meſſenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he ſent her none.
I am the man;—If it be ſo, (as 'tis,)
Poor lady, ſhe were better love a dream.
Diſguiſe, I ſee, thou art a wickedneſs,
Wherein the pregnant enemy[3] does much.
How eaſy is it, for the proper-falſe
In women's waxen hearts to ſet their forms![4]

[1] *That,* ſure,] *Sure,* which is wanting in the old copy, was added, to complete the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. *Sure,* in the preſent inſtance, is not very likely to have been the word omitted in the firſt copy, being found in the next line but one. MALONE.

[2] —— *her eyes had* loſt *her tongue,*] We ſay a man *loſes* his company when they go one way and he goes another. So, Olivia's tongue loſt her eyes; her tongue was talking of the duke, and her eyes gazing on his meſſenger. JOHNSON.

It rather means that the very fixed and eager view ſhe took of Viola, perverted the uſe of her tongue, and made her talk diſtractedly. This conſtruction of the verb—*loſt,* is alſo much in Shakſpeare's manner. DOUCE.

[3] —— *the* pregnant *enemy*—] Is, I believe, the dexterous fiend, or enemy of mankind. JOHNSON.

Pregnant is certainly *dexterous,* or *ready.* So, in *Hamlet:*

"How *pregnant* ſometimes his replies are!" STEEVENS.

[4] *How eaſy is it for the* proper-falſe
In women's waxen hearts to ſet their forms!] This is obſcure. The meaning is, *how eaſy is diſguiſe to women!* how eaſily does *their own falſehood,* contained in their *waxen* changeable *hearts,* enable them to aſſume deceitful appearances! The two next lines are perhaps tranſpoſed, and ſhould be read thus:

For ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we be,
Alas, our frailty is the cauſe, not we. JOHNSON.

Alas, our frailty [5] is the cauſe not we;
For, ſuch as we are made of, ſuch we be.[6]

I am not certain that this explanation is juſt. Viola has been condemning thoſe who diſguiſe themſelves, becauſe Olivia had fallen in love with a ſpecious appearance. How eaſy is it, ſhe adds, for thoſe who are at once *proper* (i. e. fair in their appearance) and *falſe* (i. e. deceitful) to make an impreſſion on the eaſy hearts of women?—The *proper-falſe* is certainly a leſs elegant expreſſion than the *fair deceiver*, but ſeems to mean the ſame thing. A *proper man*, was the ancient phraſe for a *handſome man*:

"This Ludovico is a *proper* man." *Othello.*

To *ſet their forms*, means, to plant their images, i. e. to make an impreſſion on their eaſy minds. Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with me in this interpretation. STEEVENS.

This paſſage, according to Johnſon's explanation of it, is ſo ſevere a ſatire upon women, that it is unnatural to ſuppoſe that Shakſpeare ſhould put it in the mouth of one of the ſex, eſpecially a young one. Nor do I think that the words can poſſibly expreſs the ſenſe which he contends for. Steevens's explanation appears to be the true one. The word *proper* certainly means *handſome*; and Viola's reflection, how eaſy it was for thoſe who are handſome and deceitful to make an impreſſion on the waxen hearts of women, is a natural ſentiment for a girl to utter who was herſelf in love. An expreſſion ſimilar to that of *proper-falſe*, occurs afterwards in this very play, where Antonio ſays:

"Virtue is beauty, but the *beauteous-evil*
"Are empty trunks o'er flouriſh'd by the devil."

M. MASON.

Mr. Steevens's explanation is undoubtedly the true one. So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"——men have marble, *women waxen minds*,
"And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
"The weak oppreſs'd, the *impreſſion of ſtrange kinds*
"Is *form'd* in them by force, by *fraud*, or ſkill:
"Then call them not the authors of their ill—."

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"Nay, call us ten times frail,
"For we are *ſoft* as our complexions are,
"And *credulous to falſe prints*." MALONE.

[5] ——our *frailty*—] The old copy reads—O frailty. STEEVENS.

How will this fadge?[7] My maſter loves her dearly;
And I, poor monſter, fond as much on him;
And ſhe, miſtaken, ſeems to dote on me:
What will become of this! As I am man,
My ſtate is deſperate for my maſter's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftleſs ſighs ſhall poor Olivia breathe?
O time, thou muſt untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[6] *For, ſuch as we are made* of, *ſuch we be.*] The old copy reads—made *if*. Mr. Tyrwhitt obſerves, that "inſtead of tranſpoſing theſe lines according to Dr. Johnſon's conjecture," he is inclined to read the latter as I have printed it. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"——we are ſuch ſtuff
"As dreams are made *of*." STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture is right. *Of* and *if* are frequently confounded in the old copies. Thus in the folio, 1632, *King John*, p. 6: "Lord of our preſence, Angiers, and *if* you." [inſtead of—*of you*.]

Again, *of* is printed inſtead of *if*, *Merchant of Venice*, 1623:

"Mine own I would ſay, but, *of* mine, then yours."

In *As you like it*, we have a line conſtructed nearly like the preſent, as now corrected:

"Who ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour."
MALONE.

[7] *How will this* fadge?] To *fadge*, is *to ſuit, to fit, to go with*. So, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

"I ſhall never *fadge* with the humour, becauſe I cannot lie."

So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594:

"I'll have thy advice, and if it *fadge*, thou ſhalt eat."—
"But how will it *fadge* in the end?"—
"All this *fadges* well."—
"We are about a matter of legerdemain, how will this *fadge*?"
"——in good time it *fadges*." STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

A Room in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

SIR To. Approach, ſir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo ſurgere,*[8] thou know'ſt,——

SIR AND. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

SIR To. A falſe concluſion; I hate it as an unfilled can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; ſo that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives conſiſt of the four elements?[9]

SIR AND. 'Faith, ſo they ſay; but, I think, it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.[1]

[8] ——*diluculo ſurgere,*] *ſaluberrimum eſt.* This adage our author found in Lilly's *Grammar*, p. 51. MALONE.

[9] ——*Do not our lives conſiſt of the four elements?*] So, in our author's 45th Sonnet:

"My life being made of four, with two alone
"Sinks down to death," &c.

So alſo, in *King Henry V:* "He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him."
MALONE.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"I am fire and air; my other *elements*
"I give to *baſer* life." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*I think, it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.*] A ridicule on the medical theory of that time, which ſuppoſed health to conſiſt in the juſt temperament and balance of the four elements in the human frame. WARBURTON.

Homer, *Iliad* IX. concurs in opinion with Sir Andrew:

"——ſtrength conſiſts in ſpirits and in blood,
"And thoſe are ow'd to generous wine and food."
STEEVENS.

Sir To. Thou art a ſcholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I ſay!——a ſtoop[2] of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never ſee the picture of we three?[3]

Sir To. Welcome, aſs. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breaſt.[3] I had rather than forty ſhillings I had

[2] ——*a* ſtoop—] A *ſtoop*, cadus, à ſtoppa, Belgis, *ſtoop*. Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 111. In Hexham's *Low Dutch Dictionary*, 1660, a *gallon* is explained by *een kanne van twee ſtoopen*. A *ſtoop*, however, ſeems to have been ſomething more than half a gallon. In *A Catalogue of the Rarities in the Anatomy Hall at Leyden*, printed there, 4to. 1701, is "The bladder of a man containing four *ſtoop* (which is ſomething above TWO Engliſh gallons) of water." REED.

[3] ——*Did you never ſee the picture of* we three?] An alluſion to an old print, ſometimes paſted on the wall of a country ale-houſe, repreſenting TWO, but under which the ſpectator reads—

"*We three* are aſſes." HENLEY.

I believe Shakſpeare had in his thoughts a common ſign, in which two wooden heads are exhibited, with this inſcription under it; "*We three* loggerheads be." The ſpectator or reader is ſuppoſed to make the third. The Clown means to inſinuate, that Sir Toby and Sir Andrew had as good a title to the name of *fool* as himſelf. MALONE.

[4] ——*By my troth, the fool has an excellent* breaſt.] *Breaſt*, *voice*. *Breath* has been here propoſed: but many inſtances may be brought to juſtify the old reading beyond a doubt. In the ſtatutes of Stoke-College, founded by Archbiſhop Parker, 1535, *Strype's Parker*, p. 9: "Which ſaid queriſters, after their *breaſts* are changed," &c. that is, after their voices are broken. In Fiddes's *Life of Wolſey*, Append. p. 128: "Sing-ing-men well-*breaſted*." In Tuſſer's *Huſbandrie*, p. 155, edit. P. Short:

"The better *breſt*, the leſſer reſt,
"To ſerve the queer now there now heere."

ſuch a leg; and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the fool has. In ſooth, thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night, when thou ſpokeſt of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians paſſing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I ſent thee ſixpence for thy leman; Hadſt it? [5]

Tuſſer, in this piece, called *The Author's Life*, tells us, that he was a choir-boy in the collegiate chapel of Wallingford Caſtle; and that, on account of the excellence of his *voice*, he was ſucceſſively removed to various choirs. T. WARTON.

B. Jonſon uſes the word *breaſt* in the ſame manner, in his *Maſque of Gypſies*, p. 623, edit. 1692. In an old play called *The Four P's*, written by J. Heywood, 1569, is this paſſage:

"*Poticary*. I pray you, tell me, can you ſing?
"*Pedler*. Sir, I have ſome ſight in ſinging.
"*Poticary*. But is your *breaſt* any thing ſweet?
"*Pedler*. Whatever my breaſt be, my voice is meet."

I ſuppoſe this cant term to have been current among the muſicians of the age. All profeſſions have in ſome degree their jargon; and the remoter they are from liberal ſcience, and the leſs conſequential to the general intereſts of life, the more they ſtrive to hide themſelves behind affected terms and barbarous phraſeology. STEEVENS.

[5] *I ſent thee ſixpence for thy* leman; *hadſt it?*] The old copy reads—*lemon*. But the Clown was neither pantler, nor butler. The poet's word was certainly miſtaken by the ignorance of the printer. I have reſtored *leman*, i. e. I ſent thee ſixpence to ſpend on thy miſtreſs. THEOBALD.

I receive Theobald's emendation, becauſe it throws a light on the obſcurity of the following ſpeech.

Leman is frequently uſed by the ancient writers, and Spenſer in particular. So again, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634:

"Fright him as he's embracing his new *leman*."

The money was given him for his *leman*, i. e. his miſtreſs. We have ſtill "*Leman*-ſtreet," in Goodman's-fields. He ſays he did *impeticoat* the gratuity, i. e. he gave it to his *petticoat companion*; for (ſays he) *Malvolio's noſe is no whipſtock*, i. e. Malvolio may ſmell out our connection, but his ſuſpicion will not prove the inſtrument of our puniſhment. *My miſtreſs has a white hand, and the myrmidons are no bottle-ale houſes*, i. e. my miſtreſs is handſome, but the houſes kept by officers of juſ-

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity;[6] for Malvolio's noſe is no whipſtock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houſes.

tice are no places to make merry and entertain her at. Such may be the meaning of this whimſical ſpeech. A *whipſtock* is, I believe, the handle of a whip, round which a ſtrap of leather is uſually twiſted, and is ſometimes put for the *whip* itſelf. So, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

"———— out, Carter,
"Hence dirty *whipſtock*——"

Again, in *The Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:

"—— the coach-man ſit!
"His duty is before you to ſtand,
"Having a luſty *whipſtock* in his hand."

This word occurs again in *Jeronymo*, 1605:

"Bought you a whiſtle and a *whipſtock* too." Steevens.

[6] *I did* impeticos *thy* gratillity;] This, Sir T. Hanmer tells us, is the ſame with *impocket thy gratuity*. He is undoubtedly right; but we muſt read—*I did* impetticoat *thy* gratuity. The fools were kept in long coats, to which the alluſion is made. There is yet much in this dialogue which I do not underſtand. Johnson.

Figure 12, in the plate of the *Morris-dancers*, at the end of *K. Henry IV.* P. I. ſufficiently proves that *petticoats* were not always a part of the dreſs of *fools* or *jeſters*, though they were of ideots, for a reaſon which I avoid to offer. Steevens.

It is a very groſs miſtake to imagine that this character was habited like an *ideot*. Neither he nor *Touchſtone*, though they wear a particoloured dreſs, has either *coxcomb* or *bauble*, nor is by any means to be confounded with the *Fool* in *King Lear*, nor even, I think, with the one in *All's well that ends well*.—*A Diſſertation on the Fools of Shakſpeare*, a character he has moſt judiciouſly varied and diſcriminated, would be a valuable addition to the notes on his plays. Ritson.

The old copy reads—"I did *impeticos* thy *gratillity*." The meaning, I think, is, I did *impetticoat* or *impocket* thy *gratuity*; but the reading of the old copy ſhould not, in my opinion, be here diſturbed. The Clown uſes the ſame kind of fantaſtick language elſewhere in this ſcene. Neither *Pigrogromitus*, nor the *Vapians* would object to it. Malone.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now, a ſong.

Sir To. Come on; there is ſix-pence for you: let's have a ſong.

Sir And. There's a teſtril of me too: if one knight give a———

Clo. Would you have a love-ſong, or a ſong of good life?[7]

Sir To. A love-ſong, a love-ſong.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. *O miſtreſs mine, where are you roaming?*
O, ſtay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can ſing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty ſweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wiſe man's ſon doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;*
Preſent mirth hath preſent laughter;

[7] ——*of* good life?] I do not ſuppoſe that by a ſong of *good life*, the Clown means a ſong of a *moral turn*; though Sir Andrew anſwers to it in that ſignification. *Good life*, I believe, is *harmleſs mirth and jollity*. It may be a Galliciſm: we call a jolly fellow a *bon vivant*. Steevens.

From the oppoſition of the words in the Clown's queſtion, I incline to think that *good life* is here uſed in its uſual acceptation. In *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, theſe words are uſed for a virtuous *character*:

"Defend your reputation, or farewell to your *good life* for ever." Malone.

What's to come, is ſtill unſure:
In delay there lies no plenty;[8]
Then come kiſs me, ſweet-and-twenty,[9]
Youth's a ſtuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very ſweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the noſe, it is dulcet in contagion. But ſhall we make the welkin dance[1]

[8] *In* delay *there lies no plenty*;] No man will ever be worth much, who *delays* the advantages offered by the preſent hour, in hopes that the future will offer more. So, in *K. Richard III.* Act IV. ſc. iii:

" *Delay* leads impotent and ſnail-pac'd beggary."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I:

" Defer no time, *delays* have dangerous ends."

Again, in a Scots proverb: " After a *delay* comes a let." See Kelly's *Collection*, p. 52. Steevens.

[9] *Then come kiſs me,* ſweet and twenty,] This line is obſcure; we might read:

Come, a kiſs then, ſweet and twenty.

Yet I know not whether the preſent reading be not right, for in ſome counties *ſweet and twenty,* whatever be the meaning, is a phraſe of endearment. Johnson.

So, in *Wit of a Woman,* 1604:

" *Sweet and twenty:* all ſweet and ſweet."

Again, in *The Life and Death of the Merry Devil of Edmonton,* &c. by T. B. 1631: " —his little wanton wagtailes, his *ſweet and twenties,* his pretty pinckineyd pigſnies, &c. as he himſelf uſed commonly to call them." Steevens.

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:*

" Good even, *and twenty.*" Malone.

[1] —— *make the welkin* dance—] That is, drink till the ſky ſeems to turn round. Johnson.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act II. ſc. vii:

" Cup us *till the world go round.*"

indeed? Shall we rouſe the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three ſouls out of one weaver?[2] ſhall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Again, Mr. Pope:

"Ridotta ſips and dances, till ſhe ſee
"The doubling luſtres *dance* as faſt as ſhe." Steevens.

[2] —— *draw three ſouls out of one* weaver?] Our author repreſents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. I have ſhewn the cauſe of it elſewhere. The expreſſion of the power of muſick is familiar with our author. *Much Ado about Nothing:* "Now is his ſoul raviſhed. Is it not ſtrange that ſheep's-guts ſhould hale ſouls out of men's bodies?"—Why, he ſays, *three ſouls,* is becauſe he is ſpeaking of a catch of *three parts*; and the peripatetic philoſophy, then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three ſouls. The *vegetative* or *plaſtic,* the *animal,* and the *rational.* To this, too, Jonſon alludes, in his *Poetaſter:* "What, will I turn ſhark upon my friends? or my friends' friends? I ſcorn it *with my three ſouls.*" By the mention of theſe *three,* therefore, we may ſuppoſe it was Shakſpeare's purpoſe, to hint to us thoſe ſurprizing effects of muſick, which the ancients ſpeak of, when they tell us of Amphion, who moved *ſtones* and *trees*; Orpheus and Arion, who tamed *ſavage beaſts*; and Timotheus, who governed, as he pleaſed, the *paſſions of his human auditors.* So noble an obſervation has our author conveyed in the ribaldry of this buffoon character. Warburton.

In a popular book of the time, Carew's tranſlation of Huarte's *Trial of Wits,* 1594, there is a curious chapter concerning the *three ſouls,* "*vegetative, ſenſitive,* and *reaſonable.*" Farmer.

I doubt whether our author intended any alluſion to this diviſion of ſouls. In *The Tempeſt,* we have—"*trebles* thee o'er;" i. e. makes thee thrice as great as thou wert before. In the ſame manner, I believe, he here only means to deſcribe Sir Toby's catch as ſo harmonious, that it would hale the ſoul out of a weaver (the warmeſt lover of a ſong) *thrice over*; or in other words, give him thrice more delight than it would give another man. Dr. Warburton's ſuppoſition that there is an alluſion to the catch being in *three* parts, appears to me one of his unfounded refinements. Malone.

Clo. By'r lady, ſir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Moſt certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave,* knight? I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the firſt time I have conſtrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I ſhall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! Come, begin.

[*They ſing a catch.*[3]

[3] *They ſing a catch.*] This catch is loſt. Johnson.

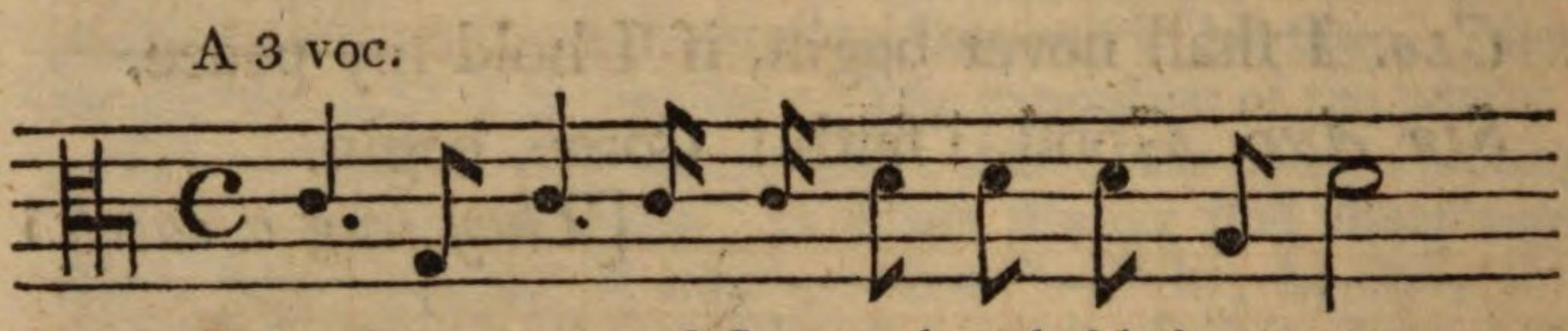
A *catch* is a ſpecies of vocal harmony to be ſung by three or more perſons; and is ſo contrived, that though each ſings preciſely the ſame notes as his fellows, yet by beginning at ſtated periods of time from each other, there reſults from the performance a harmony of as many parts as there are ſingers. Compoſitions of this kind are, in ſtrictneſs, called *Canons in the uniſon*; and as properly, *Catches,* when the words in the different parts are made to *catch* or anſwer each other. One of the moſt remarkable examples of a true *catch* is that of Purcel, *Let's live good honeſt lives,* in which, immediately after one perſon has uttered theſe words, "What need we fear the Pope?" another in the courſe of his ſinging fills up a reſt which the firſt makes, with the words "The devil."

The *catch* above-mentioned to be ſung by Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown, from the hints given of it, appears to be ſo contrived as that each of the ſingers calls the other *knave* in turn; and for this the Clown means to apologize to the knight, when he ſays, that he ſhall be conſtrained to call him *knave.* I have here ſubjoined the very catch, with the muſical notes to which it was ſung in the time of Shakſpeare, and at the original performance of this comedy:

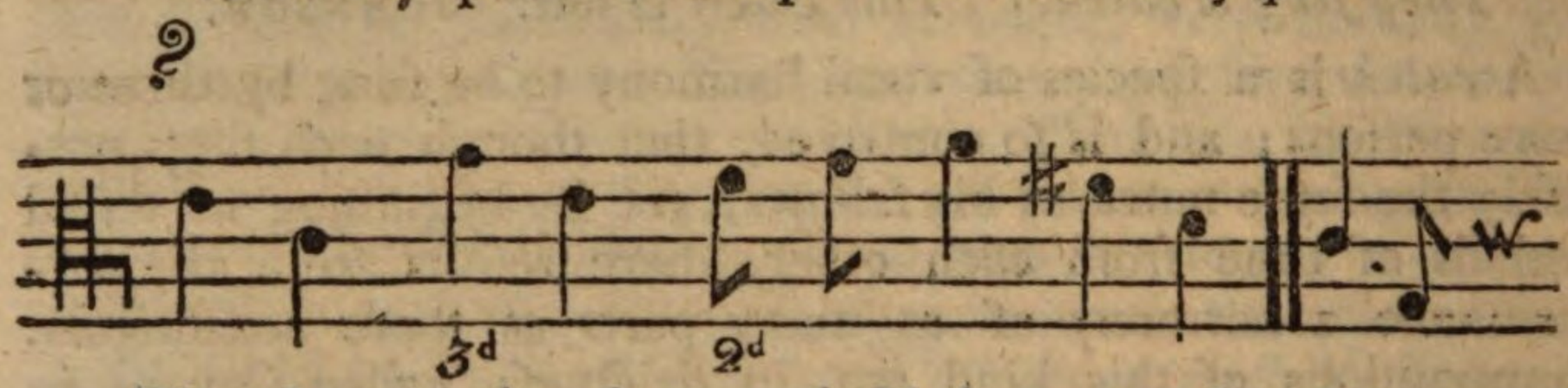
Enter MARIA.

MAR. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her ſteward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never truſt me.

SIR TO. My lady's a Cataian,[4] we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramſey,[5] and *Three merry*



Hold thy peace and I pree thee hold thy peace



Thou knave, thou knave: hold thy peace thou knave.

The evidence of its authenticity is as follows: There is extant a book entitled, "PAMMELIA, *Muſickes Miſcellanie, or mixed Varietie of pleaſant Roundelays and delightful Catches of* 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 *Parts in one.*" Of this book there are at leaſt two editions, the ſecond printed in 1618. In 1609, a ſecond part of this work was publiſhed with the title of DEUTEROMELIA, and in this book is contained the catch above given. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[4] ——*a* Cataian,] It is in vain to ſeek the preciſe meaning of this term of reproach. I have already attempted to explain it in a note on *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. I find it uſed again in *Love and Honour*, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1649:

"Hang him, bold *Cataian*." STEEVENS.

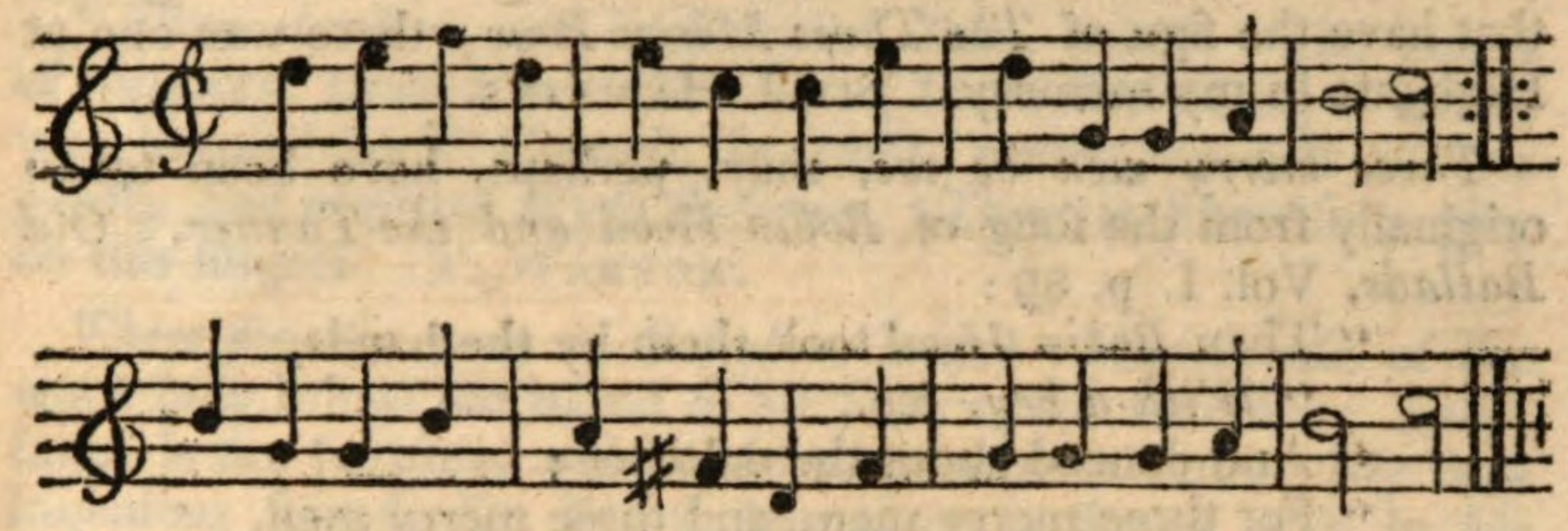
[5] ——*Peg-a-Ramſey*,] In Durfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, is a very obſcene old ſong, entitled *Peg-a-Ramſey*. See alſo Ward's *Lives of the Profeſſors of Greſham College*, p. 207. PERCY.

Naſh mentions *Peg of Ramſey* among ſeveral other ballads,

men be we.[6] Am not I conſanguineous? am I not viz. *Rogero, Baſilino, Turkelony, All the Flowers of the Broom, Pepper is black, Green Sleeves, Peggie Ramſie.* It appears from the ſame author, that it was likewiſe a dance performed to the muſic of a ſong of that name. STEEVENS.

Peggy Ramſey is the name of ſome old ſong; the following is the tune to it:

Peggy Ramſey.



SIR J. HAWKINS.

[6] *Three merry men* &c.] *Three merry men be we,* is likewiſe a fragment of ſome old ſong, which I find repeated in *Weſtward Hoe,* by Decker and Webſter, 1607, and by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Knight of the Burning Peſtle:*

"Three merry men
"And three merry men
"And *three merry men be we.*"

Again, in *The Bloody Brother,* of the ſame authors:

"Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
"And three merry boys are we,
"As ever did ſing, three parts in a ſtring,
"All under the triple tree."

Again, in *Ram Alley,* or *Merry Tricks,* 1611:

"And three merry men, and three merry men,
"And *three merry men be we a.*" STEEVENS.

This is a concluſion common to many old ſongs. One of the moſt humorous that I can recollect, is the following:

"The wiſe men were but ſeaven, nor more ſhall be for me;
"The muſes were but nine, the worthies three times three;
"And three merry boyes, and three merry boyes, and three merry boyes are wee.

of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady![7] *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*[8] [*Singing.*

"The vertues they were ſeven, and three the greater bee;
"The Cæſars they were twelve, and the fatal ſiſters three.
"And three merry girles, and three merry girles, and three merry girles are wee."

There are ale-houſes in ſome of the villages in this kingdom, that have the ſign of *The Three Merry Boys*; there was one at Highgate in my memory. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Three merry men be we, may, perhaps, have been taken originally from the ſong of *Robin Hood and the Tanner*. *Old Ballads*, Vol. I. p. 89:

"Then *Robin Hood* took them by the hands,
"*With a hey*, &c.
"And danced about the oak-tree;
"For three merry men, and three merry men,
"*And three merry men be we.*" TYRWHITT.

But perhaps the following, in *The Old Wiues Tale*, by George Peele, 1595, may be the original. *Anticke*, one of the characters, ſays: "——let us rehearſe the old proverb,
"Three merrie men, and three merrie men,
"And three merrie men be wee;
"I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
"And Jack ſleepes in the tree." STEEVENS.

See *An Antidote againſt Melancholy, made up in Pills, compounded of Witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and Merry Catches*, 4to. 1661, p. 69. REED.

[7] Tilley-valley, *lady!*] *Tilly-valley* was an interjection of contempt, which Sir Thomas More's lady is recorded to have had very often in her mouth. JOHNSON.

Tilly-valley is uſed as an interjection of contempt in the old play of *Sir John Oldcaſtle*; and is likewiſe a character in a comedy intituled *Lady Alimony*. *Tillie-vallie* may be a corruption of the Roman word (without a preciſe meaning, but indicative of contempt,) *Titivilitium*. See the *Caſina* of Plautus, 2. 5. 39. STEEVENS.

Tilly-valley is a hunting phraſe borrowed from the French. In the *Venerie de Jacques Fouilloux*, 1585, 4to. fo. 12, the following cry is mentioned: "Ty a hillaut & vallecy;" and is ſet to muſic in pp. 49 and 50. DOUCE.

Clo. Beſhrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be diſpoſed, and ſo do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. *O, the twelfth day of December,*—

[*Singing.*

[s] *There dwelt a man in Babylon,* lady, lady!] The ballad of *Suſanna,* from whence this line [*There dwelt* &c.] is taken, was licenſed by T. Colwell, in 1562, under the title of *The goodly and conſtant Wyfe Suſanna.* There is likewiſe a play on this ſubject. T. Warton.

There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady,] Maria's uſe of the word *lady* brings the ballad to Sir Toby's remembrance: *Lady, lady,* is the *burthen,* and ſhould be printed as ſuch. My very ingenious friend, Dr. Percy, has given a ſtanza of it in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry,* Vol. I. p. 204. Juſt the ſame may be ſaid, where Mercutio applies it, in *Romeo and Juliet,* Act II. ſc. iv. Farmer.

I found what I once ſuppoſed to be a part of this ſong, in *All's loſt by Luſt,* a tragedy by William Rowley, 1633:

" There was a nobleman of Spain, *lady, lady,*
" That went abroad, and came not again
" To his poor lady.
" Oh, cruel age, when one brother, *lady, lady,*
" Shall ſcorn to look upon another
" Of his poor lady." Steevens.

This ſong, or, at leaſt, one with the ſame burthen, is alluded to in Ben Jonſon's *Magnetic Lady,* Vol. IV. p. 449:

" *Com.* As true it is, *lady, lady* i' the ſong." Tyrwhitt.

The oldeſt ſong that I have ſeen with this burthen is in the old Morality, entitled *The Trial of Treaſure,* 4to. 1567. The following is one of the ſtanzas:

" Helene may not compared be,
" Nor Creſſida that was ſo bright,
" Theſe cannot ſtain the ſhine of thee,
" Nor yet Minerva of great might;
" Thou paſſeſt Venus far away,
" *Lady, lady;*
" Love thee I will, both night and day,
" My dere *lady.*" Malone.

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My maſters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouſe of my lady's houſe, that ye ſqueak out your coziers' catches[9] without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? Is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, ſir, in our catches. Sneck up![1]

[9] ——coziers' *catches*—] A *cozier* is a tailor, from *coudre* to ſew, part. *couſu*, Fr. Johnson.

Our author has again alluded to their love of vocal harmony in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"*Lady.* I will not *ſing*.

"*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turn *tailor*, or be redbreaſt teacher."

A *cozier*, it appears from Minſhieu, ſignified a *botcher*, or mender of old clothes, and alſo a cobler.—Here it means the former. Malone.

Minſhieu tells us, that *cozier* is a cobler or ſowter: and, in Northamptonſhire, the waxed thread which a cobler uſes in mending ſhoes, we call a *codger's* end. Whalley.

A *coziers' end* is ſtill uſed in Devonſhire for a cobler's end. Henley.

[1] *Sneck up!*] The modern editors ſeem to have regarded this unintelligible phraſe as the deſignation of a *hiccup*. It is however uſed in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, as it ſhould ſeem, on another occaſion: "Let thy father go *ſneck up*, he ſhall never come between a pair of ſheets with me again while he lives."

Again, in the ſame play: "Give him his money, George, and let him go *ſneck up*." Again, in *Wily Beguiled*: "An if my miſtreſs would be ruled by him, Sophos might go *ſnick up*." Again, in *The Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599: "—if they be not, let them go *ſnick up*." Again, in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1631, *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, no date, &c.

Mal. Sir Toby, I muſt be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though ſhe harbours you as her kinſman, ſhe's nothing allied to your diſorders. If you can ſeparate yourſelf and your miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the houſe; if not, an it would pleaſe you to take leave of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. *Farewell, dear heart,*[2] *ſince I muſt needs be gone.*

Mar. Nay, good ſir Toby.

Clo. *His eyes do ſhew his days are almoſt done.*

Mal. Is't even ſo?

Sir To. *But I will never die.*

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go?* [*Singing.*

Clo. *What an if you do?*

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?*

Clo. *O no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

Perhaps in the two former of theſe inſtances, the words may be corrupted. In *King Henry IV.* P. I. Falſtaff ſays: "The Prince is a Jack, a *Sneak-cup*," i. e. one who takes his glaſs in a ſneaking manner. I think we might ſafely read *ſneak-cup*, at leaſt, in Sir Toby's reply to Malvolio. I ſhould not however omit to mention that *ſneck the door* is a north country expreſſion for *latch the door*.

Mr. Malone and others obſerve, that from the manner in which this cant phraſe is employed in our ancient comedies, it ſeems to have been ſynonymous to the modern expreſſion—*Go hang yourſelf.* Steevens.

[2] *Farewell, dear heart,* &c.] This entire ſong, with ſome variations, is publiſhed by Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry.* Steevens.

Sir To. Out o'time? ſir, ye lie.[3]—Art any more than a ſteward? Doſt thou think, becauſe thou art virtuous, there ſhall be no more cakes and ale? [4]

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger ſhall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, ſir, rub your chain with crums: [5]—A ſtoop of wine, Maria!

[3] *Out* o'time? *ſir, ye lie.*] The old copy has—"out *o'tune.*" We ſhould read, "out of *time,*" as his ſpeech evidently refers to what Malvolio ſaid before:

"Have you no reſpect for place or *time* in you?
"*Sir Toby.* We did keep *time,* ſir, in our catches."

M. Mason.

The ſame correction, I find, had been ſilently made by Theobald, and was adopted by the three ſubſequent editors. Sir Toby is here repeating with indignation Malvolio's words.

In the MSS. of our author's age, *tune* and *time* are often quite undiſtinguiſhable; the ſecond ſtroke of the *u* ſeeming to be the firſt ſtroke of the *m,* or *vice versâ.* Hence, in *Macbeth,* Act IV. ſc. ult. edit. 1623, we have "This *time,* goes manly," inſtead of "This *tune* goes manly." Malone.

[4] *Doſt thou think, becauſe thou art virtuous, there ſhall be no more cakes and ale?*] It was the cuſtom on holidays and ſaints' days to make cakes in honour of the day. The *Puritans* called this, ſuperſtition; and in the next page Maria ſays, that *Malvolio is ſometimes a kind of Puritan.* See Quarlous's *Account of Rabbi Buſy,* Act I. ſc. iii. in Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair.* Letherland.

[5] ——*rub your* chain *with crums:*] That ſtewards anciently wore a chain, as a mark of ſuperiority over other ſervants, may be proved from the following paſſage in *The Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Doſt thou think I ſhall become the *ſteward's* chair? Will not theſe ſlender haunches ſhew well in a *chain?*"——

Again:

"*Pia.* Is your *chain* right?
"*Bob.* It is both right and juſt, ſir;
"For though I am a *ſteward,* I did get it
"With no man's wrong."

The beſt method of cleaning any gilt plate, is by *rubbing it*

Mal. Miſtreſs Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule;[6] ſhe ſhall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go ſhake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promiſe with him, and make a fool of him.

with crums. Naſh, in his piece entitled *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, taxes Gabriel Harvey with "*having ſtolen a nobleman's* ſteward's chain, *at his lord's inſtalling at Windſor.*"

To conclude with the moſt appoſite inſtance of all. See Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"Yea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to *ſcouer his gold chain.*" Steevens.

[6] ——*rule*;] *Rule* is method of life; ſo *miſrule* is tumult and riot. Johnson.

Rule, on this occaſion, is ſomething leſs than common *method of life*. It occaſionally means the arrangement or conduct of a feſtival or merry-making, as well as behaviour in general. So, in the 27th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"Caſt in a gallant round about the hearth they go,
"And at each pauſe they kiſs; was never ſeen ſuch *rule*
"In any place but here, at bon-fire, or at yeule."

Again, in Heywood's *Engliſh Traveller*, 1633:

"What gueſts we harbour, and what *rule* we keep."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub*:

"And ſet him in the ſtocks for his ill *rule*."

In this laſt inſtance it ſignifies *behaviour*.

There was formerly an officer belonging to the court, called *Lord of Miſrule*. So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*: "I have ſome couſin-germans at court ſhall beget you the reverſion of the maſter of the king's revels, or elſe be lord of his *Miſrule* now at Chriſtmas." Again, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606: "We are fully bent to be lords of *Miſrule* in the world's wild heath." In the country, at all periods of feſtivity, and in the inns of court at their *Revels*, an officer of the ſame kind was elected. Steevens.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet ſir Toby, be patient for to-night; ſince the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For monſieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword,[7] and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie ſtraight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Poſſeſs us,[8] poſſeſs us; tell us ſomething of him.

Mar. Marry, ſir, ſometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquiſite reaſon, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquiſite reaſon for't, but I have reaſon good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing conſtantly but a time pleaſer; an affectioned aſs,[9] that cons ſtate without book, and utters it by

[7] —— *a* nayword,] A *nayword* is what has been ſince called a *byeword*, a kind of proverbial reproach. Steevens.

[8] *Poſſeſs us,*] That is, *inform us, tell us,* make us maſters of the matter. Johnson.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice,* Shylock ſays:

"I have *poſſeſs'd* your grace of what I purpoſe."

Douce.

[9] —— *an* affection'd *aſs,*] *Affection'd* means *affected.* In this ſenſe, I believe, it is uſed in *Hamlet*: "—— no matter in it that could indite the author of *affection,*" i. e. affectation.

Steevens.

great ſwarths:[1] the beſt perſuaded of himſelf, ſo crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cauſe to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure epiſtles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he ſhall find himſelf moſt feelingly perſonated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I ſmell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my noſe too.

Sir To. He ſhall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that ſhe is in love with him.

Mar. My purpoſe is, indeed, a horſe of that colour.

Sir And. And your horſe now would make him an aſs.[2]

Mar. Aſs, I doubt not.

[1] ——*great* ſwarths:] A *ſwarth* is as much graſs or corn as a mower cuts down at one ſtroke of his ſcythe. Thus Pope, in his verſion of the 18th *Iliad:*

"Here ſtretch'd in ranks the levell'd *ſwarths* are found."

STEEVENS.

[2] Sir And. *And your horſe now* &c.] This conceit, though bad enough, ſhews too quick an apprehenſion for *Sir Andrew*. It ſhould be given, I believe, to *Sir Toby*; as well as the next ſhort ſpeech: "*O, 'twill be admirable.*" *Sir Andrew* does not uſually give his own judgement on any thing, till he has heard that of ſome other perſon. TYRWHITT.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my phyſick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he ſhall find the letter; obſerve his conſtruction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthefilea.[3]

Sir And. Before me, ſhe's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; What o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadſt need ſend for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight;[4] if thou haſt her not i'the end, call me Cut.[5]

[3] —— *Penthefilea.*] i. e. Amazon. Steevens.

[4] *Send for money, knight;*] Sir Toby, in this inſtance, exhibits a trait of Iago: "Put money in thy purſe." Steevens.

[5] ——*call me* Cut.] So, in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612: "If I help you not to that as cheap as any man in England, call me *Cut*."

Again, in *The Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:

"I'll meet you there; if I do not, *call me Cut*."

This term of contempt, perhaps, ſignifies only—call me—*gelding*. Steevens.

—— *call me* Cut.] i. e. call me horſe. So, Falſtaff in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "—ſpit in my face, call me *horſe*." That this was the meaning of this expreſſion is aſcertained by a paſſage in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*:

"He'll buy me a white *Cut* forth for to ride."

Again, in *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600: "But maſter, 'pray ye, let me ride upon *Cut*." *Curtal*, which occurs in another of our author's plays, (i. e. a horſe, whoſe tail has been docked,) and *Cut*, were probably ſynonymous. Malone.

Sir And. If I do not, never truſt me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn ſome ſack, 'tis too late to go to bed now; come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Duke. Give me ſome muſick:—Now, good morrow, friends:——
Now, good Ceſario, but that piece of ſong,
That old and antique ſong we heard laſt night;
Methought, it did relieve my paſſion much;
More than light airs and recollected[6] terms,
Of theſe moſt briſk and giddy-paced times:——
Come, but one verſe.

Cur. He is not here, ſo pleaſe your lordſhip, that ſhould ſing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feſte, the jeſter, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the houſe.

[6] ——*recollected*—] Studied. Warburton.

I rather think, that *recollected* ſignifies, more nearly to its primitive ſenſe, *recalled, repeated,* and alludes to the practice of compoſers, who often prolong the ſong by repetitions. Johnson.

Thus in Strada's Imitation of Claudian:

" —— et ſe
" Multiplicat *relegens*—." Steevens.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.
[*Exit* Curio.—*Muſick.*
Come hither, boy; If ever thou ſhalt love,
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, ſuch as I am, all true lovers are;
Unſtaid and ſkittiſh in all motions elſe,
Save, in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How doſt thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the ſeat
Where Love is thron'd.[7]

Duke. Thou doſt ſpeak maſterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath ſtay'd upon ſome favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.[8]

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

[7] —— *to the ſeat*
Where Love is thron'd.] i. e. to the heart. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"My boſom's lord [i. e. *Love*] ſits lightly on his *throne*."
Again, in *Othello*:
"Yield up, *O Love*, thy crown, and *hearted throne*—."
So before, in the firſt act of this play:
"—— when liver, brain, and *heart*,
"Theſe ſovereign *thrones*, are all ſupplied and fill'd
"(Her ſweet perfections) with one ſelf-king."
The meaning is, (as Mr. Heath has obſerved,) "It is ſo conſonant to the emotions of the heart, that they echo it back again."
Malone.

[8] ——*favour.*] The word *favour* ambiguouſly uſed.
Johnson.
Favour, in the preceding ſpeech, ſignifies countenance.
Steevens.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let ſtill the woman take
An elder than herſelf; ſo wears ſhe to him,
So ſways ſhe level in her huſband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praiſe ourſelves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and worn,[9]
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyſelf,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roſes; whoſe fair flower,
Being once diſplay'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And ſo they are: alas, that they are ſo;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio, *and* Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the ſong we had laſt night:—
Mark it, Ceſario; it is old, and plain:
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,

[9] —— *loſt and* worn,] Though *loſt and worn* may mean *loſt and worn out*, yet *loſt and won* being, I think, better, theſe two words coming uſually and naturally together, and the alteration being very ſlight, I would ſo read in this place with Sir T. Hanmer. Johnson.

The text is undoubtedly right, and *worn* ſignifies, *conſumed, worn out.* So Lord Surrey, in one of his Sonnets, deſcribing the ſpring, ſays:

"Winter is *worn*, that was the flowers bale."

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

"Theſe few days' wonder will be quickly *worn*."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"——and but infirmity,
"Which waits upon *worn* times—." Malone.

And the free[1] maids, that weave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chaunt it; it is ſilly ſooth,[2]
And dallies with the innocence of love,[3]
Like the old age.[4]

Clo. Are you ready, ſir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, ſing. [*Muſick.*

[1] ——*free*—] Is, perhaps, *vacant, unengaged, eaſy in mind.* JOHNSON.

I rather think, that *free* means here—not having yet ſurrendered their liberty to man;—unmarried. MALONE.

Is not *free*, unreſerved, uncontrolled by the reſtraints of female delicacy, forward, and ſuch as ſing *plain* ſongs? HENLEY.

The preciſe meaning of this epithet cannot very eaſily be pointed out. As Mr. Warton obſerves, on another occaſion,—"*fair* and *free*" are words often paired together in metrical romances. Chaucer, Drayton, Ben Jonſon, and many other poets, employ the epithet *free*, with little certainty of meaning. *Free*, in the inſtance before us, may commodiouſly ſignify, *artleſs, free from art, uninfluenced by artificial manners, undirected by falſe refinement in their choice of ditties.* STEEVENS.

[2] ——*ſilly ſooth*,] It is plain, ſimple truth. JOHNSON.

[3] *And* dallies *with the innocence of love*,] To *dally* is to play, to trifle. So, Act III: "They that *dally* nicely with words." Again, in *Swetnam Arraign'd*, 1620:

"——he void of fear
"*Dallied* with danger——."

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Albovine*, 1629:

"Why doſt thou *dally* thus with feeble motion?"

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*the* old age.] The *old age* is the *ages paſt*, the times of ſimplicity. JOHNSON.

SONG.

CLO. *Come away, come away, death,*
And in ſad cypreſs let me be laid;[5]
Fly away, fly away,[6] *breath;*
I am ſlain by a fair cruel maid.
My ſhroud of white, ſtuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one ſo true
Did ſhare it.[7]

Not a flower, not a flower ſweet,
On my black coffin let there be ſtrown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpſe, where my bones ſhall be thrown:
A thouſand thouſand ſighs to ſave,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover[8] *ne'er find my grave,*
To weep there.

[5] *And in ſad* cypreſs *let me be laid;*] i. e. in a ſhroud of *cypreſs* or *cyprus*. Thus Autolycus, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"Lawn as white as driven ſnow,
"*Cyprus black* as e'er was crow."

There was both black and white *cyprus*, as there is ſtill black and white *crape*; and ancient ſhrouds were always made of the latter. STEEVENS.

[6] Fly *away*, fly *away*,] The old copy reads—*Fie* away. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

[7] *My part of death no one ſo true*
Did ſhare it.] Though *death* is a *part* in which every one acts his *ſhare*, yet of all theſe actors no one is *ſo true* as I. JOHNSON.

[8] *Sad true* lover—] Mr. Pope rejected the word *ſad*, and other modern editors have unneceſſarily changed true *lover* to—true *love*. By making *never* one ſyllable the metre is preſerved. Since this note was written, I have obſerved that *lover* is elſewhere uſed by our poet as a word of one ſyllable. So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"Tie up my *lover's* tongue; bring him in ſilently."

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, ſir; I take pleaſure in ſinging, ſir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleaſure then.

Clo. Truly, ſir, and pleaſure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal![9]—I would have men of ſuch conſtancy put to ſea, that their buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent every where;[1] for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [*Exit* Clown.

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

"Is held no great good *lover* of th' archbiſhop's."

There is perhaps, therefore, no need of abbreviating the word *never* in this line. Malone.

In the inſtance produced from *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, I ſuppoſe *lover* to be a miſprint for *love*; and in *K. Henry VIII.* I know not why it ſhould be conſidered as a monoſyllable. Steevens.

[9] ——*a very* opal!] A precious ſtone of almoſt all colours. Pope.

So, Milton, deſcribing the walls of heaven:

"With *opal* tow'rs, and battlements adorn'd."

The *opal* is a gem which varies its appearance as it is viewed in different lights. Thus, in *The Muſes' Elizium*, by Drayton:

"With *opals* more than any one
"We'll deck thine altar fuller,
"For that of every precious ſtone
"It doth retain ſome colour."

"In the *opal*, (ſays P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, B. XXXVII. c. 6,) you ſhall ſee the burning fire of the carbuncle or rubie, the glorious purple of the amethyſt, the green ſea of the emeraud, and all glittering together mixed after an incredible manner." Steevens.

[1] ——*that their buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent* every *where*;] Both the preſervation of the antitheſis,

DUKE. Let all the reſt give place.——
[*Exeunt* CURIO *and Attendants.*
Once more, Ceſario,
Get thee to yon' ſame ſovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath beſtow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in,[2] attracts my ſoul.

and the recovery of the ſenſe, require we ſhould read,—*and their intent* no *where*. Becauſe a man who ſuffers himſelf to run with every wind, and ſo makes his buſineſs every where, cannot be ſaid to have any *intent*; for that word ſignifies a determination of the mind to ſomething. Beſides, the concluſion of *making a good voyage* of nothing, directs to this emendation. WARBURTON.

An intent *every* where, is much the ſame as an intent *no where*, as it hath no one particular place more in view than another. HEATH.

The preſent reading is preferable to Warburton's amendment. We cannot accuſe a man of inconſtancy who has no intents at all, though we may the man whoſe intents are every where; that is, are continually varying. M. MASON.

[2] *But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,*
That nature pranks her in,] What is *that miracle, and queen of gems?* we are not told in this reading. Beſides, what is meant by *nature pranking her in a miracle?*—We ſhould read:

But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks, her mind,——

i. e. what *attracts my ſoul,* is not her *fortune,* but *her mind, that miracle and queen of gems that nature pranks,* i. e. ſets out, adorns. WARBURTON.

The *miracle and queen of gems* is her *beauty,* which the commentator might have found without ſo emphatical an enquiry. As to her mind, he that ſhould be captious would ſay, that though it may be formed by nature, it muſt be *pranked* by education.

Shakſpeare does not ſay that *nature pranks her in a miracle,*

Vio. But, if ſhe cannot love you, ſir?
Duke. I cannot be ſo anſwer'd.[3]
Vio. 'Sooth, but you muſt.
Say, that ſome lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her ſo; Muſt ſhe not then be anſwer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's ſides,
Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold ſo much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That ſuffer ſurfeit, cloyment, and revolt;[4]
But mine is all as hungry as the ſea,[5]
And can digeſt as much: make no compare

but *in the miracle of gems*, that is, *in a gem miraculouſly beautiful*. JOHNSON.

To prank is to deck out, to adorn. See Lye's *Etymologicon*. HEATH.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*:
" ——— and me,
" Moſt goddeſs-like, *prank'd up*—." STEEVENS.

[3] I *cannot be ſo anſwer'd.*] The folio reads—*It* cannot be, &c. The correction by Sir Thomas Hanmer. STEEVENS.

[4] *Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,* &c.
That ſuffer ſurfeit, cloyment, and revolt;] The duke has changed his opinion of women very ſuddenly. It was but a few minutes before that he ſaid they had more conſtancy in love than men. M. MASON.

Mr. Maſon would read—*ſuffers*; but there is no need of change. *Suffer* is governed by *women*, implied under the words, " their love." The love of women, *&c. who* ſuffer. MALONE.

[5] ——— *as* hungry *as the ſea,*] So, in *Coriolanus*:
" Then let the pebbles on the *hungry* beach
" Fillip the ſtars—." STEEVENS.

Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What doſt thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I ſhould your lordſhip.

Duke. And what's her hiſtory?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,[6]
Feed on her damaſk cheek: ſhe pin'd in thought;[7]
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,

[6] ——*like a* worm *i'the* bud,] So, in the 5th Sonnet of Shakſpeare:

"Which, like a *canker* in the fragrant roſe,
"Doth ſpot the beauty of thy *budding* name."

STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Why ſhould the *worm* intrude the maiden *bud*?"

Again, in *King Richard II*:

"But now will *canker* ſorrow *eat* my *bud*,
"And chaſe the native beauty from his *cheek*."

MALONE.

[7] ——*ſhe pin'd in* thought;] *Thought* formerly ſignified *melancholy*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of *thought*."

Again, in *The Tragical Hiſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"The cauſe of this her death was inward care and *thought*." MALONE.

Mr. Malone ſays, *thought* means *melancholy*. But why wreſt from this word its plain and uſual acceptation, and make Shakſpeare guilty of tautology? for in the very next line he uſes "*melancholy*." DOUCE.

She ſat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.[8] Was not this love, indeed?

[8] *She ſat like patience on a monument,*
Smiling at grief.] Mr. Theobald ſuppoſes this might poſſibly be borrowed from Chaucer:

" And her beſidis wonder diſcreetlie
" Dame *pacience* yſitting there I fonde
" With facé pale, upon a hill of ſonde."

And adds: " *If he was indebted, however, for the firſt rude draught, how amply has he repaid that debt, in heightening the picture! How much does the* green *and* yellow melancholy *tranſcend the old bard's* pale face; *the* monument *his* hill of ſand."—I hope this critic does not imagine Shakſpeare meant to give us a picture of the *face* of *patience*, by his *green and yellow melancholy*; becauſe, he ſays, it tranſcends the *pale face of patience* given us by Chaucer. To throw *patience* into a fit of melancholy, would be indeed very extraordinary. The *green and yellow* then belonged not to *patience*, but to *her* who *ſat* like *patience*. To give *patience* a *pale face* was proper: and had Shakſpeare deſcribed *her*, he had done it as Chaucer did. But Shakſpeare is ſpeaking of a marble ſtatue of *patience*; Chaucer of *patience* herſelf. And the two repreſentations of her, are in quite different views. Our poet, ſpeaking of a deſpairing lover, judiciouſly compares her to *patience* exerciſed on the death of friends and relations; which affords him the beautiful picture of *patience on a monument*. The old bard, ſpeaking of *patience* herſelf directly, and not by compariſon, as judiciouſly draws her in that circumſtance where ſhe is moſt exerciſed, and has occaſion for all her virtue; that is to ſay, under the *loſſes of ſhipwreck*. And now we ſee why ſhe is repreſented as *ſitting on a hill of ſand*, to deſign the ſcene to be the ſea-ſhore. It is finely imagined; and one of the noble ſimplicities of that admirable poet. But the critic thought, in good earneſt, that Chaucer's invention was ſo barren, and his imagination ſo beggarly, that he was not able to be at the charge of a monument for his goddeſs, but left her, like a ſtroller, ſunning herſelf upon a heap of ſand. WARBURTON.

This celebrated image was not improbably firſt ſketched out in the old play of *Pericles*. I think, Shakſpeare's hand may be ſometimes ſeen in the latter part of it, and there only:

" —— thou [*Marina*] doſt look
" Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and ſmiling
" Extremity out of act." FARMER.

We men may ſay more, ſwear more: but, indeed,
Our ſhows are more than will; for ſtill we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"So mild, that *Patience ſeem'd to ſcorn his woes.*"

In the paſſage in the text, our author perhaps meant to perſonify GRIEF as well as PATIENCE; for we can ſcarcely underſtand "*at* grief" to mean "*in* grief," as no ſtatuary could, I imagine, form a countenance in which ſmiles and grief ſhould be at once expreſſed. Shakſpeare might have borrowed his imagery from ſome ancient monument on which theſe two figures were repreſented.

The following lines in *The Winter's Tale* ſeem to countenance ſuch an idea:

"I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
"Falſe accuſation bluſh, and TYRANNY
"Tremble *at* PATIENCE."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"——like *dumb ſtatues*, or unbreathing ſtones,
"*Star'd on each other*, and look'd deadly pale."

In *King Lear*, we again meet with two perſonages introduced in the text:

"*Patience* and *Sorrow* ſtrove,
"Who ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, the ſame kind of imagery may be traced:

"——nobly he yokes
"A *ſmiling* with a *ſigh*.
——I do note
"That *Grief* and *Patience*, rooted in him both,
"Mingle their ſpurs together."

I am aware that Homer's δακρυθεν γελασασα, and a paſſage in *Macbeth*—

"——My plenteous joys
"Wanton in fullneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
"In drops of ſorrow—"

may be urged againſt this interpretation; but it ſhould be remembered, that in theſe inſtances it is *joy* which burſts into tears. There is no inſtance, I believe, either in poetry or real life, of *ſorrow* ſmiling in anguiſh. In *pain* indeed the caſe is different: the ſuffering Indian having been known to ſmile in the midſt of torture.—But, however this may be, the ſculptor and the painter are confined to one point of time, and cannot exhibit ſucceſſive movements in the countenance.

Duke. But died thy ſiſter of her love, my boy?

Dr. Percy, however, thinks, that "*grief* may here mean *grievance*, in which ſenſe it is uſed in Dr. Powel's *Hiſtory of Wales*, quarto, p. 356: "Of the wrongs and *griefs* done to the noblemen at Stratolyn," &c. In the original, (printed at the end of Wynne's *Hiſtory of Wales*, octavo,) it is *gravamina*, i. e. grievances. The word is often uſed by our author in the ſame ſenſe, (So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"——the king hath ſent to know
"The nature of your *griefs*;)"

but never, I believe, in the ſingular number.

In ſupport of what has been ſuggeſted, the authority of Mr. Rowe may be adduced, for in his life of Shakſpeare he has thus exhibited this paſſage:

"*She ſat like* Patience *on a monument,*
"*Smiling at* Grief."

In the obſervations now ſubmitted to the reader, I had once ſome confidence, nor am I yet convinced that the objection founded on the particle *at*, and on the difficulty, if not impoſſibility, of a ſculptor forming ſuch a figure as theſe words are commonly ſuppoſed to deſcribe, is without foundation. I have therefore retained my note; yet I muſt acknowledge, that the following lines in *King Richard II.* which have lately occurred to me, render my theory ſomewhat doubtful, though they do not overturn it:

"His face ſtill combating with *tears* and *ſmiles*,
"The badges of his *grief* and *patience*."

Here we have the ſame idea as that in the text; and perhaps Shakſpeare never conſidered whether it could be exhibited in marble.

I have expreſſed a doubt whether the word *grief* was employed in the ſingular number, in the ſenſe of *grievance*. I have lately obſerved that our author has himſelf uſed it in that ſenſe in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"——an inch of any ground
"To build a *grief* on."

Dr. Percy's interpretation, therefore, may be the true one.

Malone.

I am unwilling to ſuppoſe a monumental image of *Patience* was ever confronted by an emblematical figure of *Grief*, on purpoſe that one might ſit and ſmile at the other; becauſe ſuch a repreſentation might be conſidered as a ſatire on human inſenſibility. When *Patience* ſmiles, it is to expreſs a Chriſtian triumph over the common cauſe of ſorrow, a cauſe, of which

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's houſe,
And all the brothers too;[9]—and yet I know not:—
Sir, ſhall I to this lady?

the ſarcophagus, near her ſtation, ought very ſufficiently to remind her. True *Patience,* when it is *her cue* to ſmile over calamity, knows her office *without a prompter*; knows that ſtubborn lamentation diſplays *a will moſt incorrect to heaven*; and therefore appears content with one of its ſevereſt diſpenſations, the loſs of a relation or a friend. Ancient tombs, indeed, (if we muſt conſtrue *grief* into *grievance,* and Shakſpeare has certainly uſed the former word for the latter,) frequently exhibit cumbent figures of the deceaſed, and over theſe an image of *Patience,* without impropriety, might expreſs a ſmile of complacence:

" Her meek hands folded on her modeſt breaſt,
" With calm ſubmiſſion lift the adoring eye
" Even to the ſtorm that wrecks her."

After all, however, I believe the Homeric elucidation of the paſſage to be the true one. Tyrant poetry often impoſes ſuch complicated taſks as painting and ſculpture muſt fail to execute. I cannot help adding, that, to ſmile *at* grief, is as juſtifiable an expreſſion as to rejoice *at* proſperity, or repine *at* ill fortune. It is not neceſſary we ſhould ſuppoſe the good or bad event, in either inſtance, is an object viſible, except to the eye of imagination. STEEVENS.

She ſat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.] So, in Middleton's *Witch,* Act iv. ſc. iii:

" She does not love me now, but painefully
" Like one that's forc'd *to ſmile upon a grief.*" DOUCE.

[9] *I am all the daughters of my father's houſe,*
And all the brothers too;] This was the moſt artful anſwer that could be given. The queſtion was of ſuch a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct anſwer, muſt have raiſed ſuſpicion. This has the appearance of a direct anſwer, *that the ſiſter died of her love*; ſhe (who paſſed for a man) ſaying, ſhe was all the daughters of her father's houſe.
WARBURTON.

Such another equivoque occurs in Lyly's *Galathea,* 1592: " —— my father had but one daughter, and therefore I could have no ſiſter." STEEVENS.

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haſte; give her this jewel; ſay,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.[1]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *Sir* Andrew Ague-cheek, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, ſignior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I loſe a ſcruple of this ſport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'ſt thou not be glad to have the niggardly raſcally ſheep-biter come by ſome notable ſhame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, ſir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

[1] ——*bide no* denay.] *Denay*, is *denial*. To *denay* is an antiquated verb ſometimes uſed by Holinſhed. So, p. 620: "—the ſtate of a cardinal which was naied and *denaied* him." Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. II. ch. 10:

"——thus did ſay
"The thing, friend Battus, you demand, not gladly I *denay*." Steevens.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my nettle of India?[2]

[2] ——*my nettle of India?*] The poet muſt here mean a zoophite, called the *Urtica Marina*, abounding in the Indian ſeas.

"Quæ tacta totius corporis pruritum quendam excitat, unde nomen *urticæ* eſt ſortita."

Wolfgangi Franzii Hiſt. Animal, 1665, p. 620.

"*Urticæ marinæ* omnes pruritum quendam movent, et acrimonia ſuâ *venerem* extinctam et ſopitam excitant."

Johnſtoni Hiſt. Nat. de Exang. Aquat. p. 56.

Perhaps the ſame plant is alluded to by Greene in his *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "the *flower of India*, pleaſant to be ſeen, but whoſo ſmelleth to it, *feeleth preſent ſmart*." Again, in his *Mamillia*, 1593: "Conſider, the *herb of India* is of pleaſant ſmell, but whoſo cometh to it, *feeleth preſent ſmart*." Again, in P. Holland's tranſlation of the 9th Book of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*: "As for thoſe *nettles*, there be of them that in the night raunge to and fro, and likewiſe change their colour. Leaves they carry of a fleſhy ſubſtance, and of fleſh they feed. Their qualities is to raiſe an itching ſmart." Maria had certainly excited a congenial ſenſation in Sir Toby. The folio, 1623, reads—mettle *of India*, which may mean, my *girl of gold*, my *precious girl*. The change, however, which I have not diſturbed, was made by the editor of the folio, 1632, who, in many inſtances, appears to have regulated his text from more authentic copies of our author's plays than were in the poſſeſſion of their firſt collective publiſhers. STEEVENS.

——*my* metal *of India?*] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I: "Lads, boys, *hearts of gold*," &c.

Again, *ibidem*:

"——and as bountiful
"As *mines* of *India*."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII*:

"——To-day the French
"All clinquant, all *in gold*, like heathen gods,
"Shone down the Engliſh; and to-morrow they
"Made Britain *India*; every man that ſtood,
"Shew'd like *a mine*."

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'the ſun, practiſing behaviour to his own ſhadow, this half hour: obſerve him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Cloſe, in the name of jeſting! [*The men hide themſelves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that muſt be caught with tickling.[3] [*Exit* Maria.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, ſhe did affect me: and I have heard herſelf come thus near, that, ſhould ſhe fancy, it ſhould be one of my complexion. Beſides, ſhe uſes

So Lyly, in his *Euphues and his England,* 1580: "I ſaw that *India* bringeth *gold,* but England bringeth goodneſs."

Again, in *Wily Beguil'd,* 1606: "Come, my *heart of gold,* let's have a dance at the making up of this match."—The perſon there addreſſed, as in *Twelfth-Night,* is a woman. The old copy has *mettle.* The two words are very frequently confounded in the early editions of our author's plays. The editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily changed the word to *nettle*; which all the ſubſequent editors have adopted. Malone.

Nettle of India, which Steevens has ingenioufly explained, certainly better correſponds with Sir Toby's deſcription of Maria—*here comes the little villain.* The *nettle of India* is the plant that produces what is called cow-itch, a ſubſtance only uſed for the purpoſe of tormenting, by its itching quality.

M. Mason.

[3] —— *here comes the* trout *that muſt be caught with* tickling.] Cogan, in his *Haven of Health,* 1595, will prove an able commentator on this paſſage: "This fiſh of nature loveth flatterie: for, being in the water, it will ſuffer it ſelfe to be rubbed and clawed, and ſo to be taken. Whoſe example I would wiſh no maides to follow, leaſt they repent afterclaps." Steevens.

me with a more exalted reſpect, than any one elſe that follows her. What ſhould I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets[4] under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could ſo beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I ſay.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Piſtol him, piſtol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the ſtrachy[5] married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

[4] —— *how he* jets—] To *jet* is to ſtrut, to agitate the body by a proud motion. So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"Is now become the ſteward of the houſe,
"And bravely *jets* it in a ſilken gown."

Again, in *Buſſy D'Ambois*, 1607:

"To *jet* in others' plumes ſo haughtily." Steevens.

[5] —— *the lady of the* ſtrachy—] We ſhould read *Trachy*, i. e. *Thrace*; for ſo the old Engliſh writers called it. Mandeville ſays: "*As* Trachye *and Macedoigne, of the which Aliſandre was kyng.*" It was common to uſe the article *the* before names of places; and this was no improper inſtance, where the ſcene was in Illyria. Warburton.

What we ſhould read is hard to ſay. Here is an alluſion to ſome old ſtory which I have not yet diſcovered. Johnson.

Straccio (ſee Torriano's and Altieri's Dictionaries) ſignifies *clouts* and *tatters*; and Torriano, in his Grammar, at the end of his Dictionary, ſays that *ſtraccio* was pronounced *ſtratchi*. So that it is probable that Shakſpeare's meaning was this, that the lady of the queen's wardrobe had married a yeoman of the king's, who was vaſtly inferior to her. Smith.

Such is Mr. Smith's note; but it does not appear that *ſtrachy*

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

was ever an Engliſh word, nor will the meaning given it by the Italians be of any uſe on the preſent occaſion.

Perhaps a letter has been miſplaced, and we ought to read—*ſtarchy*; i. e. the room in which linen underwent the once moſt complicated operation of *ſtarching*. I do not know that ſuch a word exiſts; and yet it would not be unanalogically formed from the ſubſtantive *ſtarch*. In Harſnet's *Declaration*, 1603, we meet with "a yeoman of the *ſprucery*;" i. e. wardrobe; and in the *Northumberland Houſehold-Book*, *nurſery* is ſpelt *nurcy*. *Starchy*, therefore, for *ſtarchery*, may be admitted. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the place where *paſte* was made is called the *paſtry*. The *lady* who had the care of the linen may be ſignificantly oppoſed to the *yeoman*, i. e. an inferior officer of the wardrobe. While the *five different coloured ſtarches* were worn, ſuch a term might have been current. In the year 1564, a Dutch woman profeſſed to teach this art to our fair country-women. "Her uſual price (ſays Stowe) was four or five pounds to teach them how to *ſtarch*, and twenty ſhillings how to ſeeth *ſtarch*." The alteration was ſuggeſted to me by a typographical error in *The World toſs'd at Tennis*, no date, by Middleton and Rowley; where *ſtraches* is printed for *ſtarches*. I cannot fairly be accuſed of having dealt much in conjectural emendation, and therefore feel the leſs reluctance to hazard a gueſs on this deſperate paſſage.

Steevens.

The place in which candles were kept, was formerly called the *chandry*; and in Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, a gingerbread woman is called *lady of the baſket*.—The great objection to this emendation is, that from the *ſtarchy* to the *wardrobe* is not what Shakſpeare calls a very "heavy declenſion." In the old copy the word is printed in Italicks as the name of a place—*Strachy*.

The *yeoman of the wardrobe* is not an arbitrary term, but was the proper deſignation of the wardrobe-keeper, in Shakſpeare's time. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Veſtiario*, a wardrobe-keeper, or a *yeoman of a wardrobe*."

The ſtory which our poet had in view is perhaps alluded to by Lyly in *Euphues and his England*, 1580: "——aſſuring myſelf there was a certain ſeaſon when women are to be won; in the which moments they have neither will to deny, nor wit to miſtruſt. Such a time I have read a young gentleman found to obtain the love of the Dutcheſs of Milaine: ſuch a time I have heard that a poor *yeoman* choſe, to get the faireſt lady in Mantua." Malone.

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.[6]

Mal. Having been three months married to her, ſitting in my ſtate,—[7]

Sir To. O, for a ſtone-bow,[8] to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed,[9] where I left Olivia ſleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimſtone!

[6] —— *blows him.*] i. e. puffs him up. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" —— on her breaſt
" There is a vent of blood, and ſomething *blown*."
STEEVENS.

[7] —— *my* ſtate,—] A *ſtate*, in ancient language, ſignifies a chair with a canopy over it. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" This chair ſhall be my *ſtate*." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ſtone-bow*,] That is, a croſs-bow, a bow which ſhoots ſtones. JOHNSON.

This inſtrument is mentioned again in Marſton's *Dutch Courteſan*, 1605: " —— whoever will hit the mark of profit, muſt, like thoſe who ſhoot in *ſtone-bows*, wink with one eye." Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*:

" —— children will ſhortly take him
" For a wall, and ſet their *ſtone-bows* in his forehead."
STEEVENS.

[9] —— *come from a* day-bed,] i. e. a couch. Spenſer, in the firſt Canto of the third Book of his *Fairy Queen*, has dropped a ſtroke of ſatire on this lazy faſhion:

" So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
" And round about it many *beds* were dight,
" As whilome was the antique worldes guize,
" Some for *untimely eaſe*, ſome for delight." STEEVENS.

Eſtifania, in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, Act I. ſays, in anſwer to Perez:

" This place will fit our talk; 'tis fitter far, ſir;
" Above there are *day-beds*, and ſuch temptations
" I dare not truſt, ſir." REED.

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of ſtate: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they ſhould do theirs,—to aſk for my kinſman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and ſhackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient ſtart, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch,[1] or play with ſome rich jewel.[2] Toby approaches; court'ſies there to me:[3]

[1] ——*wind up my* watch,] In our author's time watches were very uncommon. When Guy Faux was taken, it was urged as a circumſtance of ſuſpicion that a watch was found upon him. JOHNSON.

Again, in an ancient MS. play, entitled *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, written between the years 1610 and 1611:

"Like one that has a *watche* of curious making;
"Thinking to be more cunning than the workman,
"Never gives over tamp'ring with the wheels,
"'Till either ſpring be weaken'd, balance bow'd,
"Or ſome wrong pin put in, and ſo ſpoils all."

In the *Antipodes*, a comedy, 1638, are the following paſſages:

"——your project againſt
"The multiplicity of pocket-*watches*."

Again:

"——when every puny clerk can carry
"The time o' th' day in his breeches."

Again, in *The Alchemiſt*:

"And I had lent my *watch* laſt night to one
"That dines to-day at the ſheriff's." STEEVENS.

Pocket-watches were brought from Germany into England, about the year 1580. MALONE.

[2] ——*or play with ſome rich jewel.*] The old copy has—

"Or play with *my* ſome rich jewel." MALONE.

The reading of the old copy, however quaint and affected, may ſignify—and play with ſome rich jewel of *my own*, ſome ornament appended to *my* perſon. He is entertaining himſelf with ideas of future magnificence. STEEVENS.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our ſilence be drawn from us with cars,[4] yet peace.

[3] ——court'ſies *there to me:*] From this paſſage one might ſuſpect that the manner of paying reſpect, which is now confined to females, was equally uſed by the other ſex. It is probable, however, that the word *court'ſy* was employed to expreſs acts of civility and reverence by either men or women indiſcriminately. In an extract from the Black Book of Warwick, *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, p. 4, it is ſaid, "The pulpett being ſett at the nether end of the Earle of Warwick's tombe in the ſaid quier, the table was placed where the altar had bene. At the coming into the quier my lord made *lowe curteſie* to the French king's armes." Again, in the Book of *Kervynge and Sewynge*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, ſign. A. IIII: "And whan your Soverayne is ſet, loke your towell be about your necke, then *make your ſoverayne curteſy*, then uncover your brede and ſet it by the ſalte, and laye your napkyn, knyfe, and ſpone afore hym, then kneel on your knee," &c. Theſe directions are to male ſervants. Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his Life, ſpeaking of dancing, recommends that accompliſhment to youth, "that he may know how to come in and go out of a room where company is, how to make *courteſies* handſomely, according to the ſeveral degrees of perſons he ſhall encounter." Reed.

[4] *Though our ſilence be drawn from us with* cars,] i. e. though it is the greateſt pain to us to keep ſilence. Warburton.

I believe the true reading is: "*Though our ſilence be drawn from us with* carts, *yet peace.* In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, one of the Clowns ſays: "I have a miſtreſs, but who that is, *a team of horſes* ſhall not *pluck from me.*" So, in this play: "Oxen and wainropes will not bring them together." Johnson.

The old reading is *cars*, as I have printed it. It is well known that *cars* and *carts* have the ſame meaning.

A ſomewhat ſimilar paſſage occurs in the old play of *King Leir*, 1605: "——ten *teame of horſes* ſhall not *draw me* away, till I have full and whole poſſeſſion."

"*King.* I, but one teame and a *cart* will ſerve the turne."

Steevens.

If I were to ſuggeſt a word in the place of *cars*, which I think is a corruption, it ſhould be *cables*. It may be worth remarking,

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar ſmile with an auſtere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Couſin Toby, my fortunes having caſt me on your niece, give me this prerogative of ſpeech:*—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. *You muſt amend your drunkenneſs.*

Sir To. Out, ſcab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the ſinews of our plot.

perhaps, that the leading ideas of Malvolio, in his *humour of ſtate,* bear a ſtrong reſemblance to thoſe of Alnaſchar, in *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments.* Some of the expreſſions too are very ſimilar. Tyrwhitt.

Many Arabian fictions had found their way into obſcure Latin and French books, and from thence into Engliſh ones, long before any profeſſed verſion of *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments* had appeared. I meet with a ſtory ſimilar to that of Alnaſchar, in *The Dialoges of Creatures Moralyſed,* bl. l. no date, but probably printed abroad: "It is but foly to hope to moche of vanyteys. Whereof it is tolde in fablys that a lady uppon a tyme delyuered to her mayden a galon of mylke to ſell at a cite. And by the waye as ſhe ſate and reſtid her by a dyche ſide, ſhe began to thinke yt with ye money of the mylke ſhe wolde bye an henne, the which ſhulde bring forth chekyns, and whan they were growyn to hennys ſhe wolde ſell them and by piggis, and eſchaunge them into ſhepe, and the ſhepe into oxen; and ſo whan ſhe was come to richeſſe ſhe ſholde be maried right worſhipfully vnto ſome worthy man, and thus ſhe reioycid. And whan ſhe was thus meruelouſly comfortid, & rauiſhed inwardely in her ſecrete ſolace thinkynge with howe great ioye ſhe ſhuld be ledde towarde the churche with her huſbond on horſebacke, ſhe ſayde to her ſelf, Goo wee, goo wee, ſodaynelye ſhe ſmote the grounde with her fote, myndynge to ſpurre the horſe; but her fote ſlypped and ſhe fell in the dyche, and there laye all her mylke; and ſo ſhe was farre from her purpoſe, and neuer had that ſhe hopid to haue." *Dial.* 100, LL. ii. b. Steevens.

MAL. *Beſides, you waſte the treaſure of your time with a fooliſh knight*;

SIR AND. That's me, I warrant you.

MAL. *One Sir Andrew:*

SIR AND. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

MAL. What employment have we here?[5]

[*Taking up the letter.*

FAB. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TO. O, peace! and the ſpirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

MAL. By my life, this is my lady's hand: theſe be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes ſhe her great *P*'s.[6] It is, in contempt of queſtion, her hand.

[5] *What employment have we here?*] A phraſe of that time, equivalent to our common ſpeech—*What's to do here.*
WARBURTON.

[6] ——*her great* P's.] In the direction of the letter which Malvolio reads, there is neither a C, nor a P, to be found.
STEEVENS.

I am afraid ſome very coarſe and vulgar appellations are meant to be alluded to by theſe capital letters. BLACKSTONE.

This was perhaps an overſight in Shakſpeare; or rather, for the ſake of the alluſion hinted at in the preceding note, he choſe not to attend to the words of the direction. It is remarkable, that in the repetition of the paſſages in letters, which have been produced in a former part of a play, he very often makes his characters deviate from the words before uſed, though they have the paper itſelf in their hands, and though they appear to recite, not the ſubſtance, but the very words. So, in *All's well that ends well*, Act V. Helen ſays:

" —— here's your letter; This it ſays:
" *When from my finger you can get this ring,*
" *And are by me with child*;"—

yet in Act III. ſc. ii. ſhe reads this very letter aloud; and there the words are different, and in plain proſe: " When thou canſt get the ring upon my finger, which never ſhall come off, and

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: Why that?

Mal. [*reads*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wiſhes:* her very phraſes!—By your leave, wax.—Soft![7]—and the impreſſure her Lucrece, with which ſhe uſes to ſeal: 'tis my lady: To whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads*] *Jove knows, I love:*
But who?
Lips do not move,
No man muſt know.

ſhew me a child begotten of thy body," &c. Had ſhe ſpoken in either caſe from memory, the deviation might eaſily be accounted for; but in both theſe places, ſhe reads the words from Bertram's letter. Malone.

From the uſual cuſtom of Shakſpeare's age, we may eaſily ſuppoſe the whole direction to have run thus: "*To* the *Un*known belov'd, this, and my good wiſhes, with *C*are *P*reſent." Ritson.

[7] ——*By your leave, wax.*—Soft!] It was the cuſtom in our poet's time to ſeal letters with ſoft wax, which retained its ſoftneſs for a good while. The wax uſed at preſent would have been hardened long before Malvolio picked up this letter. See *Your Five Gallants*, a comedy, by Middleton: "Fetch a pennyworth of *ſoft wax* to ſeal letters." So, Falſtaff, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II: "I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeal with him." Malone.

I do not ſuppoſe that—*Soft!* has any reference to the wax; but is merely an exclamation equivalent to *Softly!* i. e. be not in too much haſte. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act IV. ſc. i: "*Soft!* no haſte." Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "Farewel. Yet *ſoft!*"

I may alſo obſerve, that though it was anciently the cuſtom (as it ſtill is) to ſeal certain legal inſtruments with ſoft and pliable wax, familiar letters (of which I have ſeen ſpecimens from the time of K. Henry VI. to K. James I.) were ſecured with wax as gloſſy and firm as that employed in the preſent year. Steevens.

No man muſt know.—What follows? the numbers altered!—*No man muſt know:*—If this ſhould be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock![8]

Mal. *I may command, where I adore:*
But ſilence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodleſs ſtroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, *doth ſway my life.*

Fab. A fuſtian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, ſay I.

Mal. M, O, A, I, *doth ſway my life.*[9]—Nay, but firſt, let me ſee,—let me ſee,—let me ſee.

Fab. What a diſh of poiſon has ſhe dreſſed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the ſtannyel[1] checks at it!

[8] —— *brock!*] i. e. badger. He uſes the word as a term of contempt, as if he had ſaid, *hang thee,* cur! *Out* filth! to ſtink like a *brock* being proverbial. Ritson.

Marry, hang thee, brock!] i. e. Marry, hang thee, thou *vain, conceited coxcomb,* thou over-weening rogue!

Brock, which properly ſignifies a badger, was uſed in this ſenſe in Shakſpeare's time. So, in *The merrie conceited Jeſts of George Peele,* 4to. 1657: "This *ſelf-conceited brock* had George invited," &c. Malone.

[9] —— *doth ſway my life.*] This phraſe is ſeriouſly employed in *As you like it,* Act III. ſc. ii:

"Thy huntreſs name, that *my* full *life doth ſway.*"

Steevens.

[1] ——*ſtannyel*—] The name of a kind of hawk is very judiciouſly put here for a *ſtallion,* by Sir Thomas Hanmer. Johnson.

To *check,* ſays Latham, in his book of Falconry, is, "when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds, coming in view of the hawk, ſhe forſaketh her natural flight, to fly at them." The *ſtannyel* is the common ſtone-hawk, which inhabits old buildings and rocks; in the north called *ſtanchil.* I have this information from Mr. Lambe's notes on the ancient metrical hiſtory of the battle of Floddon. Steevens.

MAL. *I may command where I adore.* Why, ſhe may command me; I ſerve her, ſhe is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity.[2] There is no obſtruction in this;—And the end,—What ſhould that alphabetical poſition portend? if I could make that reſemble ſomething in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*—

SIR TO. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold ſcent.

FAB. Sowter[3] will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.[4]

MAL. M,—Malvolio;—*M,*—why, that begins my name.

FAB. Did not I ſay, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

[2] ——*formal capacity.*] i. e. any one in his ſenſes, any one whoſe *capacity* is not diſ-arranged, or out of *form*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"Make of him a *formal* man again."

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"Theſe *informal* women." STEEVENS.

[3] *Sowter*—] *Sowter* is here, I ſuppoſe, the name of a hound. *Sowterly*, however, is often employed as a term of abuſe. So, in *Like Will to Like*, &c. 1587:

"You *ſowterly* knaves, ſhow you all your manners at once?"

A *ſowter* was a cobler. So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "If Apelles, that cunning painter, ſuffer the greaſy *ſowter* to take a view of his curious work," &c. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is—This fellow will, notwithſtanding, catch at and be duped by our device, though the cheat is ſo *groſs* that any one elſe would find it out. Our author, as uſual, forgets to make his ſimile anſwer on both ſides; for it is not to be wondered at that a hound ſhould cry or give his tongue, if the ſcent be as rank as a fox. MALONE.

[4] ——*as rank as a fox.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads,—"not *as rank.*" The other editions, *though it be as rank*, &c.
JOHNSON.

MAL. *M*,—But then there is no conſonancy in the ſequel; that ſuffers under probation: *A* ſhould follow, but *O* does.

FAB. And *O* ſhall end, I hope.[5]

SIR TO. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

MAL. And then *I* comes behind;

FAB. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might ſee more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

MAL. *M, O, A, I*;—This ſimulation is not as the former:—and yet, to cruſh this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of theſe letters are in my name. Soft; here follows proſe.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my ſtars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatneſs: Some are born great,*[6] *ſome achieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and ſpirit embrace them. And, to inure thyſelf to what thou art like to be, caſt thy humble ſlough, and appear freſh. Be oppoſite*[7] *with a kinſ-*

[5] *And O ſhall end, I hope.*] By *O* is here meant what we now call a *hempen collar.* JOHNSON.

I believe he means only, *it ſhall end in ſighing*, in diſappointment. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an *O*?"

Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, ſecond part, 1630: "—the brick houſe of caſtigation, the ſchool where they pronounce no letter well, but *O!*" Again, in *Hymen's Triumph*, by Daniel, 1623:

"Like to an *O*, the character of woe." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *are* born *great*,] The old copy reads—*are* become *great*. The alteration by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

It is juſtified by a ſubſequent paſſage in which the clown recites from memory the words of this letter. MALONE.

[7] *Be* oppoſite—] That is, be *adverſe, hoſtile*. An *oppoſite*, in the language of our author's age, meant an *adverſary*. See a

man, ſurly with ſervants: let thy tongue tang arguments of ſtate; put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity: She thus adviſes thee, that ſighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings;[8] *and wiſhed to ſee thee ever croſs-gartered:*[9] *I ſay, re-*

note on *K. Richard III.* Act V. ſc. iv. To be oppoſite *with* was the phraſeology of the time. So, in Sir T. Overbury's *Character of a Preciſian*, 1616: "He will be ſure to be in oppoſition *with* the papiſt," &c. MALONE.

[8] ——*yellow ſtockings*;] Before the civil wars, yellow ſtockings were much worn. So, in D'Avenant's play, called *The Wits*, Act IV. p. 208. Works fol. 1673:

"You ſaid, my girl, Mary Queaſie by name, did find your uncle's *yellow ſtockings* in a porringer; nay, and you ſaid ſhe ſtole them." PERCY.

So, Middleton and Rowley in their maſque entitled *The World toſs'd at Tennis*, no date, where the five different-coloured ſtarches are introduced as ſtriving for ſuperiority, *Yellow ſtarch* ſays to white:

"——ſince ſhe cannot
"Wear her own linen *yellow*, yet ſhe ſhows
"Her love to't, and makes him wear *yellow hoſe*."

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

"——becauſe you wear
"A kind of *yellow ſtocking*."

Again, in his *Honeſt Whore*, ſecond part, 1630: "What *ſtockings* have you put on this morning, madam? if they be not *yellow*, change them." The yeomen attending the Earl of Arundel, Lord Windſor, and Mr. Fulke Greville, who aſſiſted at an entertainment performed before Queen Elizabeth, on the Monday and Tueſday in Whitſun-week, 1581, were dreſſed in *yellow worſted ſtockings*. The book from which I gather this information was publiſhed by Henry Goldwell, gent. in the ſame year. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*croſs-gartered*:] So, in *The Lover's Melancholy*, 1629:

"As rare an old youth as ever walk'd *croſs-gartered*."

Again, in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Yet let me ſay and ſwear, in a *croſs-garter*,
"Pauls never ſhew'd to eyes a lovelier quarter."

Very rich garters were anciently worn below the knee. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. IX. ch. 47:

"*Garters* of liſtes; but now of *ſilk*, ſome edged deep with gold."

member. Go to; thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo; if not, let me ſee thee a ſteward ſtill, the fellow of ſervants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter ſervices with thee,

The fortunate-unhappy.

Day-light and champian diſcovers not more:[1] this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will waſh off groſs acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice, the very man.[2]

It appears, however, that the ancient Puritans affected this faſhion. Thus, Barton Holyday, ſpeaking of the ill ſucceſs of his TEXNOΓAMIA, ſays:

" Had there appear'd ſome ſharp *croſs-garter'd* man
" Whom their loud laugh might nick-name *Puritan*;
" Cas'd up in factious breeches, and ſmall ruffe;
" That hates the ſurplice, and defies the cuffe.
" Then," &c.

In a former ſcene Malvolio was ſaid to be an affecter of puritaniſm. STEEVENS.

[1] *The fortunate-unhappy.*

Day-light and champian diſcovers not more:] We ſhould read—" *The fortunate,* and *happy.*"—*Day-light and champian diſcovers not more:* i. e. broad day and an open country cannot make things plainer. WARBURTON.

The folio, which is the only ancient copy of this play, reads, *the fortunate-unhappy,* and ſo I have printed it. *The fortunate-unhappy* is the ſubſcription of the letter. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*I will be* point-de-vice, *the very man.*] This phraſe is of French extraction—*a points-deviſez.* Chaucer uſes it in the *Romaunt of the Roſe:*

" Her noſe was wrought at *point-device.*"

i. e. with the utmoſt poſſible *exactneſs.*

Again, in *K. Edward I.* 1599:

" That we may have our garments *point-device.*"

Kaſtril, in *The Alchemiſt,* calls his ſiſter *Punk-device:* and again, in *The Tale of a Tub,* Act III. ſc. vii:

" —— and if the dapper prieſt
" Be but as cunning *point* in his *deviſe,*
" As I was in my lie." STEEVENS.

I do not now fool myſelf, to let imagination jade me; for every reaſon excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow ſtockings of late, ſhe did praiſe my leg being croſs-gartered; and in this ſhe manifeſts herſelf to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to theſe habits of her liking. I thank my ſtars, I am happy. I will be ſtrange, ſtout, in yellow ſtockings, and croſs-gartered, even with the ſwiftneſs of putting on. Jove, and my ſtars be praiſed!—Here is yet a poſtſcript. *Thou canſt not chooſe but know who I am. If thou entertaineſt my love, let it appear in thy ſmiling; thy ſmiles become thee well: therefore in my preſence ſtill ſmile, dear my ſweet, I pr'ythee.* Jove, I thank thee.—I will ſmile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this ſport for a penſion of thouſands to be paid from the Sophy.[3]

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device:

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And aſk no other dowry with her, but ſuch another jeſt.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou ſet thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

[3] ——*a penſion of thouſands to be paid from the Sophy.*] Alluding, as Dr. Farmer obſerves, to *Sir Robert Shirley*, who was juſt returned in the character of *embaſſador from the Sophy*. He boaſted of the great rewards he had received, and lived in London with the utmoſt ſplendor. Steevens.

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,[4] and become thy bond-ſlave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either.

Sir To. Why, thou haſt put him in ſuch a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he muſt run mad.

Mar. Nay, but ſay true; does it work upon him?

[4] —— *tray-trip,*] *Tray-trip* is mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady,* 1616:

" Reproving him at *tray-trip,* ſir, for ſwearing."

Again, in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Conſtable,* 1640: " ——mean time, you may play at *tray-trip* or cockall, for black-puddings."

" My watch are above, at *trea-trip,* for a black-pudding," &c.

Again:

" With lanthorn on ſtall, at *trea-trip* we play,
" For ale, cheeſe, and pudding, till it be day," &c.

STEEVENS.

The following paſſage might incline one to believe that *tray-trip* was the name of ſome game at *tables,* or *draughts:* " There is great danger of being taken ſleepers at *tray-trip,* if the *king* ſweep ſuddenly." Cecil's *Correſpondence,* Lett. X. p. 136. Ben Jonſon joins *tray-trip* with *mum-chance. Alchemiſt,* Act V. ſc. iv:

" Nor play with coſtar-mongers at *mum-chance, tray-trip.*" TYRWHITT.

The truth of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture will be eſtabliſhed by the following extract from Machiavel's *Dogge,* a ſatire, 4to. 1617:

" But leaving cardes, lett's goe to dice awhile,
" To paſſage, *treitrippe,* hazarde, or mum-chance,
" But ſubtill males will ſimple minds beguile,
" And blinde their eyes with many a blinking glaunce:
" Oh, cogges and ſtoppes, and ſuch like deviliſh trickes,
" Full many a purſe of golde and ſilver pickes.
" And therefore firſt, for hazard hee that liſt,
" And paſſeth not, puts many to a blancke:
" And *trippe without a treye* makes had I wiſt
" To ſitt and mourne among the ſleeper's ranke:
" And for mumchance, how ere the chance doe fall,
" You muſt be mum, for fear of marring all." REED.

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ[5] with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then ſee the fruits of the ſport, mark his firſt approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow ſtockings, and 'tis a colour ſhe abhors; and croſs-gartered, a faſhion ſhe deteſts;[6] and he will ſmile upon her, which will now be ſo unſuitable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to a melancholy as ſhe is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will ſee it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou moſt excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Viola, *and* Clown *with a tabor.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy muſick: Doſt thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, ſir, I live by the church.[7]

[5] —— *aqua-vitæ*—] Is the old name of *ſtrong waters.* Johnson.

[6] —— croſs-gartered, *a faſhion ſhe deteſts*;] Sir Thomas Overbury, in his character of a *footman* without *gards* on his coat, preſents him as more upright than any *croſſe-gartered* gentleman-uſher. Farmer.

[7] —— *by thy tabor?*

Clo. *No, ſir, I live by the church.*] The Clown, I ſuppoſe, wilfully miſtakes Viola's meaning, and anſwers, as if he had been aſked whether he lived by the *ſign of the tabor*, the ancient deſignation of a muſic ſhop. Steevens.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No ſuch matter, ſir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my houſe, and my houſe doth ſtand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'ſt ſay, the king lies by a beggar,[8] if a beggar dwell near him: or, the church ſtands by thy tabor, if thy tabor ſtand by the church.

Clo. You have ſaid, ſir.—To ſee this age!—A ſentence is but a cheveril glove[9] to a good wit; How quickly the wrong ſide may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my ſiſter had had no name, ſir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, ſir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my ſiſter wanton: But, indeed, words are very raſcals, ſince bonds diſgraced them.

Vio. Thy reaſon, man?

Clo. Troth, ſir, I can yield you none without

It was likewiſe the ſign of an eating-houſe kept by Tarleton, the celebrated clown or fool of the theatre before our author's time, who is exhibited in a print prefixed to his *Jeſts*, quarto, 1611, with a *tabor*. Perhaps in imitation of him the ſubſequent ſtage-clowns uſually appeared with one. MALONE.

[8] ——*the king* lies *by a beggar*,] *Lies* here, as in many other places in old books, ſignifies—*dwells, ſojourns*. See *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act III. ſc. ii. MALONE.

[9] ——*a* cheveril *glove*—] i. e. a glove made of *kid* leather: *chevreau*, Fr. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "—a wit of *cheveril*—." Again, in a proverb in Ray's *Collection*: "He hath a conſcience like a *cheverel's* ſkin." STEEVENS.

words; and words are grown ſo falſe, I am loath to prove reaſon with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and careſt for nothing.

Clo. Not ſo, ſir, I do care for ſomething: but in my conſcience, ſir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, ſir, I would it would make you inviſible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, ſir; the lady Olivia has no folly: ſhe will keep no fool, ſir, till ſhe be married; and fools are as like huſbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the huſband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I ſaw thee late at the count Orſino's.

Clo. Foolery, ſir, does walk about the orb, like the ſun; it ſhines every where. I would be ſorry, ſir, but the fool ſhould be as oft with your maſter, as with my miſtreſs: I think, I ſaw your wiſdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou paſs upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, ſend thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almoſt ſick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of theſe have bred, ſir?[1]

[1] —— *have* bred, *ſir?*] I believe our author wrote—have *breed*, ſir. The Clown is not ſpeaking of what a pair *might have* done, had they been kept together, but what they *may* do hereafter in his poſſeſſion; and therefore covertly ſolicits another piece from Viola, on the ſuggeſtion that *one* was uſeleſs to him,

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to uſe.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus[2] of Phrygia, ſir, to bring a Creſſida to this Troilus.

Vio. I underſtand you, ſir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, ſir, begging but a beggar; Creſſida was a beggar.[3] My lady is within, ſir. I will conſtrue to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might ſay, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow's wiſe enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He muſt obſerve their mood on whom he jeſts,
The quality of perſons, and the time;
And, like the haggard,[4] check at every feather

without another to *breed out of.* Viola's anſwer correſponds with this train of argument: ſhe does not ſay—"if they *had been* kept together," &c. but, "being kept together," i. e. Yes, they *will* breed, if you keep them together. Our poet has the ſame image in his *Venus and Adonis:*

"Foul cank'ring ruſt the hidden treaſure frets,
"*But gold, that's put to uſe, more gold begets.*"

MALONE.

[2] ——*lord* Pandarus—] See our author's play of *Troilus and Creſſida.* JOHNSON.

[3] ——*Creſſida was a* beggar.]

"——great penurye
"Thou ſuffer ſhalt, and as a *beggar* dye."

Chaucer's *Teſtament of Creſeyde.*

Creſſida is the perſon ſpoken of. MALONE.

Again, *ibid:*

"Thus ſhalt thou go *begging* from hous to hous,
"With cuppe and clappir, like a Lazarous."

THEOBALD.

[4] ——*the haggard,*] The hawk called the *haggard,* if not well trained and watched, will fly after every bird without diſtinction. STEEVENS.

That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wiſe man's art:
For folly, that he wiſely ſhows, is fit;
But wiſe men, folly-fallen,[5] quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

SIR To. Save you, gentleman.
VIO. And you, ſir.
SIR AND. *Dieu vous garde, monſieur.*
VIO. *Et vous auſsi; votre ſerviteur.*

The meaning may be, that he muſt catch every opportunity, as the wild hawk ſtrikes every bird. But perhaps it might be read more properly:

Not *like the haggard.*

He muſt chooſe perſons and times, and obſerve tempers; he muſt fly at proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large like the unreclaimed *haggard,* to ſeize all that comes in his way. JOHNSON.

[5] *But wiſe men, folly*-fallen,] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *folly ſhewn.* JOHNSON.

The firſt folio reads, *But wiſe men's folly falne, quite* taint *their wit.* From whence I ſhould conjecture, that Shakſpeare poſſibly wrote:

But wiſe men, folly-fallen, *quite taint their wit.*

i. e. wiſe men, fallen into folly. TYRWHITT.

The ſenſe is: *But wiſe men's folly, when it is once fallen into extravagance, overpowers their diſcretion.* HEATH.

I explain it thus: The folly which he ſhews with proper adaptation to perſons and times, *is fit,* has its propriety, and therefore produces no cenſure; but the folly of wiſe men, when it *falls* or *happens,* taints their wit, deſtroys the reputation of their judgment. JOHNSON.

I have adopted Mr. Tyrwhitt's judicious emendation.

STEEVENS.

Sir And. I hope, ſir, you are; and I am yours.[6]

Sir To. Will you encounter the houſe? my niece is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, ſir: I mean, ſhe is the liſt[7] of my voyage.

[6] Sir To. *Save you, gentleman.*
Vio. *And you, ſir.*
Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monſieur.*
Vio. *Et vous auſſi; votre ſerviteur.*
Sir And. *I hope, ſir, you are; and I am yours.*] Thus the old copy. STEEVENS.

I have ventured to make the two knights change ſpeeches in this dialogue with Viola; and, I think, not without good reaſon. It were a prepoſterous forgetfulneſs in the poet, and out of all probability, to make Sir Andrew not only ſpeak French, but underſtand what is ſaid to him in it, who in the firſt Act did not know the Engliſh of *pourquoi*. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald thinks it abſurd that Sir Andrew, who did not know the meaning of *pourquoi* in the firſt Act, ſhould here ſpeak and underſtand French; and therefore has given three of Sir Andrew's ſpeeches to Sir Toby, and *vice verſâ*, in which he has been copied by the ſubſequent editors, as it ſeems to me, without neceſſity. The words,—"Save you, gentleman,—" which he has taken from Sir Toby, and given to Sir Andrew, are again uſed by Sir Toby in a ſubſequent ſcene; a circumſtance which renders it the more probable that they were intended to be attributed to him here alſo.

With reſpect to the improbability that Sir Andrew ſhould underſtand French here, after having betrayed his ignorance of that language in a former ſcene, it appears from a ſubſequent paſſage that he was a picker up of phraſes, and might have learned by rote from Sir Toby the few French words here ſpoken. If we are to believe Sir Toby, Sir Andrew "could ſpeak three or four languages word for word without book."

MALONE.

[7] —— *the liſt*—] is the *bound, limit, fartheſt point.*

JOHNSON.

Sir To. Taſte your legs, ſir,[8] put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better underſtand me, ſir, than I underſtand what you mean by bidding me taſte my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, ſir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.[9]

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Moſt excellent accompliſhed lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours!* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own moſt pregnant and vouchſafed ear.[1]

Sir And. *Odours, pregnant,* and *vouchſafed:*—I'll get 'em all three ready.[2]

[8] Taſte *your legs, ſir,* &c.] Perhaps this expreſſion was employed to ridicule the fantaſtic uſe of a verb, which is many times as quaintly introduced in the old pieces, as in this play, and in *The True Tragedies of Marius and Scilla,* 1594:

"A climbing tow'r that did not *taſte* the wind."

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the 21ſt *Odyſſey:*

"——he now began

"To *taſte* the bow, the ſharp ſhaft took, tugg'd hard."

In the *Frogs* of Ariſtophanes, however, a ſimilar expreſſion occurs, v. 465: "ΓΕΥΣΑΙ *της θυρας;*" i. e. *taſte* the door, knock gently at it. Steevens.

[9] ——*prevented.*] i. e. our purpoſe is anticipated. So, in the 119th Pſalm:

"Mine eyes *prevent* the night-watches." Steevens.

[1] ——*moſt* pregnant *and vouchſafed ear.*] *Pregnant* for ready; as in *Meaſure for Meaſure,* Act I. ſc. i. Steevens.

Vouchſafed for *vouchſafing.* Malone.

[2] ——*all three* ready.] The old copy has—*all three* already. Mr. Malone reads—"all three *all* ready." Steevens.

Oli. Let the garden door be ſhut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Maria. Give me your hand, ſir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and moſt humble ſervice.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Ceſario is your ſervant's name, fair princeſs.

Oli. My ſervant, ſir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are ſervant to the count Orſino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours;
Your ſervant's ſervant is your ſervant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never ſpeak again of him:
But, would you undertake another ſuit,
I had rather hear you to ſolicit that,
Than muſick from the ſpheres.

Vio. Dear lady,——

The editor of the third folio reformed the paſſage by reading only—*ready*. But omiſſions ought always to be avoided if poſſible. The repetition of the word *all* is not improper in the mouth of Sir Andrew. Malone.

Præferatur lectio brevior, is a well known rule of criticiſm; and in the preſent inſtance I moſt willingly follow it, omitting the uſeleſs repetition—*all*. Steevens.

Oli. Give me leave, I beſeech you:[3] I did ſend,
After the laſt enchantment you did here,[4]

[3] —— I *beſeech you:*] The firſt folio reads—" 'beſeech you."
STEEVENS.

This ellipſis occurs ſo frequently in our author's plays, that I do not ſuſpect any omiſſion here. The editor of the third folio reads—*I* beſeech you; which ſupplies the ſyllable wanting, but hurts the metre. MALONE.

I read with the third folio; not perceiving how the metre is injured by the inſertion of the vowel—*I*. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *you did* here,] The old copy reads—*heare*.
STEEVENS.

Nonſenſe. Read and point it thus:

After the laſt enchantment you did here,

i. e. after the enchantment your preſence worked in my affections. WARBURTON.

The preſent reading is no more nonſenſe than the emendation.
JOHNSON.

Warburton's amendment, the reading, " you did *here*," though it may not perhaps be abſolutely neceſſary to make ſenſe of the paſſage, is evidently right. Olivia could not ſpeak of her ſending him a ring, as a matter he did not know except by hearſay; for the ring was abſolutely delivered to him. It would, beſides, be impoſſible to know what Olivia meant by *the laſt enchantment*, if ſhe had not explained it herſelf, by ſaying—" the laſt enchantment *you did here*." There is not, perhaps, a paſſage in Shakſpeare, where ſo great an improvement of the ſenſe is gained by changing a ſingle letter.
M. MASON.

The two words are very frequently confounded in the old editions of our author's plays, and the other books of that age, See the laſt line of *K. Richard III.* quarto, 1613:

" That ſhe may long live *heare*, God ſay amen."

Again, in *The Tempeſt*, folio, 1623, p. 3, l. 10:

" *Heare*, ceaſe more queſtions."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, 1623, p. 139:

" Let us complain to them what fools were *heare*."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*, 1623, p. 239:

" That hugs his kickſey-wickſey *heare* at home."

Again, in Peck's *Deſiderata Curioſa*, Vol. I. p. 205:

" —— to my utmoſt knowledge, *heare* is ſimple truth and verity."

A ring in chaſe of you; ſo did I abuſe
Myſelf, my ſervant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force that on you, in a ſhameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?
Have you not ſet mine honour at the ſtake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving [5]
Enough is ſhown; a cyprus,[6] not a boſom,
Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you ſpeak.[7]

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a griſe;[8] for 'tis a vulgar proof,[9]
That very oft we pity enemies.

I could add twenty other inſtances, were they neceſſary. Throughout the firſt edition of our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594, which was probably printed under his own inſpection, the word we now ſpell *here*, is conſtantly written *heare*.

Let me add, that Viola had not ſimply *heard* that a ring had been ſent (if even ſuch an expreſſion as—"After the laſt enchantment, you did *heare*," were admiſſible;) ſhe had *ſeen* and *talked* with the bearer of *it*. MALONE.

[5] *To one of your* receiving—] i. e. to one of your *ready apprehenſion*. She conſiders him as an arch page. WARBURTON.

See p. 281, n. 8. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*a cyprus,*] is a tranſparent ſtuff. JOHNSON.

[7] *Hides my* poor *heart: So let me* hear *you ſpeak.*] The word *hear* is uſed in this line, like *tear*, *dear*, *ſwear*, &c. as a diſſyllable. The editor of the ſecond folio, to ſupply what he imagined to be a defect in the metre, reads—Hides my *poor* heart; and all the ſubſequent editors have adopted his interpolation. MALONE.

I have retained the pathetic and neceſſary epithet *poor*. The line would be barbarouſly diſſonant without it. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*a griſe;*] is a *ſtep*, ſometimes written *greeſe*, from *degres*, French. JOHNSON.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to ſmile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one ſhould be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf?
[*Clock ſtrikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waſte of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harveſt,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due weſt.

Vio. Then weſtward-hoe:[1]
Grace, and good diſpoſition 'tend your ladyſhip!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'ſt of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think ſo, I think the ſame of you.

Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wiſh it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of ſcorn looks beautiful

So, in *Othello*:
"Which, as a *griſe* or ſtep, may help theſe lovers."
STEEVENS.

[9] ——*'tis a* vulgar *proof,*] That is, it is a *common* proof. The experience of every day ſhews that, &c. MALONE.

[1] *Then* weſtward-hoe:] This is the name of a comedy by T. Decker, 1607. He was aſſiſted in it by Webſter, and it was acted with great ſucceſs by *the children of Paul's,* on whom Shakſpeare has beſtowed ſuch notice in *Hamlet,* that we may be ſure they were rivals to the company patronized by himſelf.
STEEVENS.

In the contempt and anger of his lip![2]
A murd'rous guilt ſhows not itſelf more ſoon
Than love that would ſeem hid: love's night is noon.
Ceſario, by the roſes of the ſpring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that, maugre[3] all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reaſon, can my paſſion hide.
Do not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe,
For, that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cauſe:
But, rather, reaſon thus with reaſon fetter:
Love ſought is good, but given unſought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I ſwear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one boſom, and one truth,
And that no woman has;[4] nor never none
Shall miſtreſs be of it, ſave I alone.[5]
And ſo adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my maſter's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'ſt move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

[2] *O, what a deal of ſcorn looks* beautiful
In the contempt and anger *of his lip!*] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Which bred more *beauty* in his *angry* eyes."

STEEVENS.

[3] ——*maugre*—] i. e. in ſpite of. So, in *David and Bethſabe*, 1599:

"*Maugre* the ſons of Ammon and of Syria." STEEVENS.

[4] *And that no woman has*;] And that *heart* and *boſom* I have never yielded to any woman. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*ſave I alone.*] Theſe three words Sir Thomas Hanmer gives to Olivia probably enough. JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

A Room in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not ſtay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reaſon, dear venom, give thy reaſon.

Fab. You muſt needs yield your reaſon, ſir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I ſaw your niece do more favours to the count's ſerving man, than ever ſhe beſtowed upon me; I ſaw't i'the orchard.

Sir To. Did ſhe ſee thee the while,[6] old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I ſee you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an aſs o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, ſir, upon the oaths of judgment and reaſon.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, ſince before Noah was a ſailor.

Fab. She did ſhow favour to the youth in your ſight, only to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimſtone in your liver: You ſhould then have accoſted her; and with ſome excellent jeſts, fire-new from the mint, you ſhould have banged the youth into

[6] *Did ſhe ſee* thee *the while,*] *Thee* is wanting in the old copy. It was ſupplied by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

dumbneſs. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time waſh off, and you are now ſailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unleſs you do redeem it by ſome laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it muſt be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Browniſt,[7] as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the baſis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece ſhall take note of it: and aſſure thyſelf, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

[7] ——*as lief be a* Browniſt,] The *Browniſts* were ſo called from Mr. *Robert Browne*, a noted ſeparatiſt in Queen Elizabeth's reign. [See Strype's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, Vol. III. p. 15, 16, &c.] In his life of Whitgift, p. 323, he informs us, that *Browne*, in the year 1589, "went off from the ſeparation, and came into the communion of the church."

This *Browne* was deſcended from an ancient and honourable family in Rutlandſhire; his grandfather Francis had a charter granted him by K. Henry VIII. and confirmed by act of parliament; giving him leave "*to put on his hat in the preſence of the king, or his heirs, or any lord ſpiritual or temporal in the land, and not to put it off, but for his own eaſe and pleaſure.*"

Neal's *Hiſtory of New-England*, Vol. I. p. 58. Grey.

The *Browniſts* ſeem, in the time of our author, to have been the conſtant objects of popular ſatire. In the old comedy of *Ram-Alley*, 1611, is the following ſtroke at them:

"——of a new ſect, and the good profeſſors will, like the *Browniſt*, frequent gravel-pits ſhortly, for they uſe woods and obſcure holes already."

Again, in *Love and Honour*, by Sir W. D'Avenant:

"Go kiſs her:—by this hand, a *Browniſt* is
"More amorous——." Steevens.

Fab. There is no way but this, ſir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curſt[8] and brief; it is no matter how witty, ſo it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'ſt* him ſome thrice,[9] it

[8] ——*in a martial hand; be* curſt—] *Martial hand,* ſeems to be a careleſs ſcrawl, ſuch as ſhewed the writer to neglect ceremony. *Curſt,* is petulant, crabbed. A curſt cur, is a dog that with little provocation ſnarls and bites. Johnson.

[9] ——*taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou* thou'ſt *him ſome thrice,*] There is no doubt, I think, but this paſſage is one of thoſe in which our author intended to ſhew his reſpect for Sir Walter Raleigh, and a deteſtation of the virulence of his proſecutors. The words quoted, ſeem to me directly levelled at the Attorney-General Coke, who, in the trial of Sir Walter, attacked him with all the following indecent expreſſions:—"*All that he did was by thy inſtigation,* thou *viper; for I* thou *thee,* thou *traytor!*" (Here, by the way, are the poet's *three* thou's.) "*You are an odious man.*"—"*Is he baſe? I return it into thy throat, on his behalf.*"—"*O damnable atheiſt.*"—"*Thou art a monſter; thou haſt an Engliſh face, but a Spaniſh heart.*"—"*Thou haſt a Spaniſh heart, and thyſelf art a ſpider of hell.*"—"*Go to, I will lay thee on thy back for the confident'ſt traytor that ever came at a bar,*" &c. Is not here all the licence of tongue, which the poet ſatirically preſcribes to Sir Andrew's ink? And how mean an opinion Shakſpeare had of theſe petulant invectives, is pretty evident from his cloſe of this ſpeech: "*Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write it with a* gooſe-pen, *no matter.*"—A keener laſh at the attorney for a fool, than all the contumelies the attorney threw at the priſoner, as a ſuppoſed traytor! Theobald.

The ſame expreſſion occurs in Shirley's *Opportunity,* 1640:

"Does he *thou* me?
"How would he domineer, an he were duke!"

The reſentment of our author, as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, might likewiſe have been excited by the contemptuous manner in which Lord Coke has ſpoken of players, and the ſeverity he was always willing to exert againſt them. Thus, in his *Speech and Charge at Norwich, with a Diſcoverie of the Abuſes and*

ſhall not be amiſs; and as many lies as will lie in thy ſheet of paper, although the ſheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, ſet 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a gooſe-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where ſhall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo:*[1] Go.

[*Exit Sir* Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, ſir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; ſome two thouſand ſtrong, or ſo.

Fab. We ſhall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Corruption of Officers. Nath. Butter, 4to. 1607: "Becauſe I muſt haſt unto an end, I will requeſt that you will carefully put in execution the ſtatute againſt *vagrants*; ſince the making whereof I have found fewer theeves, and the gaole leſſe peſtered than before.

"The abuſe of *ſtage-players* wherewith I find the country much troubled, may eaſily be reformed; they having no commiſſion to play in any place without leave: and therefore, if by your willingneſſe they be not entertained, you may ſoone be rid of them." Steevens.

Though I think it probable Lord Coke might have been in Shakſpeare's mind when he wrote the above paſſage, yet it is by no means certain. It ought to be obſerved, that the conduct of that great lawyer, bad as it was on this occaſion, received too much countenance from the practice of his predeceſſors, both at the bar and on the bench. The *State Trials* will ſhew, to the diſgrace of the profeſſion, that many other criminals were thou'd by their proſecutors and judges, beſides Sir Walter Raleigh. In Knox's *Hiſtory of the Reformation*, are eighteen articles exhibited againſt Maſter George Wiſcharde, 1546, every one of which begins—thou *falſe heretick*, and ſometimes with the addition of *thief, traitor, runagate*, &c. Reed.

[1] —— *at* the *cubiculo:*] I believe we ſhould read—at *thy* cubiculo. Malone.

Sir To. Never truſt me then; and by all means ſtir on the youth to an anſwer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find ſo much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the reſt of the anatomy.

Fab. And his oppoſite,[2] the youth, bears in his viſage no great preſage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngeſt wren of nine comes.[3]

Mar. If you deſire the ſpleen, and will laugh yourſelves into ſtitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Chriſtian, that means to be ſaved by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſſneſs. He's in yellow ſtockings.

[2] *And his* oppoſite,] *Oppoſite* in our author's time was uſed as a ſubſtantive, and ſynonymous to *adverſary*. Malone.

[3] *Look, where the youngeſt* wren *of* nine *comes.*] The women's parts were then acted by boys, ſometimes ſo low in ſtature, that there was occaſion to obviate the impropriety by ſuch kind of oblique apologies. Warburton.

The *wren* generally lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the laſt hatched of all birds are uſually the ſmalleſt and weakeſt of the whole brood.

So, in *A Dialogue of the Phœnix*, &c. by R. Cheſter, 1601:

"The little *wren* that *many young ones* brings."

Again, in *A mery Play betwene Johan the Huſband, Tyb his Wyfe*, &c. fol. Raſtel, 1533:

"Syr, that is the *leſt* care I have *of nyne*."

The old copy, however, reads—"*wren* of *mine*." Steevens.

Again, in *Sir Philip Sidney's Ourania*, a poem, by N. Breton, 1606:

"The titmouſe, and the *multiplying wren*."

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

Sir To. And croſs-gartered?

Mar. Moſt villainouſly; like a pedant that keeps a ſchool i'the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does ſmile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies:[4] you have not ſeen ſuch a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will ſtrike him;[5] if ſhe do, he'll ſmile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter Antonio *and* Sebastian.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, ſince you make your pleaſure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not ſtay behind you; my deſire,
More ſharp than filed ſteel, did ſpur me forth;
And not all love to ſee you, (though ſo much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)

[4] *He does ſmile his face into* more lines, *than are in the* new map, with the augmentation of the Indies:] A clear alluſion to a Map engraved for Linſchoten's *Voyages*, an Engliſh tranſlation of which was publiſhed in 1598. This Map is *multilineal* in the extreme, and is the firſt in which the *Eaſtern Iſlands* are included. Steevens.

[5] *I know, my lady will* ſtrike *him*;] We may ſuppoſe, that in an age when ladies ſtruck their ſervants, the box on the ear which Queen Elizabeth is ſaid to have given to the Earl of Eſſex, was not regarded as a tranſgreſſion againſt the rules of common behaviour. Steevens.

But jealouſy what might befall your travel,
Being ſkilleſs in theſe parts; which to a ſtranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhoſpitable: My willing love,
The rather by theſe arguments of fear,
Set forth in your purſuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other anſwer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks: Often good turns[6]
Are ſhuffled off with ſuch uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth,[7] as is my conſcience, firm,

[6] *And thanks, and ever* thanks: *Often good turns*—] The old copy reads—

"And thankes: and euer oft good turnes—." Steevens.

The ſecond line is too ſhort by a whole foot. Then, who ever heard of this goodly double adverb, *ever-oft,* which ſeems to have as much propriety as *always-ſometimes?* As I have reſtored the paſſage, it is very much in our author's manner and mode of expreſſion. So, in *Cymbeline:*

"Since when I have been debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be *ever* to pay, and yet pay *ſtill.*"

Again, in *All's well that ends well:*

"And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
"Which I will *over-pay,* and *pay again*
"When I have found it." Theobald.

I have changed the punctuation. Such liberties every editor has occaſionally taken. Theobald has completed the line, as follows:

"And thanks and ever *thanks, and* oft good turns."
Steevens.

I would read: *And thanks* again, *and ever.* Tollet.

Mr. Theobald added the word—*and* [*and* oft, &c.] unneceſſarily. *Turns* was, I have no doubt, uſed as a diſſyllable.
Malone.

I wiſh my ingenious coadjutor had produced ſome inſtance of the word—*turns,* uſed as a diſſyllable. I am unable to do it; and therefore have not ſcrupled to read—oft*en* inſtead of *oft,* to complete the meaſure. Steevens.

[7] *But, were my* worth,] *Worth* in this place means *wealth* or *fortune.* So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

You ſhould find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go ſee the reliques of this town?[8]

Ant. To-morrow, ſir; beſt, firſt, go ſee your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us ſatisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk theſe ſtreets:
Once, in a ſea-fight, 'gainſt the Count his gallies,[9]
I did ſome ſervice; of ſuch note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would ſcarce be anſwer'd.

Seb. Belike, you ſlew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have ſince been anſwer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffick's ſake,

" —— and he boaſts himſelf
" To have a *worthy* feeding."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Cynthia's Revels*:

" Such as the ſatyriſt paints truly forth,
" That only to his crimes owes all his *worth*."

M. Mason.

[8] ——*the* reliques *of this town?*] I ſuppoſe, Sebaſtian means, the *reliques of ſaints*, or the remains of ancient fabricks. Steevens.

Theſe words are explained by what follows:

" Let us ſatisfy our eyes
" With the memorials, and the things of fame,
" That do renown this city." Malone.

[9] —— *the* Count his *gallies*,] I ſuſpect our author wrote—*county's* gallies, i. e. the gallies of the county, or count; and that the tranſcriber's ear deceived him. However, as the preſent reading is conformable to the miſtaken grammatical uſage of the time, I have not diſturbed the text. Malone.

Moſt of our city did: only myſelf ſtood out:
For which, if I be lapſed in this place,
I ſhall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, ſir, here's my purſe;
In the ſouth ſuburbs, at the Elephant,
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town; there ſhall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purſe?

Ant. Haply, your eye ſhall light upon ſome toy
You have deſire to purchaſe; and your ſtore,
I think, is not for idle markets, ſir.

Seb. I'll be your purſe-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Oli. I have ſent after him: He ſays, he'll come;[1]
How ſhall I feaſt him? what beſtow on him?[2]

[1] —— *He ſays, he'll come;*] i. e. I ſuppoſe now, or admit now, he ſays, he'll come. Warburton.

[2] —— *what beſtow* on *him?*] The old copy reads—"beſtow *of* him," a vulgar corruption of—*on*. Steevens.

Of, is very commonly, in the North, ſtill uſed for *on*. Henley.

For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or bor-
row'd.
I ſpeak too loud.——
Where is Malvolio?—he is ſad, and civil,[3]
And ſuits well for a ſervant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam;
But in ſtrange manner. He is ſure poſſeſs'd.[4]

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but ſmile: your ladyſhip
Were beſt have guard about you, if he come;[5]
For, ſure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If ſad and merry madneſs equal be.—

[3] ——*ſad, and* civil,] *Civil,* in this inſtance, and ſome others, means only, *grave, decent,* or *ſolemn.* So, in *As you like it:*

"Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
"That ſhall *civil* ſayings ſhow—."

See note on that paſſage, Act III. ſc. ii.

Again, in Decker's *Villanies diſcovered by Lanthorne and Candlelight,* &c. 1616: "If before ſhe ruffled in ſilkes, now is ſhe more *civilly* attired than a mid-wife." Again—"*civilly* ſuited, that they might carry about them ſome badge of a ſcholler." Again, in David Rowland's tranſlation of *Lazarillo de Tormes,* 1586: "—he throwing his cloake ouer his leaft ſhoulder very *civilly,*" &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *But in ſtrange manner. He is ſure poſſeſs'd.*] The old copy reads—

"But in *very* ſtrange manner. He is ſure poſſeſs'd, *madam.*"

For the ſake of metre, I have omitted the unneceſſary words—*very,* and *madam.* STEEVENS.

[5] *Were beſt have guard about you, if he come;*] The old copy, redundantly, and without addition to the ſenſe, reads—

"Were beſt *to* have *ſome* guard," &c. STEEVENS.

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

MAL. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantaſtically.*

OLI. Smil'ſt thou?
I ſent for thee upon a ſad occaſion.

MAL. Sad, lady? I could be ſad: This does make ſome obſtruction in the blood, this croſs-gartering; But what of that, if it pleaſe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true ſonnet is: *Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.*

OLI. Why, how doſt thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

MAL. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands ſhall be executed. I think, we do know the ſweet Roman hand.

OLI. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MAL. To bed? ay, ſweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

OLI. God comfort thee! Why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſs thy hand ſo oft?[6]

MAR. How do you, Malvolio?

MAL. At your requeſt? Yes; Nightingales anſwer daws.

[6] —— *kiſs thy hand* ſo oft?] This fantaſtical cuſtom is taken notice of by Barnaby Riche, in *Faults and nothing but Faults*, 4to. 1606, p. 6: "—and theſe *Flowers of Courteſie*, as they are full of affectation, ſo are they no leſs formall in their ſpeeches, full of fuſtian phraſes, many times delivering ſuch ſentences, as do betray and lay open their maſters' ignorance: and they are ſo frequent *with the kiſſe on the hand*, that word ſhall not paſſe their mouthes, till they have clapt their fingers over their lippes." REED.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldneſs before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatneſs:*—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meaneſt thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great,*—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some achieve greatneſs,*—

Oli. What ſay'ſt thou?

Mal. *And ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them.*

Oli. Heaven reſtore thee!

Mal. *Remember, who commended thy yellow ſtockings;*—

Oli. Thy yellow ſtockings?

Mal. *And wiſhed to ſee thee croſs-gartered.*

Oli. Croſs-gartered?

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo;*—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. *If not, let me ſee thee a ſervant ſtill.*

Oli. Why, this is very midſummer madneſs.[7]

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orſino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyſhip's pleaſure.

[7] ——*midſummer madneſs.*] Hot weather often hurts the brain, which is, I ſuppoſe, alluded to here. Johnson.

'Tis midſummer moon with you, is a proverb in Ray's *Collection*; ſignifying, you are mad. Steevens.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit* Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my couſin Toby? Let ſome of my people have a ſpecial care of him; I would not have him miſcarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* Olivia *and* Maria.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worſe man than ſir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: ſhe ſends him on purpoſe, that I may appear ſtubborn to him; for ſhe incites me to that in the letter. *Caſt thy humble ſlough*, ſays ſhe;—*be oppoſite with a kinſman*,[8] *ſurly with ſervants*,—*let thy tongue tang*[9] *with arguments of ſtate*,—*put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity*;——and, conſequently, ſets down the manner how; as, a ſad face, a reverend carriage, a ſlow tongue, in the habit of ſome ſir of note, and ſo forth. I have limed her;[1] but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when ſhe went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to*: Fellow![2] not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that

[8] —— *be* oppoſite *with a kinſman*,] *Oppoſite*, here, as in many other places, means—*adverſe, hoſtile*. Malone.

So, in *King Lear*:

"Thou waſt not bound to anſwer
"An unknown *oppoſite*." Steevens.

[9] —— *let thy tongue* tang, &c.] Here the old copy reads—*langer*; but it ſhould be—*tang*, as I have corrected it from the letter which Malvolio reads in a former ſcene. Steevens.

The ſecond folio reads—*tang*. Tyrwhitt.

[1] *I have limed her*;] I have entangled or caught her, as a bird is caught with *birdlime*. Johnson.

[2] *Fellow!*] This word, which originally ſignified *companion*, was not yet totally degraded to its preſent meaning; and Malvolio takes it in the favourable ſenſe. Johnson.

no dram of a ſcruple, no ſcruple of a ſcruple, no obſtacle, no incredulous or unſafe circumſtance,—What can be ſaid? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full proſpect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, *with Sir* TOBY BELCH, *and* FABIAN.

SIR To. Which way is he, in the name of ſanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himſelf poſſeſſed him, yet I'll ſpeak to him.

FAB. Here he is, here he is:—How is't with you, ſir? how is't with you, man?

MAL. Go off; I diſcard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

MAR. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MAL. Ah, ha! does ſhe ſo?

SIR To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we muſt deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: conſider, he's an enemy to mankind.[3]

MAL. Do you know what you ſay?

MAR. La you, an you ſpeak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

FAB. Carry his water to the wiſe woman.

[3] —— *enemy to mankind.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

" —— mine eternal jewel,

" Given to the common *enemy of man*," &c. STEEVENS.

Mar. Marry, and it ſhall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not loſe him for more than I'll ſay.

Mal. How now, miſtreſs?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not ſee, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleneſs; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly uſed.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how doſt thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit[4] with Satan: Hang him, foul collier![5]

Mar. Get him to ſay his prayers; good ſir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

[4] ——*cherry-pit*—] *Cherry-pit* is pitching cherry-ſtones into a little hole. Naſh, ſpeaking of the paint on ladies' faces, ſays: "You may play at *cherry-pit* in their cheeks." So, in a comedy called *The Iſle of Gulls*, 1606: "—if ſhe were here, I would have a bout at cobnut or *cherry-pit*." Again, in *The Witch of Edmonton*: "I have lov'd a witch ever ſince I play'd at *cherry-pit*." STEEVENS.

[5] *Hang him, foul* collier!] *Collier* was, in our author's time, a term of the higheſt reproach. So great were the impoſitions practiſed by the venders of coals, that R. Greene, at the concluſion of his *Notable Diſcovery of Cozenage*, 1592, has publiſhed what he calls, *A pleaſant Diſcovery of the Coſenage of Colliers*. STEEVENS.

The devil is called *Collier* for his blackneſs: *Like Will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*. JOHNSON.

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godlineſs.

Mal. Go, hang yourſelves all! you are idle ſhallow things: I am not of your element; you ſhall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't poſſible?

Fab. If this were played upon a ſtage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, purſue him now; leſt the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we ſhall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleaſure, and his penance, till our very paſtime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen.[6] But ſee, but ſee.

[6] ——*a finder of madmen.*] This is, I think, an alluſion to the *witch-finders*, who were very buſy. JOHNSON.

If there be any doubt whether a culprit is become *non compos mentis*, after indictment, conviction, or judgment, the matter is tried by a jury; and if he be *found* either an ideot or *lunatick*, the lenity of the Engliſh law will not permit him, in the firſt caſe, to be tried, in the ſecond, to receive judgment, or in the third, to be executed. In other caſes alſo inqueſts are held for the *finding of madmen*. MALONE.

Finders of madmen muſt have been thoſe who acted under the writ *De lunatico inquirendo*; in virtue whereof they *found* the man *mad*. It does not appear that a *finder of madmen* was ever a profeſſion, which was moſt certainly the caſe with *witch-finders*. RITSON.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

FAB. More matter for a May morning.[7]

SIR AND. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

FAB. Is't ſo ſawcy?

SIR AND. Ay, is it, I warrant him: do but read.

SIR TO. Give me. [*reads.*] *Youth, whatſoever thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy fellow.*

FAB. Good, and valiant.

SIR TO. *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee ſo, for I will ſhow thee no reaſon for't.*

FAB. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

SIR TO. *Thou comeſt to the lady Olivia, and in my ſight ſhe uſes thee kindly: but thou lieſt in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

FAB. Very brief, and exceeding good ſenſe-leſs.

SIR TO. *I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,*——

FAB. Good.

SIR TO. *Thou killeſt me like a rogue and a villain.*

FAB. Still you keep o'the windy ſide of the law: Good.

SIR TO. *Fare thee well; And God have mercy*

[7] *More matter for a* May morning.] It was uſual on the firſt of *May* to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as the *morris-dance*, of which a plate is given at the end of *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's obſervations on it. STEEVENS.

upon one of our ſouls! He may have mercy upon mine;[8] *but my hope is better, and ſo look to thyſelf. Thy friend, as thou uſeſt him, and thy ſworn enemy.*

ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

SIR TO. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

MAR. You may have very fit occaſion for't; he is now in ſome commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

SIR TO. Go, ſir Andrew; ſcout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: ſo ſoon as ever thou ſeeſt him, draw; and, as thou draweſt, ſwear horrible;[9] for it comes to paſs oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itſelf would have earned him. Away.

SIR AND. Nay, let me alone for ſwearing. [*Exit.*

SIR TO. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to

[8] *He may have mercy upon* mine;] We may read—*He may have mercy upon* thine, *but my hope is better.* Yet the paſſage may well enough ſtand without alteration.

It were much to be wiſhed that Shakſpeare, in this, and ſome other paſſages, had not ventured ſo near profaneneſs. JOHNSON.

The preſent reading is more humorous than that ſuggeſted by Johnſon. The man on whoſe ſoul he hopes that God will have mercy, is the one that he ſuppoſes will fall in the combat: but Sir Andrew hopes to eſcape unhurt, and to have no preſent occaſion for that bleſſing.

The ſame idea occurs in *Henry V.* where Mrs. Quickly, giving an account of poor Falſtaff's diſſolution, ſays: "Now I, to comfort him, bid him not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet."

M. MASON.

[9] ——*ſwear* horrible:] Adjectives are often uſed by our author and his contemporaries, adverbially. MALONE.

be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no leſs; therefore this letter, being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, ſir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; ſet upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, ſkill, fury, and impetuoſity. This will ſo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA *and* VIOLA.

FAB. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and preſently after him.

SIR TO. I will meditate the while upon ſome horrid meſſage for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA.

OLI. I have ſaid too much unto a heart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:[1]
There's ſomething in me, that reproves my fault;
But ſuch a headſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

VIO. With the ſame 'haviour that your paſſion bears,
Go on my maſter's griefs.

OLI. Here, wear this jewel for me,[2] tis my picture;

[1] —— *too unchary* out:] The old copy reads—*on't*. The emenda ion is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

[2] —— *wear this* jewel *for me,*] *Jewel* does not properly ſignify a ſingle *gem*, but any precious ornament or ſuperfluity. JOHNSON.

Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beſeech you, come again to-morrow.
What ſhall you aſk of me, that I'll deny;
That honour, ſav'd, may upon aſking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my maſter.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my ſoul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir Toby Belch, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God ſave thee.

Vio. And you, ſir.

Sir To. That defence thou haſt, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou haſt done him, I know not; but thy intercepter,[3] full of deſpight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: diſmount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy aſſailant is quick, ſkilful, and deadly.

Vio. You miſtake, ſir; I am ſure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

So, in Markham's *Arcadia*, 1607: "She gave him a very fine *jewel*, wherein was ſet a moſt rich diamond." See alſo Mr. T. Warton's *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 121. Steevens.

[3] ——*thy* intercepter,] Thus the old copy. Moſt of the modern editors read—*interpreter*. Steevens.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwiſe, I aſſure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your oppoſite hath in him what youth, ſtrength, ſkill, and wrath, can furniſh man withal.

Vio. I pray you, ſir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier, and on carpet conſideration;[4] but he is a

[4] *He is knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier, and on carpet conſideration;*] That is, he is no ſoldier by profeſſion, not a knight banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but, *on carpet conſideration*, at a feſtivity, or on ſome peaceable occaſion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling, not on the ground, as in war, but on a *carpet*. This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous term a *carpet knight*, who was naturally held in ſcorn by the men of war. Johnson.

In Francis Markham's *Booke of Honour*, fo. 1625, p. 71, we have the following account of *Carpet Knights*: "Next unto theſe (i. e. thoſe he diſtinguiſhes by the title of *Dunghill or Truck Knights*) in degree, but not in qualitie, (for theſe are truly for the moſt part vertuous and worthie) is that rank of Knights which are called *Carpet Knights*, being men who are by the prince's grace and favour made knights at home and in the time of peace by the impoſition or laying on of the king's ſword, having by ſome ſpecial ſervice done to the commonwealth, or for ſome other particular virtues made known to the ſoveraigne, as alſo for the dignitie of their births, and in recompence of noble and famous actions done by their anceſtors, deſerved this great title and dignitie." He then enumerates the ſeveral orders of men on whom this honour was uſually conferred; and adds—"thoſe of the vulgar or common ſort are called *Carpet Knights*, becauſe (for the moſt part) they receive their honour from the king's hand in the court, and upon *carpets*, and ſuch like ornaments belonging to the king's ſtate and greatneſſe; *which howſoever a curious envie may wreſt to an ill ſenſe*, yet queſtionleſſe there is no ſhadow of diſgrace belonging unto it, for it is an honour as perfect as any honour whatſoever, and the ſervices and merits for which it is received, as worthy and well deſerving both of the king and country, as that which hath wounds and ſcarres for his witneſſe." Reed.

devil in private brawl: ſouls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incenſement at this moment is ſo implacable, that ſatisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and ſepulchre: hob, nob,[5] is his word; give't, or take't.

Greene uſes the term—*Carpet-knights,* in contempt of thoſe of whom he is ſpeaking; and, in *The Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntington,* 1601, it is employed for the ſame purpoſe:

" ——ſoldiers, come away:
" This *Carpet-knight* ſits carping at our ſcars."

In Barrett's *Alvearie,* 1580: " —thoſe which do not exerciſe themſelves with ſome honeſt affaires, but ſerve abhominable and filthy idleneſs, are, as we uſe to call them, *Carpet-knightes.*" B. ante O. Again, among Sir John Harrington's *Epigrams,* B. IV. Ep. 6, *Of Merit and Demerit:*

" That captaines in thoſe days were not regarded,
" That only *Carpet-knights* were well rewarded."

The old copy reads—unhatch'd *rapier*; but a paſſage in *King Henry IV.* P. I. may ſerve to confirm the reading in the text: " How came Falſtaff's ſword ſo *hack'd?*—Why, he *hack'd* it with his dagger." STEEVENS.

——*with* unhatch'd *rapier,*] The modern editors read—*unhack'd.* It appears from Cotgrave's Dictionary in v. *hacher,* [to hack, hew, &c.] that to *hatch* the hilt of a ſword, was a technical term. Perhaps we ought to read—with *an hatch'd* rapier, i. e. with a rapier, the hilt of which was richly *engraved* and ornamented. Our author, however, might have uſed *unhatch'd* in the ſenſe of *unhack'd*; and therefore I have made no change. MALONE.

[5] ——*hob, nob,*] This adverb is corrupted from *hap ne hap*; as *would ne would, will ne will*; that is, *let it happen or not*; and ſignifies at random, at the mercy of chance. See Johnſon's *Dictionary.* So, in Lyly's *Euphues and his England,* 4to. bl. l. 1580: " Thus Philautus determined, *hab nab,* to ſend his letters," &c. STEEVENS.

Is not this the origin of our *hob nob,* or challenge to drink a glaſs of wine at dinner? The phraſe occurs in Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub:*

" I put it
" Ev'n to your worſhip's bitterment, *hab nab.*
" I ſhall have a chance o'the dice for't, I hope."

M. MASON.

Vio. I will return again into the houſe, and deſire ſome conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of ſome kind of men, that put quarrels purpoſely on others, to taſte their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itſelf out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his deſire. Back you ſhall not to the houſe, unleſs you undertake that with me, which with as much ſafety you might anſwer him: therefore, on, or ſtrip your ſword ſtark naked; for meddle[6] you muſt, that's certain, or forſwear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as ſtrange. I beſeech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.

Sir To. I will do ſo. Signior Fabian, ſtay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit Sir* Toby.

Vio. Pray you, ſir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incenſed againſt you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumſtance more.

Vio. I beſeech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promiſe, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, ſir, the

So, in Holinſhed's *Hiſt. of Ireland*: "The citizens in their rage—ſhot *habbe or nabbe,* at *random.*" Malone.

[6] —— *meddle*—] Is here perhaps uſed in the ſame ſenſe as the French *mêlée.* Steevens.

Afterwards, Sir Andrew ſays—"Pox on't, I'll not *meddle* with him." The vulgar yet ſay, "I'll neither *meddle* nor make with it." Malone.

moſt ſkilful, bloody, and fatal oppoſite that you could poſſibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I ſhall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with ſir prieſt, than ſir knight: I care not who knows ſo much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY, *with Sir* ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil;[7] I have not ſeen ſuch a virago.[8] I had a paſs with him, rapier, ſcabbard, and all, and he gives me the ſtuck-in,[9] with ſuch a mortal motion, that it is

[7] *Why, man, he's a very devil*; &c.] Shakſpeare might have caught a hint for this ſcene from Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*, which was printed in 1609. The behaviour of Viola and Agueeheek appears to have been formed on that of Sir John Daw and Sir Amorous La Foole. STEEVENS.

[8] *I have not ſeen ſuch a* virago.] *Virago* cannot be properly uſed here, unleſs we ſuppoſe Sir Toby to mean, I never ſaw one that had ſo much the look of woman with the proweſs of man. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—*firago*. A *virago* always means a female warrior, or, in low language, a ſcold, or turbulent woman. In Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611, *Jupiter* enters "like a nymph or *virago*;" and ſays, "I may paſs for a bona-roba, a rounceval, a *virago*, or a good manly laſs." If Shakſpeare (who knew Viola to be a woman, though Sir Toby did not,) has made no blunder, Dr. Johnſon has ſupplied the only obvious meaning of the word. *Firago* may however be a ludicrous term of Shakſpeare's coinage. STEEVENS.

Why may not the meaning be more ſimple, "I have never ſeen the moſt furious woman ſo obſtreperous and violent as he is?" MALONE.

[9] —— *the* ſtuck—] The *ſtuck* is a corrupted abbreviation of the *ſtoccata*, an Italian term in fencing. So, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606: "Here's a fellow, Judicio, that carried

inevitable; and on the anſwer, he pays you[1] as ſurely as your feet hit the ground they ſtep on: They ſay, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can ſcarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and ſo cunning in fence, I'd have ſeen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and I'll give him my horſe, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good ſhow on't; this ſhall end without the perdition of ſouls: Marry, I'll ride your horſe as well as I ride you. [*Aſide.*

Re-enter Fabian *and* Viola.

I have his horſe [*to* Fab.] to take up the quarrel; I have perſuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him;[2] and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

the deadly *ſtock* in his pen." Again, in Marſton's *Mal-content*, 1604: "The cloſe *ſtock*, O mortal," &c. Again, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:

"I would paſs on him with a mortal *ſtock*." Steevens.

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*:

"——thy *ſtock*, thy reverſe, thy montánt." Malone.

[1] ——*he* pays *you*—] i. e. hits you, does for you. Thus, Falſtaff, in *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV*: "I followed me cloſe, and, with a thought, ſeven of the eleven I *paid*." Steevens.

[2] *He is as* horribly conceited *of him*;] That is, he has as horrid an idea or conception of him. Malone.

Sir To. There's no remedy, ſir; he will fight with you for his oath ſake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now ſcarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the ſupportance of his vow; he proteſts, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

[*Aſide.*

Fab. Give ground, if you ſee him furious.

Sir To. Come, ſir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's ſake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello[3] avoid it: but he has promiſed me, as he is a gentleman and a ſoldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [*Draws.*

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do aſſure you, 'tis againſt my will. [*Draws.*

Ant. Put up your ſword;—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing,*

Sir To. You, ſir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, ſir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,[4] I am for you. [*Draws.*

[3] ——*by the* duello—] i. e. by the laws of the *duello*, which, in Shakſpeare's time, were ſettled with the utmoſt nicety. Steevens.

[4] *Nay, if you be an* undertaker,] But why was an *undertaker* ſo offenſive a character? I believe this is *a touch upon the times*, which may help to determine the date of this play.

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good ſir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [*To* Antonio.

Vio. Pray, ſir, put up your ſword, if you pleaſe. [*To Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, will I, ſir;—and, for that I promiſed you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you eaſily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arreſt thee at the ſuit
Of count Orſino.

Ant. You do miſtake me, ſir.

At the meeting of the parliament in 1614, there appears to have been a very general perſuaſion, or jealouſy at leaſt, that the King had been induced to call a parliament at that time, by certain perſons, who *had undertaken,* through their influence in the Houſe of Commons, to carry things according to his Majeſty's wiſhes. Theſe perſons were immediately ſtigmatized with the invidious name of *undertakers*; and the idea was ſo unpopular, that the King thought it neceſſary, in two ſet ſpeeches, to deny poſitively (how truly is another queſtion) that there had been any ſuch *undertaking*. *Parl. Hiſt.* Vol. V. p. 277, and 286. Sir Francis Bacon alſo (then attorney-general) made an artful, apologetical ſpeech in the Houſe of Commons upon the ſame ſubject; *when the houſe* (according to the title of the ſpeech) *was in great heat, and much troubled about the undertakers.* Bacon's Works, Vol. II. p. 236, 4to edit. Tyrwhitt.

Undertakers were perſons employed by the King's purveyors to take up proviſions for the royal houſehold, and were no doubt exceedingly odious. But ſtill, I think, the ſpeaker intends a quibble; the ſimple meaning of the word being one who undertakes, or takes up the quarrel or buſineſs of another. Ritson.

I am of Ritſon's opinion, that by an *undertaker* Sir Toby means a man who takes upon himſelf the quarrel of another. Mr. Tyrwhitt's explanation is too learned to be juſt, and was probably ſuggeſted by his official ſituation. M. Mason.

1 *Off.* No, ſir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no ſea-cap on your head.—
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I muſt obey.—This comes with ſeeking you;
But there's no remedy; I ſhall anſwer it.
What will you do? Now my neceſſity
Makes me to aſk you for my purſe: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myſelf. You ſtand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, ſir, away.

Ant. I muſt entreat of you ſome of that money.

Vio. What money, ſir?
For the fair kindneſs you have ſhow'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your preſent trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you ſomething: my having is not much;
I'll make diviſion of my preſent with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't poſſible, that my deſerts to you
Can lack perſuaſion? Do not tempt my miſery,
Leſt that it make me ſo unſound a man,
As to upbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainneſs, babbling, drunkenneſs,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themſelves!

2 *Off.* Come, ſir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me ſpeak a little. This youth that you ſee here,
I ſnatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with ſuch ſanctity of love,——
And to his image, which, methought, did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou haſt, Sebaſtian, done good feature ſhame.—
In nature there's no blemiſh, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflouriſh'd by the devil.[5]

1 *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him. Come, come, ſir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[*Exeunt* Officers, *with* Antonio.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from ſuch paſſion fly,
That he believes himſelf; ſo do not I.[6]

[5] —— *o'erflouriſh'd by the devil.*] In the time of Shakſpeare, trunks, which are now depoſited in lumber-rooms, or other obſcure places, were part of the furniture of apartments in which company was received. I have ſeen more than one of theſe, as old as the time of our poet. They were richly ornamented on the tops and ſides with ſcroll-work, emblematical devices, &c. and were elevated on feet. Shakſpeare has the ſame expreſſion in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" —— your title to him
" Doth *flouriſh* the deceit—." Steevens.

Again, in his 60th *Sonnet:*

" Time doth transfix the *flouriſh* ſet on youth."
Malone.

[6] ——*ſo do not I.*] This, I believe, means, I do not yet believe myſelf, when, from this accident, I gather hope of my brother's life. Johnson.

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whiſper o'er a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſaws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebaſtian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glaſs;[7] even ſuch, and ſo,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempeſts are kind, and ſalt waves freſh in love!
[*Exit.*

Sir To. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his diſhoneſty appears, in leaving his friend here in neceſſity, and denying him; and for his cowardſhip, aſk Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a moſt devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him ſoundly, but never draw thy ſword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's ſee the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

[7] —— *I my brother* know
Yet living in my glaſs;] I ſuppoſe Viola means—*As often as I behold myſelf in my glaſs,* I think I *ſee my brother alive*; i. e. I *acknowledge* that his reſemblance *ſurvives* in the reflection of my own figure. STEEVENS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street before Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* Clown.

CLO. Will you make me believe, that I am not ſent for you?

SEB. Go to, go to, thou art a fooliſh fellow; Let me be clear of thee.

CLO. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not ſent to you by my lady, to bid you come ſpeak with her; nor your name is not maſter Ceſario; nor this is not my noſe neither.—Nothing, that is ſo, is ſo.

SEB. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly ſomewhere elſe; Thou know'ſt not me.

CLO. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applies it to a fool.[8] Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber,[9] the world, will prove a cockney.[1]—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy ſtrangeneſs, and tell me what I ſhall

[8] Vent *my folly! He has heard that word of ſome great man,* &c.] This affected word ſeems to have been in uſe in Shakſpeare's time. In Melvil's *Memoirs,* p. 198, we have "My Lord Lindſay *vented* himſelf that he was one of the number," &c. REED.

[9] *I am afraid this great lubber,*] That is, affectation and foppery will overſpread the world. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*prove a* cockney.] So, in *A Knight's Conjuring,* by Decker: "——'tis not their fault, but our mothers', our *cockering* mothers, who for their labour make us to be called *Cockneys,*" &c. STEEVENS.

vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, fooliſh Greek,[9] depart from me; There's money for thee; if you tarry longer, I ſhall give worſe payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou haſt an open hand:— Theſe wiſe men, that give fools money, get themſelves a good report after fourteen years' purchaſe.[3]

[2] *I pr'ythee, fooliſh* Greek,] Greek, was as much as to ſay bawd or pander. He underſtood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-houſe was called Corinth, and the frequenters of it Corinthians, which words occur frequently in Shakſpeare, eſpecially in *Timon of Athens,* and *Henry IV.* Yet the Oxford editor alters it to *Geck.* Warburton.

Can our author have alluded to St. Paul's epiſtle to the *Romans,* c. i. v. 23?

"——to the *Greeks fooliſhneſs.*" Steevens.

[3] ——*get themſelves a good report after fourteen years' purchaſe.*] This ſeems to carry a piece of ſatire upon *monopolies,* the crying grievance of that time. The grants generally were for fourteen years; and the petitions being referred to a committee, it was ſuſpected that money gained favourable reports from thence. Warburton.

Perhaps *fourteen years' purchaſe* was, in Shakſpeare's time, the higheſt price for land. Lord Bacon's *Eſſay on Uſury* mentions *ſixteen* years purchaſe. "I will not give more than according to *fifteen* years purchaſe, ſaid a dying uſurer to a clergyman, who adviſed him to ſtudy for a purchaſe of the kingdom of heaven." Tollet.

Mr. Heath thinks the meaning is, "—purchaſe a good report [or character] at a very extravagant price." Malone.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture that there is here a reference to monopolies, is, I believe, unfounded. Mr. Tollett and Mr. Heath are probably right. Sir Joſiah Child, in his *Diſcourſe on Trade,* ſays, "—*certainly* anno 1621, the current price of lands in England was *twelve* years purchaſe; and ſo I have been aſſured by many ancient men whom I have queſtioned particularly as to this matter; and I find it ſo by purchaſes made about that time by my own relations and acquaintance." Sir Thomas Culpepper, ſenior, who wrote in 1621, affirms, "that land was then at *twelve* years purchaſe." Reed.

Enter Sir ANDREW, *Sir* TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, ſir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* ANDREW.

Sir To. Hold, ſir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the houſe.

Clo. This will I tell my lady ſtraight: I would not be in ſome of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit* Clown.

Sir To. Come on, ſir; hold. [*Holding* SEBASTIAN.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery againſt him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I ſtruck him firſt, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, ſir, I will not let you go. Come, my young ſoldier, put up your iron: you are well fleſhed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldſt thou now?
If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword. [*Draws.*

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I muſt have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my
sight!
Be not offended, dear Ceſario:——
Rudeſby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and*
Fabian.
Let thy fair wiſdom, not thy paſſion, ſway
In this uncivil and unjuſt extent[4]
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe;
And hear thou there how many fruitleſs pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up,[5] that thou thereby
May'ſt ſmile at this: thou ſhalt not chooſe but go;
Do not deny: Beſhrew his ſoul for me,
He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee.[6]

[4] *In this uncivil and unjuſt* extent—] *Extent* is, in law, a writ of execution, whereby goods are ſeized for the King. It is therefore taken here for *violence* in general. Johnson.

[5] *This ruffian hath* botch'd up,] A coarſe expreſſion for *made up*, as a bad tailor is called a *botcher*, and to botch is to make clumſily. Johnson.

Dr. Johnſon is certainly right. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——if you'll *patch* a quarrel,
" As matter whole you've not to make it with."

Again, in *King Henry V*:

" Do *botch* and bungle up damnation." Steevens.

[6] *He ſtarted one poor* heart *of mine in thee.*] I know not whether here be not an ambiguity intended between *heart* and *hart*. The ſenſe however is eaſy enough. *He that offends thee, attacks one of my hearts*; or, as the ancients expreſſed it, *half my heart*. Johnson.

The equivoque ſuggeſted by Dr. Johnſon was, I have no doubt, intended. *Heart* in our author's time was frequently written *hart*; and Shakſpeare delights in playing on theſe words. Malone.

Seb. What reliſh is in this?[7] how runs the ſtream?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dream:—
Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteep;
If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would thou'dſt be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, ſay ſo, and ſo be!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Maria *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe, thou art ſir Topas[8] the curate; do it quickly: I'll call ſir Toby the whilſt. [*Exit* Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble myſelf[9] in't; and I would I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in ſuch a gown. I am not fat enough

[7] *What reliſh is in this?*] How does this taſte? What judgment am I to make of it? Johnson.

[8] ——*ſir Topas*—] The name of *Sir Topas* is taken from Chaucer. Steevens.

[9] ——*I will* diſſemble *myſelf*—] i. e. diſguiſe myſelf. Malone.

Shakſpeare has here ſtumbled on a Latiniſm: Thus Ovid, ſpeaking of Achilles:

"Veſte virum longa *diſſimulatus* erat." Steevens.

to become the function well;[1] nor lean enough to be thought a good ſtudent: but to be ſaid, an honeſt man, and a good houſekeeper, goes as fairly, as to ſay, a careful man, and a great ſcholar.[2] The competitors enter.[3]

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

SIR To. Jove bleſs thee, maſter parſon.

CLO. *Bonos dies*, ſir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague,[4] that never ſaw pen and ink, very wittily ſaid to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is*:[5] ſo I, being maſter parſon, am maſter parſon; For what is that, but that? and is, but is?

[1] *I am not* fat *enough to become the function well;*] The old copy reads—*tall* enough: but this cannot be right. The word wanted ſhould be part of the deſcription of *a careful man.* I ſhould have no objection to read—*pale.* TYRWHITT.

Not tall enough, perhaps means *not of ſufficient height to overlook a pulpit.* Dr. Farmer would read *fat* inſtead of *tall,* the former of theſe epithets, in his opinion, being referable to the following words—*a good houſekeeper.* STEEVENS.

[2] —— *as to ſay, a* careful *man, and a great ſcholar.*] This refers to what went before: *I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good ſtudent:* it is plain then Shakſpeare wrote:—*as to ſay a* graceful *man,* i. e. comely. To this the Oxford editor ſays, *rectè.* WARBURTON.

A *careful* man, I believe, means a man who has ſuch a regard for his character, as to intitle him to ordination. STEEVENS.

[3] *The* competitors enter.] That is, the confederates or aſſociates. The word *competitor* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *Richard III.* and in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* M. MASON.

[4] —— *the old hermit of Prague,*] This refers to a real perſonage. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *very wittily ſaid—That, that is, is:*] This is a very humorous banter of the rules eſtabliſhed in the ſchools, that all reaſonings are *ex præcognitis & præconceſſis,* which lay the

Sir To. To him, ſir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I ſay,—Peace in this priſon!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to viſit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, ſir Topas, good ſir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexeſt thou this man? talkeſt thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well ſaid, maſter parſon.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good ſir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkneſs.

Clo. Fye, thou diſhoneſt Sathan! I call thee by the moſt modeſt terms; for I am one of thoſe gentle ones, that will uſe the devil himſelf with courteſy: Say'ſt thou, that houſe[6] is dark?

Mal. As hell, ſir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows[7] tranſparent as

foundation of every ſcience in theſe maxims, *whatſoever is, is; and it is impoſſible for the ſame thing to be and not to be*; with much trifling of the like kind. Warburton.

[6] —— *that* houſe—] That manſion, in which you are now confined. The Clown gives this pompous appellation to the ſmall room in which Malvolio, we may ſuppoſe, was confined, to exaſperate him. The word *it* in the Clown's next ſpeech plainly means Malvolio's chamber, and confirms this interpretation. Malone.

[7] —— *it hath* bay-windows—] A *bay-window* is the ſame as a *bow-window*; a window *in a receſs*, or *bay*. See *A. Wood's Life*, publiſhed by T. Hearne, 1730, p. 548 and 553. The following inſtances may likewiſe ſupport the ſuppoſition:

barricadoes, and the clear ſtones[8] towards the ſouth-north are as luſtrous as ebony; and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad, ſir Topas; I ſay to you, this houſe is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou erreſt: I ſay, there is no darkneſs, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I ſay, this houſe is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I ſay, there was never man thus abuſed: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any conſtant queſtion.[9]

Cynthia's Revels, by Ben Jonſon, 1600:

"——retired myſelf into a *bay-window*," &c.

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle* of King Henry IV:

"As Tho. Montague reſted him at a *bay-window*, a gun was levell'd," &c.

Again, in Middleton's *Women beware Women*:

"Tis a ſweet recreation for a gentlewoman
"To ſtand in a *bay-window*, and ſee gallants."

Chaucer, in *The Aſſemblie of Ladies*, mentions *bay-windows*.

Again, in *King Henry the Sixth's Directions for building the Hall at King's College, Cambridge*:—"on every ſide thereof a *baie-window*." STEEVENS.

See Minſheu's DICT. in v: "A *bay-window*,—becauſe it is builded in manner of a baie or rode for ſhippes, that is, round. L. *Cavæ feneſtræ*. G. Une feneſtre ſort anthors de la maiſon." MALONE.

[8] ——*the clear* ſtones—] The old copy has—*ſtores*. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

And yet, ſays Mr. Malone, the ſecond folio is not worth three ſhillings. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*conſtant queſtion*.] A ſettled, a determinate, a regular queſtion. JOHNSON.

Rather, in any regular *converſation*, for ſo generally Shakſpeare uſes the word *queſtion*. MALONE.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the ſoul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkeſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the ſoul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou ſtill in darkneſs: thou ſhalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock,[1] leſt thou diſpoſſeſs the ſoul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, ſir Topas,—

Sir To. My moſt exquiſite ſir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.[2]

[1] ——*to kill a* woodcock,] The Clown mentions a *woodcock* particularly, becauſe that bird was ſuppoſed to have very little brains, and therefore was a proper anceſtor for a man out of his wits. Malone.

[2] *Nay, I am for all waters.*] A phraſe taken from the actor's ability of making the audience cry either with mirth or grief. Warburton.

I rather think this expreſſion borrowed from ſportſmen, and relating to the qualifications of a complete ſpaniel. Johnson.

A cloak for all kinds of knavery; taken from the Italian proverb, *Tu hai mantillo da ogni acqua.* Smith.

Nay, I am for all waters.] I can turn my hand to any thing; I can aſſume any character I pleaſe; like a fiſh, I can ſwim equally well in all waters. Montaigne, ſpeaking of Ariſtotle, ſays, that "he hath *an oar in every water*, and meddleth with all things." Florio's tranſlation, 1603. In Florio's *Second Fruites*, 1591, I find an expreſſion more nearly reſembling that of the text: "I am a *knight for all ſaddles*." The equivoque ſuggeſted in the following note may, however, have been alſo in our author's thoughts. Malone.

The word *water*, as uſed by jewellers, denotes the colour and the luſtre of diamonds, and from thence is applied, though with

Mar. Thou might'ſt have done this without thy beard, and gown; he ſees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findeſt him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now ſo far in offence with my niece, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport to the upſhot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir* Toby *and* Maria.

Clo. *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*[3]
Tell me how thy lady does. [*Singing.*

leſs propriety, to the colour and hue of other precious ſtones. I think that Shakſpeare, in this place, alludes to this ſenſe of the word *water*, not to thoſe adopted either by Johnſon or Warburton. The Clown is complimented by Sir Toby, for perſonating Sir *Topas* ſo exquiſitely; to which he replies, that he can put on all colours, alluding to the word *Topaz*, which is the name of a jewel, and was alſo that of the Curate.

M. Mason.

Mr. Henley has adopted the ſame idea; and adds, that "the Clown in his reply plays upon the name of *Topas*, and intimates that he could ſuſtain as well the character of another perſon, let him be called by what *gem* he might." Steevens.

[3] *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*] This ſong ſhould certainly begin:

"Hey, jolly Robin, tell to me
"How does thy lady do?—
"My lady is unkind, perdy.—
"Alas, why is ſhe ſo?" Farmer.

This ingenious emendation is now ſuperſeded by the proper readings of the old ſong itſelf, which is now printed from what appears the moſt ancient of Dr. Harrington's poetical MSS.—The firſt ſtanza appears to be defective, and it ſhould ſeem that a line is wanting, unleſs the four firſt words were lengthened in the tune. Percy.

The ſong, thus publiſhed, runs as follows:

"A Robyn,
"Jolly Robyn,
"Tell me how thy leman doeth,
"And thou ſhalt knowe of myn.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *Alas, why is ſhe ſo?*

Mal. Fool, I ſay;—

Clo. *She loves another*—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deſerve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Maſter Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, ſir, how fell you beſides your five wits?[4]

"My lady is unkynde perde."
"Alack! why is ſo?
"She loveth an other better than me;
"And yet ſhe will ſay no." &c. &c.

See Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, fourth edit. Vol. I. p. 194.

I hope to be excuſed if I add, that I do not immediately perceive how the copy of a ſong ſo metrically imperfect as the foregoing, can be permitted to extinguiſh the emendation propoſed by Dr. Farmer. Steevens.

This ſong ſeems to be alluded to in the following paſſage of *The Merchandiſes of Popiſh Prieſts*, 4to. 1629, ſign. F 2:—"There is no one ſo lively and jolly as St. Mathurine. I can beſt deſcribe you this arch finger, by ſuch common phraſe as we uſe of him whom we ſee very lively and pleaſantly diſpoſed, we ſay this, *His head is full of jolly Robbins.*" Reed.

[4] ——*your* five wits?] Thus the *five ſenſes* were anciently called. So, in *King Lear*, Edgar ſays:

"Bleſs thy *five wits!* Tom's a cold."

Again, in the old Morality of *Every Man*: "And remember, beaute, *fyve wittes*, ſtrength, and dyſcrecyon." Steevens.

The *wits*, Dr. Johnſon ſome where obſerves, were reckoned *five*, in analogy to the five ſenſes. From Stephen Hawes's poem

Mal. Fool, there was never man ſo notorioufly abuſed: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me;[5] keep me in darkneſs, ſend miniſters to me, aſſes, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Adviſe you what you ſay; the miniſter is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens reſtore! endeavour thyſelf to ſleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,——

Clo. Maintain no words with him,[6] good fellow.—Who, I, ſir? not I, ſir. God b'wi'you, good ſir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, ſir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I ſay,—

Clo. Alas, ſir, be patient. What ſay you, ſir? I am ſhent[7] for ſpeaking to you.

called *Graunde Amoure,* ch. xxiv. edit. 1554, it appears that the *five wits* were—"common wit, imagination, fantaſy, eſtimation, and memory." *Wit* in our author's time was the general term for the intellectual power. Malone.

[5] ——*propertied me;*] They have taken poſſeſſion of me, as of a man unable to look to himſelf. Johnson.

[6] *Maintain no words with him,*] Here the Clown in the dark acts two perſons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himſelf and Sir Topas.—*I will, ſir, I will,* is ſpoken after a pauſe, as if, in the mean time, Sir Topas had whiſpered. Johnson.

[7] *I am* ſhent &c.] i. e. *ſcolded, reproved.* So, in Aſcham's *Report and Diſcourſe:* "A wonderfull follie in a great man himſelfe, and ſome piece of miſerie in a whole commonwealth, where fooles chiefly and flatterers may ſpeak freely what they will; and wiſe men, and good men ſhall commonly be *ſhent* if they ſpeak what they ſhould." See alſo note on *Hamlet,* Act III. ſc. ii. Reed.

Mal. Good fool, help me to ſome light, and ſome paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, ſir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, ſome ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will ſet down to my lady; it ſhall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?[8]

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I ſee his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

[8] ——*tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?*] If he was not mad, what did he counterfeit by declaring that he was not mad? The fool, who meant to inſult him, I think, aſks, *are you mad, or do you but counterfeit?* That is, *you look like a madman, you talk like a madman. Is your madneſs real, or have you any ſecret deſign in it?* This, to a man in poor Malvolio's ſtate, was a ſevere taunt. Johnson.

The meaning of this paſſage appears to me to be this. Malvolio had aſſured the Clown that he was as well in his ſenſes as any man in Illyria; and the Clown in reply, aſks him this provoking queſtion: "Is it true that you are really not mad?" that is, that you are really in your right ſenſes, or do you only pretend to be ſo? M. Mason.

Dr. Johnſon, in my apprehenſion, miſinterprets the words, "—do you but counterfeit?" They ſurely mean, "do you but counterfeit *madneſs*, or, in other words, "aſſume the appearance of a madman, though not one." Our author ought, I think, to have written, either, "—are you *mad* indeed, *or* do you but counterfeit?" or elſe, "—are you *not* not mad indeed, *and* do you but counterfeit?" But I do not ſuſpect any corruption; for the laſt I have no doubt was what he *meant*, though he has not expreſſed his meaning accurately. He is often careleſs in ſuch minute matters. Mr. Maſon's interpretation removes the difficulty; but, conſidering the words that immediately precede, is very harſh, and appears to be inadmiſſible. Malone.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the higheſt degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, ſir,*
And anon, ſir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,[9]
Your need to ſuſtain;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman drivel.[1] [Exit.

[9] *Like to the old* vice,] The *vice* was the fool of the old moralities. Some traces of this character are ſtill preſerved in puppet-ſhows, and by country mummers. Johnson.

This character was always acted in a *maſk*; it probably had its name from the old French word *vis*, for which they now uſe *viſage*, though they ſtill retain it in *vis à vis*, which is, literally, *face to face*. Steevens.

[1] *Adieu, goodman* drivel.] This laſt line has neither rhyme nor meaning. I cannot but ſuſpect that the fool tranſlates *Malvolio's* name, and ſays:

Adieu, goodman mean-evil. Johnson.

We have here another old catch; apparently, I think, not of Shakſpeare. I am therefore willing to receive the common reading of the laſt line:

Adieu, goodman drivel.

The name of *Malvolio* ſeems to have been formed by an accidental tranſpoſition in the word, *Malivolo*.

I know not whether a part of the preceding line ſhould not be thrown into a queſtion, "pare thy nails, dad?"

In *Henry V.* we again meet with "this roaring devil i'th' old play; every one may *pare his nails* with a wooden dagger."

Farmer.

In the old tranſlation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595, Menæchmus ſays to Peniculus: "Away, filthie *mad drivell*, away! I will

SCENE III.

Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEB. This is the air; that is the glorious ſun;
This pearl ſhe gave me, I do feel't, and ſee't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madneſs. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:

talk no longer with thee." As I cannot ſuppoſe the author of this ballad deſigned that *devil* ſhould be the correſponding rhyme to *devil,* I read with Dr. Farmer, *drivel.* STEEVENS.

I believe, with Johnſon, that this is an alluſion to *Malvolio's name,* but not in his reading, which deſtroys the metre. We ſhould read—

Adieu, good mean-evil:

that is, *good Malvolio,* literally tranſlated. M. MASON.

The laſt two lines of this ſong have, I think, been miſunderſtood. They are not addreſſed in the firſt inſtance to Malvolio, but are quoted by the Clown, as the words, *ah, ha!* are, as the uſual addreſs in the old Moralities to the Devil. I do not therefore ſuſpect any corruption in the words "goodman *Devil.*" We have in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "No *man* means evil but the *devil;*" and in *Much Ado about Nothing,* "God's a good *man.*"

The compound, *good-man,* is again uſed adjectively, and as a word of contempt, in *King Lear:* "Part (ſays Edmund to Kent and the Steward). "With you, (replies Kent,) *good-man boy,* if you pleaſe."

The reaſon why the Vice exhorts the Devil to pare his nails, is, becauſe the Devil was ſuppoſed from choice to keep his nails always unpared, and therefore to pare them was an affront. So, in Camden's *Remaines,* 1615:

"I will follow mine own minde and mine old trade;
"Who ſhall let me? *the divel's nailes are unparde.*"

MALONE.

Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to ſeek me out.[2]

[2] *Yet there he was; and there I found this* credit,

That he did range &c.] i. e. I found it juſtified, credibly vouched. Whether the word *credit* will eaſily carry this meaning, I am doubtful. The expreſſion ſeems obſcure; and though I have not diſturbed the text, I very much ſuſpect that the poet wrote:

——*and there I found this* credent.

He uſes the ſame term again in the very ſame ſenſe in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Then 'tis very *credent*,
"Thou may'ſt cojoin with ſomething, and thou doſt," &c.

THEOBALD.

Credit, for account, information. The Oxford editor roundly alters it to *current*; as he does almoſt every word that Shakſpeare uſes in an anomalous ſignification. WARBURTON.

Theobald propoſes to read *credent*, but *credent* does not ſignify juſtified or vouched; it means probable only, as appears from the paſſage he himſelf has quoted. Warburton ſays, that *credit* means account or information; but as I know no inſtance of the word's being uſed in that acceptation, I believe we ſhould read, *credited* inſtead of *credit*. M. MASON.

Credent is creditable, not queſtionable. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Angelo ſays:

"For my authority bears a *credent* bulk." STEEVENS.

Perhaps *credit* is here uſed for *credited*. So, in the firſt ſcene of this play, *heat* for *heated*; and in *Hamlet*, *hoiſt* for *hoiſted*.

MALONE.

After all, I believe the word—*credit*, to have been rightly underſtood by Dr. Warburton, though he has given no example in ſupport of his interpretation.

Dr. Robertſon, ſpeaking of ſome memorandums included in the Letters to Mary Queen of Scots, obſerves, that they were not "the *credit* of the bearer;" i. e. points concerning which the Queen had given him verbal inſtructions, or information.

Credit therefore might have been the prevalent term for *oral intelligence*.

Again, in Mr. Whitaker's *Vindication* of the ſame Queen, Vol. II. p. 145: "—theſe are expreſsly underſtood from the makers of the letters themſelves, when they produced them at York to be 'the *credit* gifin to the berar.' This mode of referring to the credit of a bearer was no uncommon one in thoſe times."

His counſel now might do me golden ſervice:
For though my ſoul diſputes well with my ſenſe,
That this may be ſome error, but no madneſs,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all inſtance, all diſcourſe,[3]
That I am ready to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon, that perſuades me
To any other truſt,[4] but that I am mad,
Or elſe the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her houſe, command her followers,
Take, and give back, affairs, and their deſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable bearing,
As, I perceive, ſhe does: there's ſomething in't,
That is deceivable.[5] But here comes the lady.[6]

Enter OLIVIA *and a* Prieſt.

OLI. Blame not this haſte of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,

In this ſenſe alſo it occurs in the fragment of a Letter from the Earl of Shrewſbury to Queen Elizabeth. See Lodge's *Illuſtrations*, &c. Vol. II. p. 129: "—and becauſe Mr. Beale hys *credyt* ys wth yor Mate to make accompt of hyr anſure, and delyngs the Frēche have had here, I leave all to hys reporte."

See alſo Letter XXXIII in the Paſton *Collection*, Vol. II. p. 41, in which *credence* appears to have the ſame meaning. Again, *ibid.* p. 331. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *all* inſtance, *all* diſcourſe,] *Diſcourſe*, for reaſon. WARBURTON.

Inſtance is *example*. JOHNSON.

[4] *To any other* truſt,] To any other belief, or confidence, to any other fixed opinion. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *deceivable*.] Our author licentiouſly uſes this word for *deceptious*. MALONE.

[6] *That is deceivable. But here comes the lady*.] The old copy reads:

"—— *But here the lady comes*." STEEVENS.

Into the chantry by:[7] there, before him,
And underneath that conſecrated roof,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith;
That my moſt jealous and too doubtful ſoul
May live at peace: He ſhall conceal it,
Whiles[8] you are willing it ſhall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you ſay?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having ſworn truth,[9] ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;——And heavens ſo ſhine,[1]
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*

[7] *Into the* chantry *by:*] *Chantries* (ſays Cowel, in his *Law Dictionary,*) are uſually little chapels, or particular altars, in ſome cathedral or parochial church; and endowed with revenues for the maintenance of one or more prieſts, whoſe office it is to ſing maſſes for the ſouls of their founders, &c.
STEEVENS.

[8] *Whiles*—] is until. This word is ſtill ſo uſed in the northern countries. It is, I think, uſed in this ſenſe in the preface to the Accidence. JOHNSON.

Almoſt throughout the old copies of Shakſpeare, *whiles* is given us inſtead of *while.* Mr. Rowe, the firſt reformer of his ſpelling, made the change. STEEVENS.

It is uſed in this ſenſe in Tarleton's *Newes out of Purgatorie.* See the novel at the end of *The Merry Wives of Windſor.*
MALONE.

[9] —— *truth,*] *Truth* is *fidelity.* JOHNSON.

[1] —— *heavens ſo ſhine,* &c.] Alluding perhaps to a ſuperſtitious ſuppoſition, the memory of which is ſtill preſerved in a proverbial ſaying: "*Happy is the bride upon whom the ſun ſhines, and bleſſed the corpſe upon which the rain falls.*"
STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street before Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Clown *and* FABIAN.

FAB. Now, as thou loveſt me, let me ſee his letter.

CLO. Good maſter Fabian, grant me another requeſt.

FAB. Any thing.

CLO. Do not deſire to ſee this letter.

FAB. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompenſe, deſire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, *and Attendants.*

DUKE. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

CLO. Ay, ſir; we are ſome of her trappings.

DUKE. I know thee well; How doſt thou, my good fellow?

CLO. Truly, ſir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

DUKE. Juſt the contrary; the better for thy friends.

CLO. No, ſir, the worſe.

DUKE. How can that be?

CLO. Marry, ſir, they praiſe me, and make an aſs of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an aſs: ſo that by my foes, ſir, I profit in the knowledge of myſelf; and by my friends I am abuſed: ſo that,

concluſions to be as kiſſes, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives,[2] why, then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, ſir, no; though it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, ſir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counſel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, ſir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, ſecundo, tertio,* is a good play; and the old ſaying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex,* ſir, is a good tripping meaſure; or the bells of St. Bennet, ſir, may put you in mind;[3] One, two, three.

[2] —— concluſions *to be as* kiſſes, *if your four negatives make your two affirmatives,*] One cannot but wonder, that this paſſage ſhould have perplexed the commentators. In Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion,* the Queen ſays to the Moor:

"Come, let's kiſſe."

Moor. "Away, away."

Queen. "No, no, ſayes, *I*; and *twice away,* ſayes *ſtay.*"

Sir Philip Sidney has enlarged upon this thought in the ſixty-third ſtanza of his *Aſtrophel and Stella.* Farmer.

[3] —— or *the bells of St. Bennet, ſir, may put you in mind;*] That is, if the other arguments I have uſed are not ſufficient, the bells of St. Bennet, &c. Malone.

We ſhould read—"*as* the bells of St. Bennet," &c. inſtead of *or.* M. Mason.

When in this play Shakſpeare mentioned the *bed of* Ware, he

That moſt ingrateful boy there, by your ſide,
From the rude ſea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck paſt hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention, or reſtraint,
All his in dedication: for his ſake,
Did I expoſe myſelf, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverſe town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet:
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger,)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; denied me mine own purſe,
Which I had recommended to his uſe
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the counteſs; now heaven walks on earth.——
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madneſs:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.——Take him aſide.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may ſeem ſerviceable?—
Ceſario, you do not keep promiſe with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,——

Oli. What do you ſay, Ceſario?——Good my lord,——

Vio. My lord would ſpeak, my duty huſhes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulſome[7] to mine ear,
As howling after muſick.

Duke. Still ſo cruel?

Oli. Still ſo conſtant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverſeneſs? you uncivil lady,
To whoſe ingrate and unauſpicious altars
My ſoul the faithfull'ſt offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What ſhall I do?

Oli. Even what it pleaſe my lord, that ſhall become him.

Duke. Why ſhould I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love;[8] a ſavage jealouſy,

[7] —— *as* fat *and fulſome*—] *Fat* means *dull*; ſo we ſay a *fat-headed* fellow; *fat* likewiſe means *groſs*, and is ſometimes uſed for *obſcene*. JOHNSON.

[8] *Why ſhould I not, had I the heart to do it,*
Like to the Egyptian thief, *at point of death,*
Kill what I love;] In this *ſimile*, a particular ſtory is preſuppoſed, which ought to be known to ſhow the juſtneſs and propriety of the compariſon. It is taken from Heliodorus's *Æthiopics*, to which our author was indebted for the alluſion. This *Egyptian thief* was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell deſperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a ſtronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in ſuch fears for his miſtreſs, that he had her ſhut into a cave with his treaſure. It was cuſtomary with thoſe barbarians, *when they deſpaired of their own ſafety, firſt to make away*

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, ſir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, ſir; but I would not have you to think, that my deſire of having is the ſin of covetouſneſs: but, as you ſay, ſir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit* Clown.

Enter Antonio *and* Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, ſir, that did reſcue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the ſmoke of war:
A bawbling veſſel was he captain of,
For ſhallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;

recollected that the ſcene was in Illyria, and added, *in England*; but his ſenſe of the ſame impropriety could not reſtrain him from the bells of St. Bennet. Johnson.

Shakſpeare's improprieties and anachroniſms are ſurely venial in compariſon with thoſe of contemporary writers. Lodge, in his *True Tragedies of Marius and Sylla*, 1594, has mentioned *the razors of Palermo* and *St. Paul's ſteeple*, and has introduced a *Frenchman*, named *Don Pedro*, who, in conſideration of receiving *forty crowns*, undertakes to poiſon Marius. Stanyhurſt, the tranſlator of four books of Virgil, in 1582, compares Chorœbus to a *bedlamite*, ſays, that old Priam girded on his ſword *Morglay*; and makes Dido tell Æneas, that ſhe ſhould have been contented had ſhe been brought to bed even of a *cockney*:

" Saltem ſi qua mihi de te ſuſcepta fuiſſet
" Ante fugam ſoboles—."
" —— yf yeet ſoom progenye from me
" Had crawl'd, by thee father'd, yf a *cockney* dandiprat hopthumb." Steevens.

With which ſuch ſcathful[4] grapple did he make
With the moſt noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loſs,
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 *Off.* Orſino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phœnix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus loſt his leg:
Here in the ſtreets, deſperate of ſhame, and ſtate,[5]
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindneſs, ſir; drew on my ſide;
But, in concluſion, put ſtrange ſpeech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou ſalt-water thief!
What fooliſh boldneſs brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms ſo bloody, and ſo dear,[6]
Haſt made thine enemies?

Ant. Orſino, noble ſir,
Be pleas'd that I ſhake off theſe names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confeſs, on baſe and ground enough,
Orſino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:

[4] ——*ſcathful*—] i. e. miſchievous, deſtructive. So, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"He mickle *ſcath* hath done me."

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"That offereth *ſcath* unto the town of Wakefield."

Steevens.

[5] ——*deſperate of ſhame, and ſtate,*] Unattentive to his character or his condition, like a deſperate man. Johnson.

[6] ——*and ſo* dear,] *Dear* is *immediate, conſequential.* So, in *Hamlet*:

"Would I had met my *deareſt* foe in heaven," &c.

Steevens.

That ſometime ſavours nobly?—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument
That ſcrews me from my true place[9] in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breaſted tyrant, ſtill;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I ſwear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his maſter's ſpite.—
Come boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in miſchief:
I'll ſacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To ſpite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*

Vio. And I, moſt jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you reſt, a thouſand deaths would die.
[*Following.*

Oli. Where goes Ceſario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love theſe eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I ſhall love wife:
If I do feign, you witneſſes above,
Puniſh my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me, deteſted! how am I beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

with thoſe whom they held dear, and deſired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealouſy, and anger, went to his cave; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, ſo ſoon as he heard himſelf anſwered towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the perſon by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (ſuppoſing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his ſword into her breaſt.
THEOBALD.

[9] *That* ſcrews *me from my true* place—] So, in *Macbeth*:
"But *ſcrew* your courage to the ſticking-*place*."
STEEVENS.

Oli. Haſt thou forgot thyſelf? Is it ſo long?—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Duke. Come away. [*To* Viola.

Oli. Whither my lord?—Ceſario, huſband, ſtay.

Duke. Huſband?

Oli. Ay, huſband; Can he that deny?

Duke. Her huſband, ſirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baſeneſs of thy fear,
That makes thee ſtrangle thy propriety:[1]
Fear not, Ceſario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'ſt thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'ſt.—O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant *and* Prieſt.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkneſs, what occaſion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou doſt know,
Hath newly paſt between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,[2]
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Atteſted by the holy cloſe of lips,

[1] ——ſtrangle *thy propriety:*] *Suppreſs,* or diſown thy property. Malone.

So, in *Macbeth:*

"And yet dark night *ſtrangles* the travelling lamp."

Steevens.

[2] *A contract of* eternal bond of love,] So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"The ſealing day between my love and me,
"For *everlaſting bond of fellowſhip.*" Malone.

Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;[3]
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my teſtimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave,
I have travelled but two hours.

Duke. O, thou diſſembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath ſow'd a grizzle on thy caſe?[4]
Or will not elſe thy craft ſo quickly grow,
That thine own trip ſhall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do proteſt,—

Oli. O, do not ſwear;
Hold little faith, though thou haſt too much fear.

[3] —— *interchangement of your rings;*] In our ancient marriage ceremony, the man received as well as gave a ring. This cuſtom is exemplified by the following circumſtance in Thomas Lupton's *Firſt Booke of Notable Things*, 4°. bl. l: "If a marryed man bee let or hyndered through inchauntment, ſorcery, or witchcraft, from the acte of generation, let him make water through *his maryage ring*, and he ſhall be looſed from the ſame, and their doinges ſhall have no further power in him."
STEEVENS.

[4] —— *caſe?*] *Caſe* is a word uſed contemptuouſly for *ſkin*. We yet talk of a *fox-caſe*, meaning the ſtuffed ſkin of a fox.
JOHNSON.

So, in Cary's *Preſent State of England*, 1626: "Queen Elizabeth aſked a knight named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies? He anſwered, as I like my ſilver-haired conies at home: the *caſes* are far better than the bodies."
MALONE.

The ſame ſtory perhaps was not unknown to Burton, who, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 480, has the following paſſage: "For generally, as with rich furred conies, their *caſes* are farre better than their bodies," &c. STEEVENS.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head broke.*

SIR AND. For the love of God, a ſurgeon; ſend one preſently to Sir Toby.

OLI. What's the matter?

SIR AND. He has broke my head acroſs, and has given ſir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

OLI. Who has done this, ſir Andrew?

SIR AND. The count's gentleman, one Ceſario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

DUKE. My gentleman, Ceſario?

SIR AND. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was ſet on to do't by ſir Toby.

VIO. Why do you ſpeak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your ſword upon me, without cauſe;
But I beſpake you fair, and hurt you not.

SIR AND. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you ſet nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *drunk, led by the* Clown.

Here comes ſir Toby halting, you ſhall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

DUKE. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

SIR TO. That's all one; he has hurt me, and

there's the end on't.—Sot, did'ſt ſee Dick ſurgeon, ſot?

Clo. O he's drunk, ſir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were ſet at eight i'the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue. After a paſſy-meaſure, or a pavin,[5] I hate a drunken rogue.

[5] *Then he's a rogue. After a* paſſy-*meaſure, or a* pavin, &c.] The old copy reads—"and a paſſy meaſures *panyn*." As the *u* in this word is reverſed, the modern editors have been contented to read—"paſt-meaſure *painim*."

A paſſy-meaſure pavin may, however, mean a *pavin danced out of time.* Sir Toby might call the ſurgeon by this title, becauſe he was drunk *at a time when he ſhould have been ſober*, and in a condition to attend on the wounded knight.

This dance, called the *pavyn*, is mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Mad Lover:*

"I'll pipe him ſuch a *pavan*."

And, in Stephen Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, containing *a pleaſant invective againſt poets, pipers*, &c. 1579, it is enumerated as follows, among other dances:

"Dumps, *pavins*, galliards, meaſures, fancyes, or newe ſtreynes."

I do not, at laſt, ſee how the ſenſe will completely quadrate on the preſent occaſion. Sir W. D'Avenant, in one of his interludes, mentions "a doleful *pavin*." In *The Cardinal*, by Shirley, 1652: "Who then ſhall dance the *pavin* with Oſorio?" Again, in *'Tis Pity ſhe's a Whore*, by Ford, 1633: "I have ſeen an aſs and a mule trot the Spaniſh *pavin* with a better grace." Laſtly, in Shadwell's *Virtuoſo*, 1676: "A grave *pavin* or almain, at which the black Tarantula only moved; it danced to it with a kind of grave motion much like the benchers at the revels." Steevens.

Bailey's Dictionary ſays, *pavan* is the loweſt ſort of inſtrumental muſic; and when this play was written, the *pavin* and the *paſſamezzo* might be in vogue only with the vulgar, as with Falſtaff and Doll Tearſheet: and hence Sir Toby may mean—he is a rogue, and a mean low fellow. Tollet.

Ben Jonſon alſo mentions the *pavin*, and calls it a Spaniſh dance, *Alchemiſt*, p. 97, [Whalley's edition]; but it ſeems to come originally from Padua, and ſhould rather be written *pavane*, as a corruption of *paduana*. A dance of that name

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them?

(*ſaltatio paduana*) occurs in an old writer, quoted by the annotator on *Rabelais*, B. V. c. 30.

Paſſy meaſures is undoubtedly a corruption, but I know not how it ſhould be rectified. Tyrwhitt.

The *pavan*, from *pavo* a peacock, is a grave and majeſtick dance. The method of dancing it was anciently by gentlemen dreſſed with a cap and ſword, by thoſe of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance reſembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is ſuppoſed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given with the characters for the ſtep, in the *Orcheſography* of Thoinet Arbeau. Every pavin has its galliard, a lighter kind of air, made out of the former. The courant, the jig, and the hornpipe, are ſufficiently known at this day.

Of the *paſſamezzo* little is to be ſaid, except that it was a favourite air in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Ligon, in his *Hiſtory of Barbadoes*, mentions a *paſſamezzo* galliard, which in the year 1647, a Padre in that iſland played to him on the lute; the very ſame, he ſays, with an air of that kind which in Shakſpeare's play of *Henry IV.* was originally played to Sir John Falſtaff and Doll Tearſheet, by Sneak, the muſician, there named. This little anecdote Ligon might have by tradition; but his concluſion, that becauſe it was played in a dramatic repreſentation of the hiſtory of *Henry IV.* it muſt be ſo ancient as his time, is very idle and injudicious. *Paſſy-meaſure* is therefore undoubtedly a corruption from *paſſamezzo*. Sir J. Hawkins.

With the help of Sir John Hawkins's explanation of *paſſy-meaſure*, I think I now ſee the meaning of this paſſage. The ſecond folio reads—*after a paſſy meaſures pavin*. So that I ſhould imagine the following regulation of the whole ſpeech would not be far from the truth:

Then he's a rogue. After a paſſy-meaſure or a *pavin, I hate a drunken rogue*, i. e. *next to a paſſy meaſure or a pavin*, &c. It is in character, that Sir Toby ſhould expreſs a ſtrong diſlike of *ſerious dances*, ſuch as the *paſſamezzo* and the *pavan* are deſcribed to be. Tyrwhitt.

From what has been ſtated, I think, it is manifeſt that Sir Toby means only by this quaint expreſſion, that the ſurgeon is a rogue, and a *grave ſolemn coxcomb*. It is one of Shakſpeare's

Sir And. I'll help you, ſir Toby, becauſe we'll be dreſſed together.

Sir To. Will you help an aſs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?[6]

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt* Clown, *Sir* Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am ſorry, madam, I have hurt your kinſman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,

unrivalled excellencies, that his characters are always conſiſtent. Even in drunkenneſs they preſerve the traits which diſtinguiſhed them when ſober. Sir Toby, in the firſt Act of this play, ſhewed himſelf well acquainted with the various kinds of the dance.

The editor of the ſecond folio, who, when he does not underſtand any paſſage, generally cuts the knot, inſtead of untying it, arbitrarily reads—"*after* a paſſy-meaſures pavyn I hate a drunken rogue." In the ſame manner, in the preceding ſpeech, not thinking "an hour agone" good Engliſh, he reads—"O he's drunk, Sir Toby, *above* an hour agone." There is ſcarcely a page of that copy in which ſimilar interpolations may not be found. Malone.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation, which appears to be well founded on one of the many judicious corrections that ſtamp a value on the ſecond folio. Steevens.

[6] ——*an aſs-head, and a coxcomb*, &c.] I believe, Sir Toby means to apply all theſe epithets either to the ſurgeon or Sebaſtian; and have pointed the paſſage accordingly. It has been hitherto printed, "Will you help an aſs-head," &c. but why ſhould Sir Toby thus unmercifully abuſe himſelf?

Malone.

As I cannot help thinking that Sir Toby, out of humour with himſelf, means to diſcharge theſe reproaches on the officious Sir Andrew, who alſo needs the ſurgeon's *help*, I have left the paſſage as I found it. Mr. Malone points it thus: "Will you help? An aſs-head," &c! Steevens.

I muſt have done no leſs, with wit, and ſafety.
You throw a ſtrange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, ſweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but ſo late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perſons;
A natural perſpective,[7] that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have loſt thee.

Ant. Sebaſtian are you?

[7] *A natural* perſpective,] A *perſpective* ſeems to be taken for ſhows exhibited through a glaſs with ſuch lights as make the pictures appear really protuberant. The Duke therefore ſays, that nature has here exhibited ſuch a ſhow, where ſhadows ſeem realities; where that which *is not* appears like that which is. JOHNSON.

I apprehend this may be explained by a quotation from a duodecimo book called *Humane Induſtry*, 1661, p. 76 and 77: "It it a pretty art that in a pleated paper and table furrowed or indented, men make one picture to repreſent ſeveral faces—that being viewed from one place or ſtanding, did ſhew the head of a Spaniard, and from another, the head of an aſs."—"A picture of a chancellor of France preſented to the common beholder a multitude of little faces; but if one did look on it through a *perſpective*, there appeared only the ſingle pourtraicture of the chancellor himſelf." Thus that, which is, is not, or in a different poſition appears like another thing. This ſeems alſo to explain a paſſage in *King Henry V.* Act V. ſc. ii: "Yes, my lord, you ſee them *perſpectively*, the cities turned into a maid." TOLLET.

I believe Shakſpeare meant nothing more by this *natural perſpective*, than a reflection from a glaſs or mirror. M. MASON.

Perſpective certainly means a glaſs uſed for optical deluſion, or a glaſs generally. In Franck's *Northern Memoirs*, p. 16, Theophilus, one of the diſcourſers, ſays—"he that reads his own heart without a *perſpective*, reads all the world." The book was written in 1658. DOUCE.

Seb. Fear'ſt thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made diviſion of yourſelf?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than theſe two creatures. Which is Sebaſtian?

Oli. Moſt wonderful!

Seb. Do I ſtand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a ſiſter,
Whom the blind waves and ſurges have devour'd:—
Of charity,[8] what kin are you to me? [*To* Viola.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Meſſaline: Sebaſtian was my father;
Such a Sebaſtian was my brother too,
So went he ſuited to his watery tomb:
If ſpirits can aſſume both form and ſuit
You come to fright us.

Seb. A ſpirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimenſion groſsly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reſt goes even,
I ſhould my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And ſay—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And ſo had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my ſoul!
He finiſhed, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my ſiſter thirteen years.

[8] *Of charity,*] i. e. out of charity, tell me, &c. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*

"Now, let him ſpeak; 'tis *charity*, to ſhow," &c.

Steevens.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my maſculine uſurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumſtance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whoſe gentle help
I was preſerv'd, to ſerve this noble count:
All the occurrence[9] of my fortune ſince
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been miſtook:
[*To* Olivia.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be ſo, as yet the glaſs ſeems true,
I ſhall have ſhare in this moſt happy wreck:
Boy, thou haſt ſaid to me a thouſand times,
[*To* Viola.
Thou never ſhould'ſt love woman like to me.

Vio. And all thoſe ſayings will I over-ſwear;
And all thoſe ſwearings keep as true in ſoul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That ſevers day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me ſee thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me firſt on ſhore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon ſome action,
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's ſuit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

[9] —— *occurrence*—] I believe our author wrote—*occurrents*. Malone.

Oli. He ſhall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They ſay, poor gentleman, he's much diſtract.

Re-enter Clown, *with a letter.*

A moſt extracting frenzy [1] of mine own
From my remembrance clearly baniſh'd his.—
How does he, ſirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the ſtave's end, as well as a man in his caſe may do: he has here writ a letter to you, I ſhould have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epiſtles are no goſpels, ſo it ſkills not much, when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman:—*By the Lord, madam,*—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madneſs: an your ladyſhip will have it as it ought to be, you muſt allow *vox.*[2]

[1] *A moſt* extracting *frenzy*—] i. e. a frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its own object. Warburton.

So, William de Wyrceſter, ſpeaking of King Henry VI. ſays: "—*ſubito cecidit in gravem infirmitatem capitis, ita quod* ex'ractus *à mente videbatur.*" Steevens.

I formerly ſuppoſed that Shakſpeare wrote—*diſtracting*; but have ſince met with a paſſage in *The Hiſtorie of Hamblet,* bl. l. 1608, ſig. C 2, that ſeems to ſupport the reading of the old copy: "—to try if men of great account be *extract* out of their wits." Malone.

[2] —— *you muſt allow* vox.] I am by no means certain that I underſtand this paſſage, which, indeed, the author of *The*

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits,[3] is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princeſs, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, ſirrah. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. [reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world ſhall know it: though you have put me into darkneſs, and given your drunken couſin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my ſenſes as well as your ladyſhip. I have your own letter that induced me to the ſemblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myſelf much right, or you much ſhame. Think of me as you pleaſe. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and ſpeak out of my injury. The madly-uſed* Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This favours not much of diſtraction.

Reviſal pronounces to have no meaning. I ſuppoſe the Clown begins reading the letter in ſome fantaſtical manner, on which Olivia aſks him, *if he is mad. No, madam,* ſays he, *I do but barely deliver the ſenſe of this madman's epiſtle; if you would have it read as it ought to be,* that is, with *ſuch a frantic accent and geſture as a madman would read it, you muſt allow vox,* i. e. *you muſt furniſh the reader with a voice,* or, in other words, *read it yourſelf.* But Mr. Malone's explanation, I think, is preferable to mine. Steevens.

The Clown, we may preſume, had begun to read the letter in a very loud tone, and probably with extravagant geſticulation. Being reprimanded by his miſtreſs, he juſtifies himſelf by ſaying, *If you would have it read in character, as ſuch a* mad *epiſtle ought to be read, you muſt permit me to aſſume a* frantick *tone.* Malone.

[3] —— *but to read his right wits,*] To repreſent his preſent ſtate of mind, is to read a madman's letter, as I now do, like a madman. Johnson.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.
[*Exit* Fabian.
My lord, ſo pleaſe you, theſe things further thought on,
To think me as well a ſiſter as a wife,
One day ſhall crown the alliance on't, ſo pleaſe you,[4]
Here at my houſe, and at my proper coſt.

Duke. Madam, I am moſt apt to embrace your offer.—
Your maſter quits you; [*To* Viola.] and, for your ſervice done him,
So much againſt the mettle of your ſex,[5]
So far beneath your ſoft and tender breeding,
And ſince you call'd me maſter for ſo long,
Here is my hand; you ſhall from this time be
Your maſter's miſtreſs.

Oli. A ſiſter?—you are ſhe.

Re-enter Fabian, *with* Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?

[4] *One day ſhall crown the alliance* on't, *ſo pleaſe you,*] The word *on't*, in this place, is mere nonſenſe. I doubt not the poet wrote:

"——an't, *ſo pleaſe you.*" Heath.

This is well conjectured; but *on't* may relate to the double character of ſiſter and wife. Johnson.

[5] *So much againſt the* mettle *of your ſex,*] So much againſt the weak frame and conſtitution of woman. *Mettle* is uſed by our author in many other places for *ſpirit*; and as *ſpirit* may be either high or low, mettle ſeems here to ſignify natural *timidity*, or *deficiency of ſpirit*. Shakſpeare has taken the ſame licence in *All's well that ends well:*

"'Tis only *title* thou diſdain'ſt in her—."

i. e. the *want* of title. Again, in *King Richard III:*

"The *forfeit*, ſovereign, of my ſervant's life—."

that is, the remiſſion of the forfeit. Malone.

Oli. Ay, my lord, this ſame:
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruſe that letter:
You muſt not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phraſe;
Or ſay, 'tis not your ſeal, nor your invention:
You can ſay none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modeſty of honour,
Why you have given me ſuch clear lights of favour;
Bade me come ſmiling, and croſs-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frown
Upon ſir Toby, and the lighter[6] people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a dark houſe, viſited by the prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious geck,[7] and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,

[6] ——*lighter*—] People of leſs dignity or importance. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*geck*,] A fool. JOHNSON.

So, in the viſion at the concluſion of *Cymbeline*:

" And to become the *geck* and ſcorn
" Of th' other's villainy."

Again, in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatiſe intitulit* PHILOTUS, &c. 1603:

" Thocht he be auld, my joy, quhat reck,
" When he is gane give him ane *geck*,
" And take another be the neck."

Again:

" The carle that hecht ſa weill to treat you,
" I think ſall get ane *geck*." STEEVENS.

Though, I confeſs, much like the character:
But, out of queſtion, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was ſhe
Firſt told me, thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt in ſmiling,[8]
And in ſuch forms which here were preſuppos'd[9]
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſs'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cauſe.

Fab. Good madam, hear me ſpeak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſs, myſelf, and Toby,
Set this device againſt Malvolio here,
Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him:[1] Maria writ
The letter, at ſir Toby's great importance;[2]

[8] —— *then cam'ſt in ſmiling,*] i. e. then, *that thou* cam'ſt in ſmiling. MALONE.

I believe the lady means only what ſhe has clearly expreſſed: "—then thou cameſt in ſmiling;" not *that* ſhe had been informed of this circumſtance by Maria. Maria's account, in ſhort, was juſtified by the ſubſequent appearance of Malvolio. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *here were* preſuppos'd—] *Preſuppos'd*, for impoſed. WARBURTON.

Preſuppos'd rather ſeems to mean previouſly pointed out for thy imitation; or ſuch as it was ſuppoſed thou would'ſt aſſume after thou hadſt read the letter. The *ſuppoſition* was *previous* to *the act*. STEEVENS.

[1] *Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts*
We had conceiv'd againſt him:] Surely we ſhould rather read—*conceiv'd* in him. TYRWHITT.

[2] —— *at ſir Toby's great* importance;] *Importance* is *importunacy, importunement*. STEEVENS.

In recompenſe whereof, he hath married her.
How with a ſportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be juſtly weigh'd,
That have on both ſides paſt.

Oli. Alas, poor fool![3] how have they baffled thee![4]

Clo. Why, *ſome are born great, ſome achieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thrown upon them.* I was one, ſir, in this interlude; one ſir Topas, ſir; but that's all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad*;—But do you remember? *Madam,*[5] *why laugh you at ſuch a barren raſcal? an you ſmile not, he's gagg'd:* And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.
[*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been moſt notoriouſly abus'd.

Duke. Purſue him, and entreat him to a peace:[6]—
He hath not told us of the captain yet;

[3] *Alas, poor fool!*] See notes on *King Lear*, Act V. ſc. iii. Reed.

[4] —— *how have they* baffled *thee?*] See Mr. Tollet's note on a paſſage in the firſt ſcene of the firſt Act of *King Richard II*:
"I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and *baffled* here." Steevens.

[5] *But do you remember? Madam,*] The old copy points this paſſage erroneouſly: "But do you remember, madam," &c. I have followed the regulation propoſed in the ſubſequent note. Steevens.

As the Clown is ſpeaking to Malvolio, and not to Olivia, I think this paſſage ſhould be regulated thus—*but do you remember?*—Madam, why laugh you &c. Tyrwhitt.

[6] —— *and* entreat him to a peace:] Thus in Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinſmen*:
"—— Go take her,
"And fluently *perſuade her to a peace.*" Steevens.

When that is known and golden time convents,[7]
A ſolemn combination ſhall be made
Of our dear ſouls—Mean time, ſweet ſiſter,
We will not part from hence.—Ceſario, come;
For ſo you ſhall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are ſeen,
Orſino's miſtreſs, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

SONG.

CLO. *When that I was and a little tiny boy,*[8]
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A fooliſh thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

[7] —— *convents,*] Perhaps we ſhould read—*conſents.* To *convent,* however, is to *aſſemble*; and therefore, the count may mean, when the happy hour *calls us* again *together.* STEEVENS.

—— *convents*] i. e. ſhall ſerve, agree, be convenient. DOUCE.

[8] *When that I was and a little tiny boy,* &c.] Here again we have an old ſong, ſcarcely worth correction. 'Gainſt *knaves and thieves* muſt evidently be, againſt *knave and thief.* When I was a boy, my folly and miſchievous actions were little regarded; but when I came to manhood, men ſhut their gates againſt me, as a *knave and a thief.*

Sir Thomas Hanmer rightly reduces the ſubſequent words, *beds* and *heads,* to the ſingular number; and a little alteration is ſtill wanting at the beginning of ſome of the ſtanzas.

Mr. Steevens obſerves in a note at the end of *Much Ado about Nothing,* that the play had formerly paſſed under the name of *Benedict and Beatrix.* It ſeems to have been the *court-faſhion* to alter the titles. A very ingenious lady, with whom I have the honour to be acquainted, Mrs. Aſkew of Queen's-Square, has a fine copy of the ſecond folio edition of Shakſpeare, which formerly belonged to King Charles I. and was a preſent from him to Sir Thomas Herbert. Sir Thomas has altered five titles in the liſt of the plays, to "*Benedick and Beatrice,—Pyramus and Thiſby,—Roſalinde,—Mr. Paroles,*—and *Malvolio.*"

It is lamentable to ſee how far party and prejudice will carry the wiſeſt men, even againſt their own practice and opinions.

But when I came to man's eſtate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainſt knave and thief men ſhut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By ſwaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toſs-pots ſtill had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll ſtrive to pleaſe you every day.

[Exit.

Milton, in his Εικονοκλαστες, cenſures King Charles for reading "one whom (ſays he) we well knew was the cloſet companion of his ſolitudes, *William Shakſpeare.*" FARMER.

I have followed the regulations propoſed by Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Farmer; and conſequently, inſtead of knave*s*, thieve*s*, bed*s*, and head*s*, have printed "knave, thief," &c.

Dr. Farmer might have obſerved, that the alterations of the titles are in his Majeſty's own hand-writing, materially differing from Sir Thomas Herbert's, of which the ſame volume affords more than one ſpecimen. I learn from another manuſcript note in it, that *John Lowine* acted *King Henry VIII.* and *John Taylor* the part of *Hamlet*. The book is now in my poſſeſſion.

To the concluding remark of Dr. Farmer, may be added the following paſſage from *An Appeal to all rational Men concerning King Charles's Trial*, by John Cooke, 1649: "Had he but ſtudied ſcripture half ſo much as *Ben Jonſon* or *Shakſpeare*, he might have learnt that when Amaziah was ſettled in the kingdom, he ſuddenly did juſtice upon thoſe ſervants which killed

his father Joaſh," &c. With this quotation I was furniſhed by Mr. Malone.

A quarto volume of plays attributed to Shakſpeare, with the cypher of King Charles II. on the back of it, is preſerved in Mr. Garrick's collection.

Though we are well convinced that Shakſpeare has written ſlight ballads for the ſake of diſcriminating characters more ſtrongly, or for other neceſſary purpoſes, in the courſe of his mixed dramas, it is ſcarce credible, that after he had cleared his ſtage, he ſhould exhibit his Clown afreſh, and with ſo poor a recommendation as this ſong, which is utterly unconnected with the ſubject of the preceding comedy. I do not therefore heſitate to call the nonſenſical ditty before us, ſome buffoon actor's compoſition, which was accidentally tacked to the Prompter's copy of *Twelfth-Night*, having been caſually ſubjoined to it for the diverſion, or at the call, of the loweſt order of ſpectators. In the year 1766, I ſaw the late Mr. Weſton ſummoned out and obliged to ſing *Johnny Pringle and his Pig*, after the performance of Voltaire's *Mahomet*, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane. STEEVENS.

The copy of the ſecond folio of Shakſpeare, which formerly belonged to King Charles, and mentioned in the preceding notes, is now in the library of his preſent Majeſty, who has corrected a miſtake of Dr. Farmer's, relative to Sir Thomas Herbert, inadvertently admitted by Mr. Steevens, but here omitted. REED.

This play is in the graver part elegant and eaſy, and in ſome of the lighter ſcenes exquiſitely humorous. Ague-cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great meaſure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a ſatiriſt. The ſoliloquy of Malvolio is truly comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the ſucceeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the ſtage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper inſtruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no juſt picture of life. JOHNSON.

END OF VOL. V.

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LOAN

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

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